RETURN TO MAHAULEPU:

Personal Sketches

2nd Edition

By

Charles Katsumu Tanimoto

Return to Mahaulepu: Personal Sketches

© 1982 by Charles Katsumu Tanimoto

Introduction to the Second Edition,
Additional Photos, and Index
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Iris Tanimoto-Spade

This second edition has been digitally

reproduced from the original manuscript. The text has been lightly corrected for typographical errors and reformatted for digital and print publication. The substance of the original work remains unchanged.

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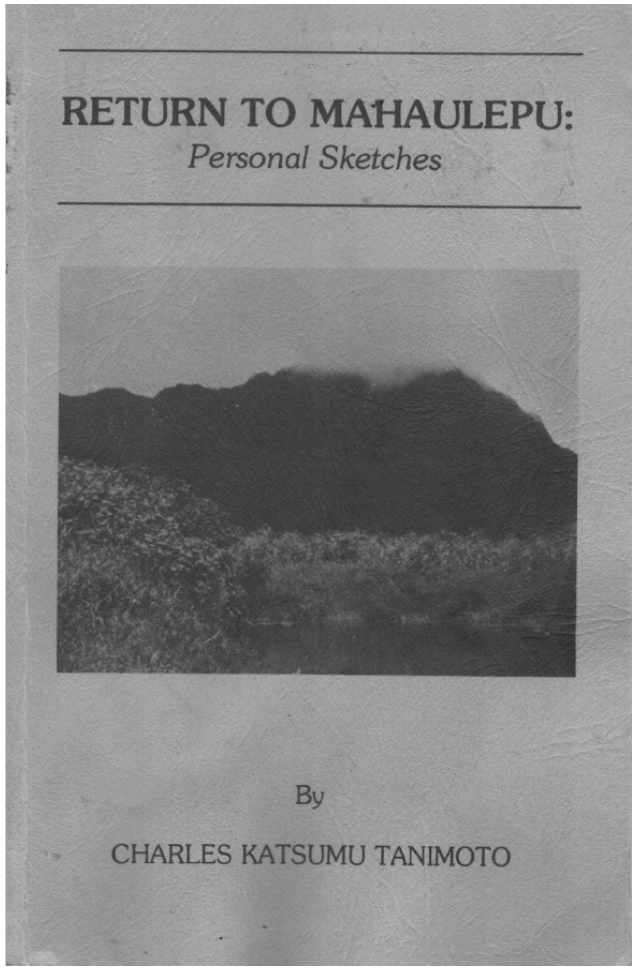
COVER PHOTO: Mount Haupu “still defiant and majestic” (Ch 41)



Cover of original book

Introduction to the Second Edition (2026)

An Internet search for my grandfather, Charles Katsumu Tanimoto, will show that he played Mr. Miyagi's dying father in *The Karate Kid Part II* (1986). It will also show that he self-published this book, *Return to Mahaulepu*—a series of sketches about his life—in 1982, a few years before that film and his death in 1988.

My grandfather was much more than Mr. Miyagi's father. As this book makes clear, he lived at the intersection of industry, community, and culture during a time of rapid change in Hawai‘i. Born in 1905 as the eldest son of fourteen children (ten surviving to

adulthood) to Japanese immigrant parents on a sugar plantation on Kauaʻi, he rose from modest beginnings to become Human Resources Director at Kauai Pineapple, a leader in the Japanese American community on Kauaʻi during World War II, a Labor Law Investigator for the State of Hawaiʻi, and, in retirement, an active volunteer with the Honolulu Committee on Aging. Along the way, he paid off his family's debts, helped send several of his younger siblings to high school and college, and, with my grandmother Ayako, raised four sons, including my father, Miles.

Return to Mahaulepu offers a firsthand account of plantation life on Kauaʻi and the experience of second-generation Japanese Americans during Hawaiʻi's territorial period. It is both a personal story and a record of a community and way of life that have largely disappeared.

Except for a few pages at the beginning and end, the original edition appears to be a collection of typewritten documents. I believe that my grandfather, in his late seventies in 1982, typed and retyped the entire manuscript —over 70,000 words—on a manual

typewriter. Although the book was printed and shared with relatives, museums, and libraries, it was not formally published. This second edition brings the work into digital form so that his experiences and insights, which he took such care to record, will not be lost.

The text of the original has been lightly corrected for typographical errors and reformatted for digital and print-on-demand publication. The substance of the work remains unchanged. An index has also been added to help readers navigate the historical material in *Return to Mahaulepu*.

Additional work was required to restore the photographs included in the original edition. Modern digital techniques were used to improve their quality, as many of the originals were limited by the age and condition of the printed pages. The page numbers in the original captions have been replaced with chapter references. This edition also includes a short additional photo section with images of my grandparents from around the time of the original publication, a wedding photograph, and my grandfather's senior class yearbook portrait.

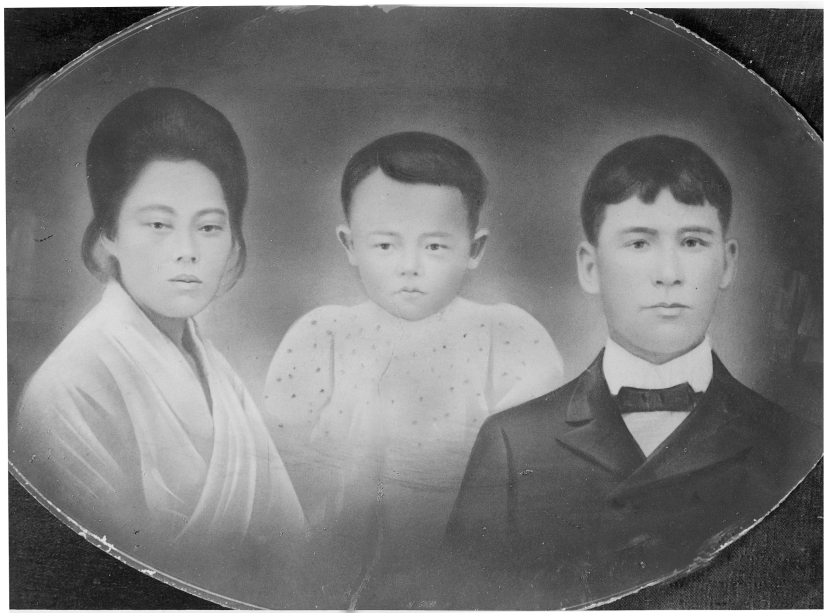
The cover photograph of Mt. Hāʻupu is new. Mahaulepu lies next to the Poʻipū Beach resort area of Kauaʻi. While much of the surrounding area has changed since my grandfather's youth, the view of Mt. Hāʻupu —"still defiant and majestic" (Ch. 41)— remains. It remains a fitting image for this edition, connecting the present to the landscape of his early life.

I am grateful to the family members and scholars who helped and encouraged me in preparing this edition: Robert Tanimoto, David Tanimoto, Sandy Takaezu, Tina Ejima, Tye Takaezu, Janis Tanimoto, Florence Hironaka, Pam Funai, Leah Awohi of Kauaʻi High School, and the leadership and curators of the Japanese Cultural Center of Hawaiʻi, Kauaʻi Museum, Kauaʻi Historical Society, and Grove Farm Museum.

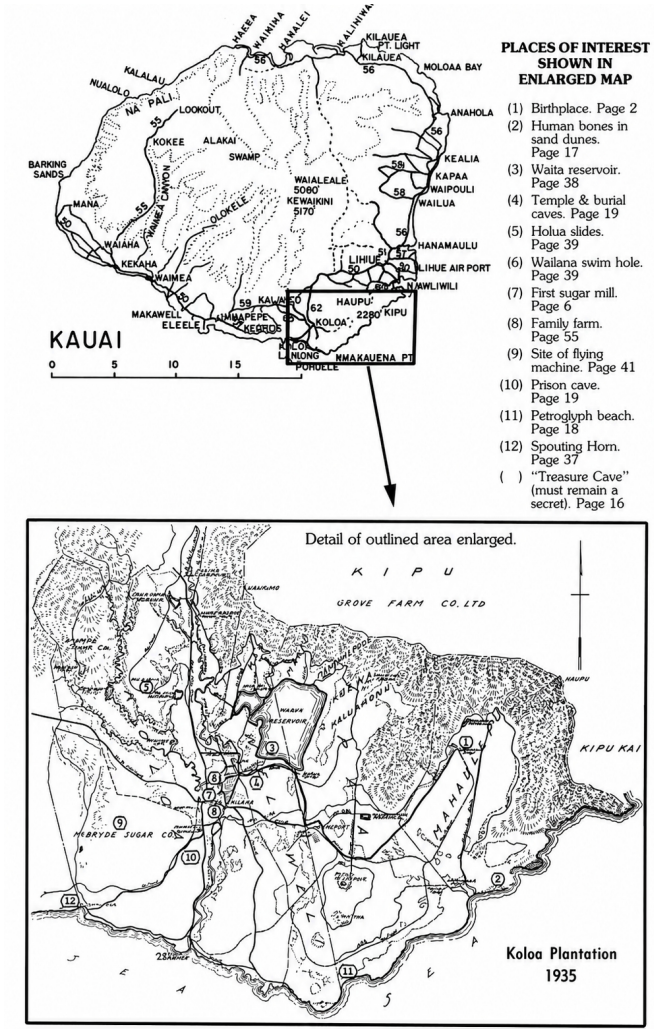
Although I first read *Return to Mahaulepu* in my late twenties, after my grandfather had passed away, I did not fully appreciate the effort that went into creating it, the remarkable life it describes, or the wisdom it offers. Now, in my sixties, retired, and having recently faced my own health challenges, I see it's great value. I can only hope that this

edition allows others to benefit, as I have, from my grandfather's reflections. It is my honor to bring *Return to Mahaulepu* into the digital age and help ensure that his story continues to be shared with future generations.

Lawrence Tanimoto
Bellevue, Washington
2026



Senkichi (1873-1856) and Ichi (1884-1981)
Tanimoto and son Katsumu at age 3



Digitally enhanced photo of a map scanned from the book. Page numbers refer to the original version.

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DEDICATION

TO: My Grandchildren

Jeffrey, Danny Mike, Bryan, Durwin, Keith, David, Mark, Lawrence, Kim, and Janis

Yes, I dedicate this little book to all ten of you. Should there be others arriving later, I most certainly would like to include them also in this dedication.

Grandfathers find a need to impart "wisdom of age" gathered from their long and varied experiences. The story of my life may not give you wisdom but it may help you to understand and to appreciate your past as related to your family.

This is a short history of one family: of what it meant for the youth of the late 19th century to leave their homes in Japan to create a new way of life for themselves and

their children in a strange, new land.

This book is my way of sharing with you moments that stand out in my mind and emotions that have touched me as a boy, a man, a father, and as your grandfather.

When you hear people talk of "Those good 'ole days", or of how "Wisdom comes with age", don't believe it completely. Good life and wisdom are always ahead of you and they must be sought.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

I would like to express a special aloha and mahalo to each of the following people who had played a major role in making this book a reality for me.

My 97-year-old mother, Ichi Tanimoto[1] who, in spite of her hearing problems, helped especially by always being nearby whenever I needed her help. She helped me relive the past and by filling in the necessary information about the time, people, and conditions prior to my birth or when I was too young to be aware.

My wife, Ayako Tanimoto who, with great understanding and endless patience helped me to see and connect the intricate interrelationship between my relatives in Japan and our family in Hawaii. As my wife and mother of my household, she also was a

sympathetic shoulder for me to rely on when the necessity to recall incidences that were extremely sensitive to cope with.

My sister, Iris Spade, Associate Professor of Japanese at the University of Guam and Assistant Professor Albert Williams, Pacific Bibliographer and Associate curator of Micronesian Area Research Center (MARC), of the University of Guam who worked as a team. While Iris edited the manuscript, Al gave his full time and attention by giving expert advice on the production and publication of this book. Without the help of these two people, I would probably have ended up with a manila folder mimeotyped handout.

Richard Cox of Alexander & Baldwin, Ltd., and to Dean Stevens of Castle & Cooke, Ltd., who took the extra time with great patience to refer back to their company historical records so that the exact dates and events as described in this book paralleled with my not too often accurate memory.

Catherine Stauder of the Kauai Museum

who, with kindness and competency gave me invaluable assistance in helping me with my research and in locating definite information I could never have gotten otherwise.

My good friend Charlie Fern, who gave me encouraging words and useful suggestions during my period of great anxiety after realizing the enormity of the project I had undertaken. Just knowing Charlie's background as a top-notch journalist was the boost I needed to complete the book.

Gael Doyle Gouveia, Research Coordinator of the University of Hawaii Ethnic Studies Program, who, after reading the manuscript had both encouraging and constructive suggestions about the book.

The members of my family who read the initial manuscript and helped me rethink and clarify areas of the book which need clarification.

Especially, my senior citizen club members who shared their tales and confirmed several points I merely suspected.

To all of the above mentioned people, I most humbly wish to extend my heartfelt gratitude by saying, "Maido arigatō gozaimashita".

Charles Katsumu Tanimoto
Kaneohe, Hawaii
May, 1982

NOTES

1. Died. June 12, 1981

FOREWORD

From the very beginning, this total project has been a family affair for the author. This book is a work of sincere love and complete dedication rather than a masterpiece of literary talent or journalistic skill.

One day, over a year ago, my brother Charles Katsumu Tanimoto whom I always called "Big Brother" because of his family rank and position rather than his physical stature, sent me a thick manuscript. The manuscript was an autobiography which was written primarily for his grandchildren. A brief note enclosed with the manuscript was a request for me to read the whole thing and to let him know if it was worth printing.

Staying up all night, I finished the manuscript in one sitting. I laughed and cried a lot. I also recalled my own childhood and

pinpointed my values which in my everyday life had been tucked away together with the old family albums. For the first time I saw my life as having been one of great historical significance. I knew that in spite of its lack of literary aisthetikos, the book should be published for the family and friends of the family because basically it is a proud story of the Tanimoto family. However, I believe also, that the book contains three forceful elements other than being an interesting family account. (1) The book is an accurate document with rich primary sources of an ethnic history, recording the actual spirit of rural Hawaii during its agrarian based industrial heyday. (2) The book is a sincere and honest account of the times as viewed through the unbiased and unsophisticated eyes of a child. In other words, it is not an angry book with messages, but a rare record of the many great people and important events that took place in Hawaii's past. (3) The book displays a rich collection of language evolution within an intercultural community of Hawaii. For example, in the first sketch of the book, the term "bentō-bako" (lunch box) is used. The term would have been referred to as "lunch pail" at school; "kau-

kau tin" (eating can) among his peer group, and "bentō-bako" with his Japanese speaking parents at home.

The author, a grandfather, desires to leave the book, especially, for his grandchildren. He wishes to share his past experiences mainly because he feels that the rich way of life of the past is rapidly disappearing from today's affluence. Also, as a son of immigrant parents, he finds that there is a need to convey his story to the young people of Hawaii. The roots of the youth of Hawaii today would be traced to a similar source. Their's is a proud heritage.

But most important, I think that this is Charles Katsumu Tanimoto's way of saying mahalo to Hawaii for having given him the opportunity to receive a rich and rewarding life.

Iris Kazue Tanimoto-Spade

PROLOGUE

And the old man thought:

The United States is a unique nation. It is difficult to imagine now but its cities, its buildings, and its form of government were primarily built by immigrants and their families from all corners of the world. The story of this country is a story of great dreams built with sweat and tears, glued with hope and with endless dreams. He knew this to be true because he was a son of immigrants.

The Hawaiian Islands as a territory of the United States, in the latter half of the nineteenth century was undergoing a dynamic political and economic experience. Immigrants like his parents came from the east as laborers of the sugar and pineapple industries. Again, it was the pouring sweat and tears of this laboring people that helped build today's

highly affluent 50th State of the union.

During those days, in a small sugar plantation steam pump station camp of Mahaulepu in Koloa, Kauai, an immigrant man and wife from the "land of the rising sun" begat a son in the early part of this century. The boy was called a Nisei (one of second generation). This second generation American of Japanese ancestry grew up in a sugar plantation and later on, in a small family farm in Koloa, Kauai. The society that he belonged to was neither Japanese nor American. In a same way, the language he spoke was neither Japanese nor English. Living within an insulated Japanese ghetto of transplanted old country values and cultural practices, while being introduced to a new, complex, and often times conflicting way of life in an American public school system in Hawaii, he emerged as an individual of hybrid cultures faced with experiences of untold hardships, poignant episodes of love and sadness, subtle rustic humor, and immeasurable happy memories that linger on and on.

As he lay in his very white and sanitized hospital bed following a major surgery -- recovery was normal but he realized for the

first time that from here on -- his days were numbered. The Nisei, now a septuagenarian, looked back to those unforgettable years and decided to create word pictures to leave to his many loved ones. Helplessly, flat on his back, he thought, "God has been good to me. He gave me much to fulfill my dreams". Now he wishes to leave to the younger generation his story with hopes that within its pages may be found passages that are reminiscent of a period fast disappearing from the Hawaiian scene.

This is the reason the story as the old man saw and lived it is being told.

1. THE WINNING WARRIOR OF MAHAULEPU

There was a beginning, a beginning as wild and rough as the surrounding mountains. I was born to Senkichi and Ichi Tanimoto in Mahaulepu, Kauai, a tiny plantation settlement at the foot of Haupu Mountain. The nearest town was Koloa, five miles away. Trips to Koloa in those days were usually made by foot or on horseback.

My Hawaiian birth certificate was dated January 14, 1910 and signed and issued by the Secretary of the Territory of Hawaii. According to the document I was born "on or

about June 9, 1905". The birth of a child was frequently not recorded immediately in those days. Because my parents were Japanese nationals, I was also born a subject of the Emperor of Japan, therefore, officially registered with the prefectural office of my father in Japan. Later, in May 15, 1926, by a process of expatriation, I was released of my Japanese citizenship.

Father named me Katsumu. Written in kanji, 勝武, the Japanese characters read katsu bushi which in English means, "winning warrior". When I was still very young, Father used to go through great pains to explain to me the full meaning and significance of my name. Although I bore my name with a certain amount of pride, I made no special effort to live up to the name. In fact, because I was a non-fighter during my childhood, I was beaten in more fights than I care to remember. Selecting a name, however, was a very serious matter in a Japanese household. In the same manner, Father gave a great deal of thought and concern in selecting meaningful Japanese characters in naming each of his children.

Although referred to as the "number one son", I am not the true first born. Mother gave

birth to twin girls before my arrival but they both died very young. The first drowned when still barely a toddler and the second after a brief illness. Her death might have been prevented if the family had lived nearby the plantation doctor in Koloa. If the twin girls had lived, as girls, they would still have been relegated to a subordinate position to me, a male, and heir in a Japanese household. Following the tradition of the old country, in like manner, all of my six sisters have worked hard and contributed much to the family but almost never called to make family decisions. In fact, almost from the very beginning, I was made aware of my important role in relation to my brothers and sisters.

There is an artesian well in Mahaulepu. At the time of my childhood, this well was harnessed to a steam pumping station and the water was pumped into a reservoir. Owned and operated by the Koloa Sugar Company, it was considered to be an engineering marvel of the time. The boiler plant, fueled by coal, was located on the ground. Many feet below the ground level, led by a winding stairway, was a huge chamber with an awesome maze of moving machinery of enormous flywheels and

steam generated pumps.

Since Father worked at the plant, one of my daily chores as a pre-school child was to take his bentō (lunch) to him. As a special treat, I always got to stay and share his bentō with him. The bentō-bako was a two-compartment lunch kit made of aluminum. The bottom deeper compartment was for rice and the top shallower compartment was for the okazu (the side dishes to be eaten with the rice). The okazu usually consisted of a variety of vegetables cooked with iriko (dried sardines) or ebi (dried shrimp) flavored with soy sauce. Every once in awhile, as a special treat, Mother prepared fish which was caught in the reservoir or a nearby stream for lunch. Our food provisions, aside from what was home grown, were bought at the plantation store in Koloa. A store salesman used to come to the house, take the order of needed supplies, and deliver the goods in the afternoon once a week. His delivery supplies were packed in a mule-drawn wagon.

While sharing the meal with Father, I would watch wide-eyed at the whirling wheels and fast moving machines. This was my introduction to a machine world which further

fired my imagination in wanting to become an engineer or enjinēru as Father called it. To me, Father was my very first enginēru. He wore overalls, and always had an oil can or a wrench in his hand. He kept a constant watch over the various control gauges. Then, Father was also an inventor of sorts to me. At pau hana (after work) of each work shift, the workers were usually covered with coal dust and grease; filth that made bathing at home a most disagreeable chore. Because of this, my father developed a hot water tub out of a barrel cut in half. Attached to the barrel was a pipe which had a constant flow of steaming hot water; a home built sauna. Bathing after work saved all kinds of messy cleaning for all at home. My brother and I also spent many happy hours in the tub at the pump station.

Mahaulepu was a settlement for the men working at the pump station. Therefore, there were no children in the camp other than a sister and a brother of mine. Because there were no children to play with, I came to know the still unmarried adult workers very well. I welcomed their attention and they, too, must have enjoyed having someone like a little brother to lavish their affections on. My

weekends were spent fishing, hiking, and mountain climbing in Mahaulepu with my adult companions. I often heard the men speak of seeing wild pigs and of a large bird with a long, beautiful plumage; a bird they called kujyaku. Never having seen a wild pig or this bird called kujyaku, I often wondered and tried to imagine what either looked like. Later, when I was in my forties, I faced my first wild pig and a flock of peacocks and peahens at Haupu all in a single day. That experience in my later years took me back to my childhood and of the many stories that were told to me by the men.

Sanekane-san was still single when I was about ten. He was a neighbor of ours. He would frequently gather the children of the neighborhood and entertain us with a "magic lantern", an early model of a slide projector. The lantern was lighted by gas which was generated by adding water to the carbide crystals, a chemical compound which was commonly used for automobile lamps in those days. When Sanekane-san placed a burning match to the invisible gas, a flame appeared. To us kids, this was a magic performance. The projector took us to different parts of the

world. Just before he got married, Sanekane-san offered to give the magic lantern and slides to the kid with the best score in an arithmetic test. I won the prize. To this day I suspect that Sanekane-san wanted me to have the magic lantern and the test was just a ruse to make the others believe that he was being fair to all.

Nearly a half century later, I would occasionally run into Iwai-san and Oda-san, both wizened with age and faint of memories. When they would recall who I was, they would chuckle and speak to me as to a little boy they knew in Mahaulepu. With eyes swelling with tears and voice faltering, the older Oda-san would tell me: "Yoo kite kureta no. Arigatai" (You have come to see me. I am very thankful). Meeting them would make me choke up with emotion. Saying good-bye to them was difficult because it always made me feel as though I was seeing my good friends of Mahaulepu for the last time.

The house next to ours in Mahaulepu was occupied by a young Portuguese couple, Mr. and Mrs. John Almeida. John Almeida was a plantation luna. A luna, the foreman of a work gang, was a very important person in those

days. He also served as a policeman, a job instructor, a decision-maker, and a boss-man for the plantation. When I first knew John Almeida, he didn't act like the important man he was supposed to be. I used to see him chase his wife in their yard and when he caught her, he would toss her in the air and she would cry out with loud glee and giggle as he kissed her. I thought at that time that they were silly but now I know that they were enjoying the exuberant life of youth and love. Since Father, too, was an important man at the pumping station, the Almeidas and the Tanimotos became life-long friends.

When the time for me to enter school neared, Father bought a horse and riding equipment for my use. He was also my riding teacher. He had been a jockey in Hawaii before his plantation days. For a boy of six, going to school on horseback was a great adventure and thrill beyond description. I was also the object of much envy by those who had to walk that long distance to school.

Occasionally, we had wandering entertainers visit us in Mahaulepu. The entertainers were usually singers of the naniwabushi ballads with their samisen (a

threestringed instrument) and a biwa (a lute). I recall that on one occasion a man came to the village with a mule laden with several boxes. The boxes contained the first talking machine that the villagers had ever seen; a victrola -- his master's voice. We all laughed and wept as we listened to the recordings of famous Japanese naniwabushi ballad singers of Japan.

Mahaulepu was a small isolated plantation camp, away from the school, the hospital, and the community mainstream. As the family grew in size and number and as more of the children became of school age, it finally became necessary for the family to move to the town of Koloa. That was 1912 and I was seven.

2. KOLOA: A SUGAR MILL TOWN

Today, almost in the heart of the town of Koloa, one can still see the skeletal remains of the first sugar mill built in the Hawaiian Islands. The mill was equipped with boilers, clarifiers, and centrifugals. The mill in Koloa started operation in the early 1850s. This is the mill town I grew up in.

Moving out of Mahaulepu, our new home was closer to the mill and Mother referred to this location as Makule Mīru Kyampu which in English translates to "old mill camp". It was important for Mother to identify each home site with a specific given name because that is how she was able to identify the birthplace of

each of her children. Makule Mīru Kyampu was where my brother Tyrus was born and it was he who gave Mother many sleepless nights with his almost incessant, loud bawling. It was later discovered that the infant suffered from an infected bone. Living in Koloa meant living close to the doctor which more important could be the reason the life of my brother was saved. Because of his work at the steam pump station, Father continued to stay at Mahaulepu and came home to be with his family only on the weekends.

In my neighborhood in Koloa there were several large and better homes for the "haole" families. They were families of the engineers, chemists, sugar boilers, and supervisors of the plantation. They were almost without exception, families of German origin. Therefore, my playmates had surnames such as Brandt, Khulmann, Mueller, and Lehr. I used to ask Father why there were so many Germans in Koloa. His consistent reply used to be that the Germans were the best trained engineers for the plantation.

Of all the homes in the neighborhood, the one that stands out most vividly in my mind is a large fenced-in house which we as kids

rarely trespassed although there was a variety of tempting fruits in the yard. On a few occasions, I would see a very old man with a long white beard who would come out to the broad lanai for a brief walk. In time, I learned that the strange looking old man was the infamous Shimabe[1], the much hated and maligned one-time supervisor of the early plantation days. As a child, I used to hear many stories of the man's cruelty and harsh treatment of laborers. He was a "haole" and Shimabe was the Japanese version of his name.

Ironically, I worked closely with two third-generation Shimabes. They were fine gentlemen and we worked well together. They were part-Hawaiians, a beautiful blend both physically and culturally, an intriguing feature of many of the people of Hawaii.

In our plantation community there was Mrs. Steiljes, a lovable and matronly lady who took a great liking to me. I used to visit her frequently and my visits were always purposely well timed. Mrs. Steiljes always had a large slice of home baked bread which was heavily buttered and especially for me. Butter in those days was a luxury item and was never

served on our table at home. Mrs. Steiljes was a widow who had five children of marriageable age. It seemed as though she lived under perpetual anxiety since there were no German boys or girls in Koloa old enough for her children. About a hundred yards of open space across from the Steiljes' home, there lived a Hawaiian family with a beautiful daughter. It was no secret at all in the neighborhood that the girl and Martin, the second son, were more than friends. When Martin's mother found out about the blossoming romance of her son, she immediately sought my aid to act as her undercover agent. My job was to report to her whenever the lovers were together. I did my very best but evidently "Dan Cupid" was smarter than I.

Martin and his Hawaiian sweetheart eventually got married. Their first born daughter, a ravishing beauty, later married a young man named Victor who worked for me. During World War II, he started his own business and made a small fortune. I also learned that the brain behind his successful business was the wife.

The remaining Steiljes children never did

get married.

One of the most impressive and unforgettable pictures printed in the mind of a little boy living on an early sugar mill town is the scene of ox-carts during cane hauling time. A team of four oxen, all longhorns, pulled a cart loaded with cane. One team of oxen followed after another. It was a beautifully moving sight which reminded me in my later years of a bucolic scene of a Millet's painting.

Ordinarily, watching a team of oxen hauling cane by cart was colorful but people in those days did not get overly excited over such a scene. After a heavy rainstorm, however, when the entire field became a quagmire of mud and puddled holes, the scene was a chaotic one: a madhouse of angry men cracking their whips, confused animals pulling this way and that and the loads of cane tumbling down in the field of mud. It was a kind of awesome scene that lingered in my memory vividly.

While living in Makule Mīru Kyampu I recall one very tragic incident. The tragedy occurred on a weekend when the mill was shut down. On this particular weekend with

no watchman to shoo us away, a group of neighborhood boys, full of spunk and adventure, decided to play "hide-and-seek" around the old mill. Most of us hid outside of the mill because it was easier and nearer to the goal. A few of the bolder guys looked for more secure hiding places inside the mill.

In time, we realized that Takeo[2] was missing from the group. An alarm was sent immediately to some of the parents and we all began a long and uncertain search. Takeo was nowhere to be found.

After all of our usual hiding places were searched thoroughly, a mill worker noticed an unusual disturbance on the surface of the ash bin. Takeo had leaped into the bin not knowing that the fine powdery ash would act like quicksand. When the boy was finally pulled out, he was beyond rescue.

We were children of a mill town. From the beginning, our lives were completely dependent on the sugar plantation. The mill is what brought life to our families. In this case, it was the mill that took the life of one of us.

In 1913, a modern mill was completed in another location of Koloa. The community

which developed around this mill was called "New Mill Camp"

NOTES

1. Shimabe is a contracted, "Japanitized" version of the name Schimmelfenning, a long time and well known family name in Koloa, Kauai.

2. The name "Takeo" is fictionalized but the incident as narrated is true.

3. MOVE TO TASHIMA PLACE

Supporting a growing family on plantation wages was rapidly becoming more and more difficult for Father. Seeing that there was hardly anything to free him from the financial bind, Father severed his connections with the plantation. He moved the family to Tashima Place to become a sort of an independent businessman.

This neighborhood was very different; the families of this new site were not connected with the sugar plantation. Several of them were important citizens of Koloa and my family's friendship with theirs was to be enjoyed for most of our lives.

First, there were the Tashimas. Mr. Tashima was the first immigrant Japanese to become a police officer in Koloa. He also spoke Hawaiian almost as fluently as he did his native Japanese language. His daughter, Tsui, was one of the earliest Niseis to have graduated from the Normal School in Honolulu to become a teacher. She was my third grade teacher at Koloa Grammar School.

Second, there were the Blakes. Judge Blake was connected with the district court. Mrs. Blake was a teacher and she taught at Koloa School for many, many years. She was my second grade teacher. Both Mr. and Mrs. Blake were part-Hawaiians or "hapa-haoles". The members of the community felt very much at home with the Blakes and their children were my playmates for many years after.

Third, there were the Kaulilis. The Reverend and Mrs. Kaulili were our most immediate neighbors. The Kaulilis were associated with the historically famous Koloa Hawaiian Church. The church was established in the 1850s. I was very fond of the Kaulilis and spent much time at their home. Mother would frequently tease me by asking if I was Kaulili's little boy. Even as an adult I used to

have occasions to visit with the widowed Mrs. Kaulili. At those later visits, she used to call me by my Japanese name like she always did when I was a child. The gentle Hawaiian woman was never lost for words in lecturing to me about the virtues of being a Christian. In our conversations she never forgot to praise me for being a successful member of the family.

After awhile, she would remind me of how I used to love Hawaiian food as a child. As we talked, she would go about setting the table and laying it with all kinds of home cooked Hawaiian delicacies. Making all kinds of excuses, I always managed to spend more time with her, enjoying her food while recalling events of years past.

Koloa School was situated just about a stone's throw from our house. Going to school was no problem. It was, in fact, just a matter of crossing the street to be in school. But being so close to school left me with some apprehension. Could I have philosophized on the theory that education cannot be attained easily? Our history books both in English and Japanese are full of stories about great men who had to walk miles to acquire an

education. As children, we all learned about Abraham Lincoln and Ninomiya Kinjiro.

It was about this time of my life when the family went through a most heart breaking experience. It was suspected at that time that there was an epidemic of diptheria in Koloa. Therefore, the homes of suspected carriers of the disease were quarantined. Our family was hit when our sister Jean became very ill. Because it was suspected that she had contracted diptheria, a guard was placed outside of our property to prevent visitors from coming in contact with any member of our family. Father, as head of the household, was the only person permitted to leave the house to tend to the chores outdoors. I remember watching him as he stood outside by the fence every morning and evening. Each time he entered the house, he tried to reassure the family that we didn't have too long to wait. The quarantine period lasted for a whole month. The guards were friendly and sympathetic and many of our neighbors tried to be helpful which made life behind closed doors more bearable.

With five children -- four boys and a girl -- the family was faced with many problems at

this particular period. Father had to borrow money from relatives to purchase a horse and buggy. With a horse and buggy, his plan was to run a passenger riding service and to also use the horse and buggy to peddle rice from door to door. Almost immediately, Father began to realize that his business was not as rewarding as he had initially calculated. It was a long time after that when the borrowed money was returned in full. Fortunately, at about this time, the sugar company asked Father to return temporarily to assist the engineering crew that was trying to convert the Mahaulepu steam pump station to electric power. He accepted the offer without hesitation. His return to the plantation meant that we were to leave our home at the Tashima Place and move back once more to the plantation camp.

4. BRING HOME THE BAG OF RICE

Sounds of weeping awakened me out of sleep. It was the first time that I was to see Mother cry. I was eleven then and the eldest of six children. I was old enough to realize the hardship of making a living on a meager sugar plantation worker's wage. Father was a mechanic in a mountain work-site who returned to his family only once a week. His paycheck was a bit better than many of the other laborers', but it didn't stretch far enough for a large family like ours. My little mind did a lot of thinking. I once overheard Yoshida-san, our neighbor, mention to Father that boys of my age were working on the plantation.

Father never talked to me about his conversation with his friend. I knew what I needed to do. I took my first summer job for pay.

When summer vacation time rolled along, I started my first job bundling the sugar cane as they were harvested. I was a "hapaiko helper". The job paid ten cents for a ten-hour day with a six-day work week. Every morning, the plantation bell signalled the wakening alarm at 4:00 a.m. I don't know when Mother got up to prepare my lunch and breakfast but my breakfast was always ready by the time she woke me up each morning. I would then sling the lunch bag over my shoulder and in a brisk pace walk to the railroad depot by 5:00 a.m. to leave for our work site many miles away from camp. Sitting with legs stretched out on flat cane cars, the train ride was hard and uncomfortable but the cool fresh early morning breeze felt good and the scenic panorama of distant mountains and cane fields was a refreshing tonic to get ready for a hard day's work. The ride to the work site was about an hour long and I frequently fell asleep. We reached the work site at about 6:00 a.m.

Looking back to my working days as a "hapaiko helper", I keep seeing a vision which has remained with me all these years. Mounted on a handsome horse and sitting erect in a commanding posture was a man whose face I could not discern because of the early morning darkness. He was in the same spot every morning, a shadowy figure resembling a bronze statue. On a few occasions I would hear his booming voice as he gave out his orders to the workers. In time I was told that he was the number one boss. He was Ernest Cropp, manager of Koloa Plantation , I learned later. Cropp was of German descent, Father knew about him and held him in very high esteem.

As a "hapaiko helper", I would gather the harvested cane stalk and lay them uniformly in bunches so that the "hapaiko man" would be able to tote the bundle away. As his helper my job was to just lay the cane stalk in hunches. The "hapaiko man" (sugar cane loader) on the other hand, was considered to be the superman among the plantation field workers. In his job he was required to lift a bundle of cane stalk weighing fifty or more pounds on his shoulder, trudge to the cane car, climb an

unstable inclined gangplank, then dump his load into the cane car. If he chose to work on contract which was on weight basis, he usually ran with his load. The work was extremely strenuous but the wages of a "hapaiko man" was higher than that of other jobs.

Along with the disappearance of the "hapaiko man", from the cane field scene, gone too are the "cut cane man" (cane stalk cutter), the "track man" (portable rail track layers), and the "mule man", who with his animals pulled the loaded cane cars to the main trunk line for the waiting locomotive. All of these jobs were eventually replaced by highly skilled men who were well trained to operate the various specialized machines that cut the cane, raked the stalks in huge piles, and loaded the cane piles into gigantic 20/35 ton trucks. The back-breaking drudgery was to be taken over by machines and in their wake, these mechanical monsters left a specter of many hundreds of displaced laborers.

As I grew older, working in the fields each summer became a regular thing for me. Throughout those years I did various other things such as pula-pula work which involved planting the sugar cane seed plants and "hoe

hana" which required the worker to go through the rows and weed.

As a field worker, I had a luna (foreman) who kept a close watch over me as I worked. Pula-pula especially was tiring work because the cane seeds had to be planted in a stooped position which was a terrible strain on the back. After stooping for a long period, I would frequently pause and rest by standing upright. But if the luna felt that my rest period was too long, he would use me as a target and pitch the foot-long pula-pula at me. Eventually, a gang of us made up of about a dozen boys and girls came up with a strategy to outsmart the luna. We scheduled to take our resting periods when the luna was in another part of the field since he could not keep his eyes on all twelve of us at the same time since we were planting in different parts of the field.

I was to learn very early that the girls, who were generally older than the boys, were particularly vulnerable to seduction by the luna or any adult, unmarried male workers. (In my later years I was to hear some bawdy stories about plantation lunas and female workers leading me to believe that some lunas did take advantage of their position). The girls

were frequently not too shy to tell us about the kinds of approaches made by the men. At pau hana when the day's work was over, as we returned homeward over the long distance of lonely cane field roads, all the young workers, both boys and girls, banded together. Without disclosing their secret, the boys would harass the men who tried to make improper advances on the girls. In those days, I think that we were too young to realize what was really happening. However, a group of young people belonging together, with a common cause, formed a comradeship, a comradeship not to be easily forgotten.

Payday was always an exciting day for me. First, I had to report to the plantation office and present my bangō which was a tag with my name and assigned number. Then the cashier would hand me an envelope with the same identification number and name, On the envelope was also a record showing the number of days I worked. Without any absence, my wage usually amounted to $2.70 or $2.80. The money was all in silver coins and I remember vividly how I used to lift the weighted envelope up and down in my hands. It was a good feeling. After receiving my

paycheck, I would sometimes linger around the office and watch the adult workers check out their pay envelopes by counting the money of shiny gold coins. An adult laborers pay envelope was usually between $15.00 and $20.00. Therefore, as a child, I did not think that I was doing badly.

When I handed my pay envelope to Mother, she would, without fail, extract ten cents from the envelope and hand it to me. The ten cents was my spending money. The rest, she kept for household expenses. But the biggest thrill came when Mother would boast to her neighbor friends that her oldest son had brought home a hundred-pound bag rice. Rice in those days retailed for $2.50 a hundred pounds. I grew up suddenly. I felt like a man. This was in 1916 and I was eleven.

My spending money usually went for a copy of Popular Mechanics, a magazine to satisfy my favorite pastime: do-it-yourself mechanics. The magazine also contained coupons for catalogs, free brochures and samples of a variety of products which I often sent for.

I got my very first copy of Popular

Mechanics from Mr. Creevy, a vocational education teacher. He was a travelling teacher who went from school to school and taught classes in vocational education. He came to my school once a week and I took gardening from him. In our school, he also taught carpentry to the upper class boys. He urged us to read another magazine named Physical Culture. He told us that it was a health periodical which might help us improve our physical health. Physical Culture is no longer in publication.

For a long time, Popular Mechanics was my favorite reading material. In one issue of Popular Mechanics it gave instructions on "How to Repair a Bicycle" which got me very interested in bicycle riding. An adult friend of mine owned one so he loaned it to me and I learned to ride the bicycle. Being too small, my feet could not reach the pedals from the seat or frame so I had to ride it sideways.

Every summer meant work for me and the majority of the kids in my neighborhood. Work meant being able to bring home a bag of rice, making me feel like a man. From this time on I began to shun kids my own age and started going around with the older boys.

5. EERIE TALES: FACT and/or FICTION

There is a world of adults and a world for children. Actually, both the adults and children occupy the same space in the same sphere. In a world of children, however, the world is viewed through a kind of magic tinted glasses where even the mundane events of life are experienced to their fullest, where there is no demarcation line between fact and fiction. During my childhood, in my child's world, I lived many hairy experiences.

"IN SEARCH OF THE ELUSIVE GHOST"

This is a ghost story that is true in every respect except that we didn't see any ghosts or spirits, or whatever we were looking for.

In the beginning, we just heard a rumor about a haunted house. Then it became known that a Filipino man who was employed by the sugar company was being visited by spirits regularly. Word spread like wild fire of people having heard screeching and wailing voices of a dying woman. Almost immediately, four men who shared living quarters in the same building moved out. The victim of the haunt began to miss many days of work. It was also said that the Catholic priest went to call on him.

The minister of the Japanese Congregational Church felt that here was an opportunity to prove whether spirits existed or not, or whether the whole thing was a matter of the imagination. The minister and his son, Yasuo, made plans to visit and comfort the man by spending the night with him. When I heard of the plans, I begged Reverend Kuboki to take me along. I was not only his Sunday school pupil, but I had just recently starred as the boy Samuel in a biblical church play. How could he refuse me? He said that he would

take me along if my mother gave him her consent.

The night was dark, cold, and quite windy. At eleven o'clock by our watch, we left Antonio, the Filipino, in the room and we huddled together on the porch just outside the front door. I was too excited to be overcome by sleep and I knew that my companions too were also wide awake.

Then it came. It was not a ghost, or a spirit, or a wail of a dying woman. It was Antonio's voice and he was crying while talking to someone. It seemed as though he was begging for forgiveness. The minister crawled through beneath the floor of the house from the front to the back because according to the rumors, that is where the wailing came from. The minister wanted to make sure that this was not a game pulled by pranksters.

Antonio opened the door after we asked him to let us in. The man was still sobbing and shaking but refused to speak to us about anything. Reverend Kuboki comforted the man and told him that everything was going to be fine. The minister didn't say a word as we

walked homeward immediately afterwards.

Weeks later, I heard that Antonio had confessed to the Catholic priest. He had deserted a pregnant wife in the Philippines in order to come to Hawaii. He later heard from someone who came from the same barrio or village. He learned that both his wife and child had died from illness and starvation. No doubt, he was overcome with guilt. He was advised to do penance by praying £or forgiveness every night until his conscience was clear.

I was eleven when the incident occurred. I believe that that was the beginning when my interest for the supernatural began.

"THE TREASURE HUNT"

Scant rumors were heard of the existence of a treasure cave somewhere in the mountains of Koloa. A group of working boys, ranging in ages from fifteen through eighteen, traced the source of the rumor. Some plantation workers were to have discovered the cave accidently. The cave was too small to be entered, but in it there was a box or what looked to be a chest. The box or chest must

have been discovered many years ago but no one could remember the precise location.

A search party was organized and I was included in the party for a very important reason. The approximate location was believed to be on a steep mountain side about five miles from the town of Koloa. It was above an irrigation flume and the small entrance to the cave was said to have been closed with rocks.

We had the approximate location pinpointed. But because there were many rocky formations, we became very confused. Some of the boys tried dropping rocks at different spots. If the falling rock produced a hollow echoing sound, we could know that a cave would be underneath.

In time, a voice called out, "I think I found the cave". We all converged toward the boy who cried out. Loosening pebble-like stones at the lower extremity of a small hole, the whole mass tumbled away, exposing a small opening. The so-called opening was disappointingly small, not much larger than a foot in width. Nervously, the oldest boy got down on his stomach and peered inside the hole. The rest of us stood in silence as though awaiting a

long sought verdict. The boy rubbed his eyes, blinked, then looked again. Yes, he said that he could see something that looked like a box far beyond his reach. A decision was reached by all after a brief. huddle. Being the smallest in the gang, I was elected to slide in on my stomach with shirt sleeves of an extra shirt tied to my foot. I then had to grab and pull the box out and, if necessary, the boys would pull me out by pulling on the shirt tied to my foot.

After a brief tug-of-war, the box was finally laid out in the bright sun, perhaps for the first time in more than a century. No one spoke a word. We only looked at the treasure box in disbelief. I stood up and gazed at the box in awe.

Tiny bones lay scattered in the box. There was a small skull, like that of a child's which seemed to be grinning at us. Under the bones lay fragments of decaying lauhala or pandanas matting, a material which was commonly used for burial by the early Hawaiians. There was no doubt that we had uncovered a burial cave. We replaced the box in the cave and carefully sealed the opening with large stones. Being very young, no one saw the importance of reporting the find to the authorities for further

scientific or anthropological study of our find.

Not far from the child's burial cave is beautiful Mahaulepu Beach, a long stretch of emerald green sea, many miles away from any human habitation. Along the beach were numerous sand dunes where we used to roll down. It was an exhilarating sport and we especially liked it because it left no tell-tale soil marks on our clothes. It was always told to us that time that Mahaulepu beach was the historic battleground during the war between Kamehameha and the King of Kauai. The dunes held many remains of human skeletons, some exposed in the sun. I recall having picked up a complete skull which I presented to the Reverend Kuboki of my church. The skull had a fractured hole supposedly made by a stone from a sling shot.

As an adult, I camped in the same area many years later. But by then there were no visible evidence of human skeletal remains to be seen anywhere on the dunes. As an adult, I learned that the King of Kauai ceded his island to Kamehameha without a war. I also read an account which stated that the early Hawaiians buried the commoners in sand dunes. But to complicate history, there is still another

version which tells of how a remnant of Kamehameha's warriors, caught in a windstorm, reached Kauai and had battled in Mahaulepu. Could the skull I found at Mahaulepu sand dunes have told me more had I kept it?

"THE MYSTERY OF DANCING MEN ON STONE"

About a mile west of Mahaulepu Beach, there is another beautiful sandy beach which was rarely frequented by the public. The beach was isolated and could be reached only by trespassing sugar plantation property.

In one area of the beach, when the tide is very low, a large slab of sandstone with numerous figures of dancing men becomes exposed. As young boys, this was something very mysterious. We thought that maybe this was the work of the menehunes. Menehunes were supposed to be little people and the etched pictures on the slab appeared as though they were made by children. I know now that the pictures were petroglyphs that were done by the early Polynesians.

As an adult, when I visited the Bishop Museum, I saw among the exhibits, a slab of

sandstone with petroglyph carvings that looked similar to what I had seen as a boy. Being curious, I stopped to read the descriptive legend. I was not too surprised in reading the following:

PETROGLYPHS
Cut out from the Coquinnas ledge at Keoneloa Beach, Koloa, Kauai, and presented to the Museum by J. K. Farley, Esq. with the permission of the Koloa Sugar Co.

Mr. Farley was a territorial tax collector who had his office in Koloa. He lived in a large old house which we used to call the "haunted house". That house must have housed several generations of missionary descendants.

Mr. Farley ended his life by shooting himself. People say that his suicide occurred after the man had been despondent for a period of time. For the kids, his death helped perpetuate the "haunted house" legend.

The estate surrounding the old house was a veritable fruit orchard which attracted the neighborhood boys. As one of the many youthful raiders, we used to sneak through the stone fence and steal mangoes, momi-apples,

and cream-apples.

If one has lived in Koloa for as long as I, he would sooner or later read or hear of the Smiths, the Farleys, or the Waterhouses. The latter two were related to the Smiths. They were the original settlers in Koloa as missionary doctors.

Part of the Smith Estate came to be known as the Waterhouse Estate, and a tiny segment of the latter eventually became the Tanimoto's property. Therefore, in a very roundabout way, I could claim that I am related to the original missionary families of Koloa.

"CAVES FOR ALL OCCASIONS"

Throughout Koloa, there are numerous caves of varying sizes. There are little ones to huge caverns that could hold dozens of people. Some of these caves had names such as "Robber's Cave", "Prison Cave", "Burial Cave", and "Temple Cave". These caves with names were very familiar to us as boys.

While still in my early teens, I crawled through “Burial Cave" by candle light. As the name suggests, in this cave, I witnessed a row of coffins. I was too young then to realize the archeological value of such a find. There was a

huge chamber which we referred to as the temple. The temple stood in front of the burial cave. In the temple, there was a stone shelf which appeared to be a natural place for a priest to sit and offer a chant as a rite before a burial. Even at a young age, I already knew that ancient Hawaiian stone tools were considered to be collector's items. But none of my friends or I found anything we thought to be valuable here in these caves.

Several decades later, accompanied by my three sons, I revisited the same cave. I was motivated by the thought of going into field research. The opening to the burial cave was blasted and permanently sealed: the work of the local plantation management. I was told that the blast was to prevent vandalism.

Over one of the ancient caves stood a village store. The cave was named "Robber Cave". A story is told that there once was a thief that made his entrance to the store through a floor in the storeroom. Further evidence indicated that the robber had lived in the cave and worked on the floor at convenient times. Hence the name "Robber Cave". As a youngster, I remember going to that village store which was operated by an

old-time Chinese family. Some of my favorite purchases there were dried opihi also known as abalone and "cracked seed" which is preserved fruit with all kinds of Chinese seasonings. Dried opihi is hardly eaten today but the Chinese "cracked seed" continues to be a favorite snack for the people of Hawaii.

"Prison Cave" is a mile south of Koloa town. It is situated in a desolate shrubland where nothing but cactus and wild lantana bushes grow. It is a very unusual cave. The mouth of the cave opens downward into the ground. The cave is shaped like a giant globular glass fishbowl with the mouth on the top. The cave floor is about twelve feet below the surface and the cavern is spacious enough to house dozens of people at one time. Although there is no written record about the cave, it is believed that this so-called "Prison Cave" was used as a jail at one time. Aside of the one surface entrance, because there were no other exits, as a prison, it would have been escape proof. The only way prisoners could leave the cave was to be lifted out from the top entrance way. When the cave was no longer used as a jail, rock mounds were laid out from the cave floor all the way to the top

so that people could easily go in and out of the cave. According to legend, the cave extends oceanward for two miles. It is said that this is where the spirits of the cave reside. There have been stories about people hearing eerie sounds that came through the small opening on stormy nights. Another legend tells of prisoners who have made their escape by growing a papaya tree on the floor of the cave. Eventually the tree grew up to the cave entrance.

6. FOUR BOYS IN CATALOG SUITS

Even at an early age, I had an obsession of wanting to appear important. One way of appearing important was to receive an occasional piece of mail at the post office. Out of old magazines, I clipped the coupons and mailed them for free brochures or samples of various products. The catalog from Montgomery Ward of Chicago was one of my proudest possessions. The catalog made it possible for the entire family to "window shop". My favorite section was to look over the different types of books on dreams,

clairvoyance, and hypnotism. By the time I started high school, my little mind was crammed full of ideas that suggested various devilish schemes and mischief.

After having been introduced to the sophisticated idea of the mail order catalog, Father and Mother became fascinated with the idea of their boys being outfitted in ready-made suits from Amerika. Out of their meager savings came the day when the family received the package from Chicago. The wardrobe included new hats for all four boys. We had to be satisfied with our old shoes. The younger boys wore hand-me-downs regularly and so in our family, wearing old clothes was both an expected and accepted practice. On the other hand, wearing store bought clothes was a very rare treat. That is why after much fussing, in remembrance of the occasion, Father brought the only photographer in town to our house. He had to take a picture of his six children dressed in their very best: the boys in their Chicago mail-order suits and the girls in their colorful Japanese kimonos. That photograph, still in my possession is dated August 15, the sixth year of Taisho, (1917). It is a treasured memory of the past which

nostalgically makes me remember experiencing the height of finery and the luxury of complete lavishness.

7.THE PHOTOGRAPHER IN TOWN

In our sugar mill town of Koloa, we had a photographer. His name was Morihara-san, a friend of the family. At one time he and Father worked together at the Mahaulepu pumping station. Therefore, when he was invited to take a family picture, his visit to the house became more than a picture taking assignment. I sat with them at the table as they reminisced of early plantation days over cups of hot boiled coffee. My presence must have aroused other memories to Morihara-san for he broke out into a smile as our faces met. He asked me:

"How old are you now?"

"Twelve," I answered.

"You have grown up much since I last saw you." Then facing Father, he continued, "I believe Katsumu was about five when I witnessed his birth certificate."

Father thought for a moment, nodded his head and replied: "Ah yes, we are greatly indebted to you for all that you did for the family that time."

When Morihara-san left, I asked Mother for my birth certificate. The old document, which later was replaced by a State of Hawaii certificate, carried a notarized statement signed by T. Morihara certifying that he had known me since birth and that I was "born on or about June 9, 1905".

The photographic equipment which Morihara-san used, had at one time belonged to a Yukichi Yokomoto who today might have been described as the "swinger" of the family.

Yukichi Yokomoto, who, after leaving three young children and a pregnant wife in Imazu village of Yamaguchi prefecture, arrived in Hawaii in 1892 to try his fortune as a photographer. He was a tofu (bean curd) maker by trade in Japan. He took up

photography to avoid hard physical labor in the sugar plantations in the Hawaiian Islands. He opened his shop in Koloa and conducted his business with his camera by travelling from one plantation town to another on the island of Kauai. He did this for two years when he decided that he did not care to live in Hawaii anymore. He sold his equipment and returned to his family in Japan. By an odd coincidence, his oldest daughter, Ichi, came to Koloa ten years later as a young bride of Senkichi Tanimoto.

Yukichi Yokomoto is my maternal grandfather whose reputation was well-remembered by many. Mrs. Tami Tashima, wife of the first Japanese policeman in Koloa told my mother, "Your father should never have come to Hawaii alone. He loved good times too much and he was a handsome man. It was a good thing that he returned to his family".

Zenkichi Yokomoto, elder brother of Yukichi recalled the following incident to my wife, Ayako: "I urged my brother to come to Hawaii to work in the plantation. But he disliked hard work. He even squandered my share of the family estate which was never

repaid". The parents of Zenkichi and Yukichi were Buddhist priests and for a long time held a vast family estate.

When I visited my grandmother in Japan, she told me, “Your grandfather spoke very little of his two years in Hawaii. He didn't even have a word of advice for your mother when she left for Hawaii. But he was a kind and generous man. He was a patron of art. He frequently brought home travelling artists and loved spending his time watching them paint. The artists who lived with us paid us for room and board in paintings which hardly helped us in running the household".

During his lifetime, Yukichi became an avid collector of scroll paintings which in time were sold piece by piece to compensate for his pleasures. I seem to have inherited two good attributes from my maternal grandparents: love for art and music from my grandfather, and an insatiable desire for work from my grandmother. So be it.

8. LIFE IN AN OLD PLANTATION CAMP

The early plantation community system of "camps" is gradually becoming a thing of the past. The communities are still there but they are no longer segregated by ethnic groups. When my father worked for the sugar plantation, we lived in "Japanese camp". The Portuguese, Korean, Filipino, and Spanish camps were nearby. There were no lines of demarcation between the camps; the dwelling places were similar; only the races were grouped separately.

The walls and floors of a camp house were

built with l x 12 inch rough lumber and the roofs were lined with corrugated galvanized iron. In place of paint, both the outside and inside walls were coated with "white wash", a mixture of water and lime solution. If my memory serves me right, as a boy, I used to watch the workmen cut up panini (cactus) into little pieces which was dumped into the lime solution. The panini was added to increase the adhesive strength of the "white wash". In time, the inside walls would become discolored and dirty. That was the time when the budding artists of each family would create varied forms of collages or murals on the walls out of old newspapers and magazines. My initial creativity and appreciation for art began with those walls.

The plantation was responsible in providing living quarters for all of the workers and their families. It was up to each individual family to improvise, add, or make each living quarter as convenient or comfortable as they saw fit. A typical house had a combination living room and bedroom space and a kitchen. The house that my family lived in had an extra bedroom. The general interior decor of our home, however, could not have differed much

from those of the other Japanese families in the plantations. The home furnishings consisted of bare necessities. In the center of the living room, there was a square, foot-high table. A kerosene table-lamp was placed on top of the table. When we had visitors, Mother would place zabutons (comforters) around the table. The zabutons were used for sitting. The floor was completely covered with goza (straw matting) which gave the room warmth and kept the crawling insects and cold blowing wind from coming through the cracks between the floor board. There was an ornamental shelf in the inner living room wall with a small Buddhist shrine placed on the shelf. There was also a long stemmed ceramic dish placed on the same shelf. The dish was used to serve the shrine offering. The offering was always in the form of food. Near the shrine and tacked onto the wall was a portrait of the Emperor and Empress Taisho. At this time, all Japanese Isseis and their offspring were considered to be subjects of Japan.

There was a makeshift closet built in the bedroom. The closet was built to store things such as the family trunk, going out clothes for the entire family, and a place to pack away the

folded futons (beddings) and pillows. At nights, the living room was converted into sleeping quarters.

The kitchen, more specifically, the kitchen table was the center of the family's major activities. This was where the family ate, where the children studied each evening, where the house guests were entertained and this was the place the family met when anything important had to be brought up. The kitchen is where Mother prepared the food, did her sewing to clothe all six growing children. One of her most prized possessions was an early model foot-pumped sewing machine.

Most of the kitchen floor, however, was taken up with a long table with benches on either side. Standing against one wall of the kitchen was one of the most important pieces of furniture, the sefu (safe) an elaborately constructed screened food cabinet. The four legs of the sefu was placed in empty sardine cans filled with kerosene oil to keep the marauding ants from climbing up to where the food was stored. There was no refrigeration in those days. When food was cooked it was kept in the sefu and reheated at mealtime. The

cooking utensils were hung on the wall with nails and the dishes were stacked on the shelves alongside the hanging pots and pans. Father built a closet in one corner of the kitchen so that bulk food such as rice and canned goods could be stored.

The actual cooking was done outside, under an improvised shelter to keep the rain out. There was a wood burning stove called the kudo which was usually made out of a rectangular empty kerosene can. A still better kudo would have been made out of a cylindrical five-qallon oil or paint can since this was ideally shaped to fit the Japanese cast-iron rice cooker called the kama. Wood for fuel was frequently distributed by the plantation. However, Father and I often searched for dry guava wood because it produced longer lasting fire with more intense heat.

Like most plantation houses of the period, our house had a long, wide veranda. The veranda was comparable to today's multi-purpose rumpus room. It was a recreational patio, a shelter for miscellaneous household items such as the sage rampu (a hanging lantern), a place to hang the daily work

clothes, and a storing place where cartons upon cartons of all manner of things such as unused dishes or old clothes would be packed and left. In those days, nobody worried about things getting stolen.

There was one thing that all of the old camp houses had in common. That was the outdoor privy. Each out-house, depending on the number of families in the immediate neighborhood, consisted of three to five compartments. Each family utilized one compartment. To insure privacy, many families had padlocks on the doors of their compartments. The outhouses were frequently secured with padlocks, while in those days, doors to their homes were generally left unlocked at all times.

The camps of Koloa rested on a stratum of lava rock. Therefore, digging the ground to build the outhouses was an impractical idea. Instead, there were offal boxes that were built as outhouse fixtures. Hence, the rumbling of "honey wagons" pulled by mules were a familiar sound throughout the camps. With the sound, the wind carried the telltale odor of the swishing contents of the boxes far and wide.

To a twelve-year-old in 1917, even after living under one roof in very crowded quarters, the question of sex never entered my mind. Just how babies were created did not concern me. However, from the very beginning, I knew that there was a new baby in the family when I saw Mrs. Sako. Sako-no-obasan was our family samba-san or a midwife. She had come to our home so many times, we all knew her well. With each visit, we had another baby added to our large family.

Considered as one of the most essential items in the average Japanese household of that period was oki-gusuri or home medicine pack comparable to today's first-aid kit. Usually kept out of reach of children was a large illustrated paper bag containing small envelopes with Japanese drugs for a variety of common ailments such as cold, fever, headache, stomachache, and worms. Yes, worms. If a child showed symptoms of listlessness or loss of appetite, he or she was suspected of having intestinal worms and a dose of mushi-gusuri (worm medicine) would rid of the pests. The medicine I remember best is Jintan, an all-purpose remedy which came

in pink pellets, like colored BB shots, and believed to be a sure cure for headache, toothache, stomachache and even colds. Because it had a pleasant tasting menthol ingredient, I frequently snitched this medicine to freshen the breath.

Our kusuriya-san or medicine man came to the house about twice a year to replenish our stock and to collect money for medicines used. Many, many years went by before the Japanese families were able to break their close cultural ties with kusuriya-san and to overcome the language barrier which kept them away from the plantation doctor. In comparison with the Japanese, it is my feeling that because the Chinese left the plantations early, even to this day many older people of that ethnic group still cling to their own herb-doctors.

There was one phase of camp life that I or the other kids did not fully understand but dare not admit. Therefore, as young kids, we hushed our voices when we talked about that which was supposed to be sordid and scandalous in our camp. And now, for the purpose of recording all aspects of plantation living, it would be incomplete for me not to

mention that in the plantation camp that I grew up in, there was a brothel. Of course, I or the rest of the kids, did not fully understand what a house of prostitution was for so we merely reacted accordingly. The camp policeman was, I'm sure, aware of what was going on.[1] Whether or not knowledge of and approval of the activity came from above, I still do not know and prefer to keep it that way.

In a not too secluded part of camp, there was a single men's dwelling place which was conveniently vacated when certain itinerant visitors came to town. News of their arrival spread rapidly through the bachelor quarters and whether the men were Japanese, Filipino, or Korean, they called the women visitors u (bean shop), a slangy Japanese word which was the term referred to the "peddler of pleasure". It didn't take us boys long to associate mame-ya with the four-lettered word. I don't know exactly when, but the boys decided that we would take it upon ourselves to harass the people in the house.

It was not the custom then for boys of my age to play outdoors at night. But when the visitors' arrival coincided with our once-a-

week night class at the Japanese school, we went to work with a vengeance. We pelted the corrugated iron roof with small rolling stones and then followed that up with much squeaking and wailing sounds. When one of the male visitors attempted to act as guard on the outside, he would be showered by stones from the surrounding darkness. He had nowhere to run but to seek shelter under the house. Sudden quietness came only when the little devils had to go home before their bedtime.

Not until I was married did I fully comprehend the grave mischief we perpetrated on the hard-working single men of the plantation. We interfered and denied the men of their once-in-a-while diversion outside of an occasional drinking binge or small-time betting.

The plantation camp is a way of life and one does not easily shed off the practices acquired after living in a newspaper-walled plantation house for a portion of one's life. For a long time, people have condemned the old plantation camps as being examples of existing racial discrimination and of being breeding places of unhealthy living conditions. The

labor unions coming into the picture in the 1930s capitalized on the shocking living conditions of the camps. On the other hand, our parents also believed that things could be better and used the existing life style to motivate the family to make sacrifices to send their offsprings to schools of higher learning. Education was a magic word. Education for the children primarily meant that they did not have to follow the footsteps of the parents

Starting in 1923, a racially integrated development called "New Camp" began. The houses were built of tongue and groove construction with a more conventional type of living room, bedroom, kitchen, bath, and toilets. The houses were painted in a variety of colors to enhance the general appearance of the plantation community.

As a student of labor relations in my middle age, I have watched the growth of the new camps with great interest. The kinds of changes that took place in the new camps acted as a kind of barometer indicating whether or not the plantation was going through a lean or prosperous period. The camps of the marginal plantations, of course, were the slowest to progress.

NOTES

1. The camp police: Even during my childhood, the job of the camp police was to check on absentee workers. We used to hear the adults talk about the sick, ruthlessly being forced out of the house and taken to the fields to work. Talking about it with eighty-year old Michael Higa, a fellow member of a senior citizen club, he replied, "Those stories are true, I know because I, too, have lived through that kind of treatment. My parents sent for me in 1909 when I was sixteen. Them were the days when a sick plantation mule received better care than a sick laborer."

9. AN ERA OF MULTI-CULTURAL TRANSPLANT

The people living in camps participated in many of the cultural practices brought to Hawaii by the immigrants. In Koloa, the majority of the immigrants came from Japan, Portugal, and the Philippines. In the beginning, the ways of the other ethnic groups may have appeared strange to our parents who migrated directly from the old country. By the time we, the children of the immigrants, became native members of the community, the practices of one group became intermingled with the practices of the others.

For example, the Japanese had their furoba or community bath houses where men, women, and children of all groups went to wash away the daily grime and to soothe their tired muscles. The furoba was also a place for socializing and gossiping. Happily, we as children were too "uncivilized" to be concerned about the puritanical morals and ethics of communal bathing.

January 1 was Oshōqatsu. During Oshōgatsu or New Year celebration, beside the preparation of delicacies for the table for much feasting, the big event included the exchange of the new year's greetings with the people of the community. We visited the homes of the community notables such as the language school teachers and the Buddhist priests. My father took particular pains in training me to bow properly and to say everything correctly when I went to call on my teachers and the priests.

Tenchosetsu was the Emperor Meiji's birthday. It is a day of celebration which started with the reading of the Emperor's edict which was written on a scroll, kept in a cabinet on the wall of the language school. There was a portrait of the Emperor just above

the cabinet. With great formality, the principal would first bow to the portrait then remove the scroll from the cabinet, read the edict in Japanese in a loud voice, replace it in the cabinet, and make a final low bow. The remainder of the day was set aside for undōkai (sport events) with many prizes for the children.

The annual undōkai was one of the most important event for every Japanese language school student. Every year, the finale of the day's event differed from any previous one. The unique feature each year, therefore, was to keep the children and parents guessing as to what was going to happen in the end. The undōkai finale which I thought was the most outstanding was the one that created great excitement to all: an event that left a great impression on me to this day. First, there were two teams, one white and the other red. The two teams attempted to break open two boxes covered with tissue papers and suspended up in the air about fifteen feet from the ground. The tissue covered boxes were broken open by team members who threw balls made of rags so that all involved would not get hurt. The finale? Dozens upon dozens

of fluttering pigeons burst out of the two boxes and flew high above the people and finally to their freedom. The whole event was a ceremony that symbolized peace and happiness to me.

It was not until many years later that I was to learn that the Emperor Meiji had handed an edict to the people of Japan. The document stated that the citizens of Japan must forget the old ways: the Meiji Restoration attempted to unify the people of Japan by subjugating the Shōgunate. It was also requested that all of the people work together toward building a greater Japan. After leaving their homelands, our parents were becoming more adapted and involved in their new lives in a new nation. In reality, they were slowly adopting a set of new values with a certain amount of guilt and feelings of resistance.

Bon Odori is an annual summer dance festival. It is a festivity celebrating the dead and an event which is still observed throughout Hawaii today. Some members of the Japanese communities decry the fact that bon odori today is "haolefied", meaning that the cultural tradition of the old country has been altered and violated to a point where the

spiritual and religious significance of the original is lost. But many others appreciate participating in the new emergence of a truly Japanese-American cultural festivity. In Hawaii, where the people are highly cosmopolitan, the hybridizing of cultures is a natural and healthy phenomenon.

The people of the Spanish and Portuguese camps had stone and cement ovens. These outdoor ovens were used to bake bread for the camp families cooperatively. On special occasions, the women folk baked the famous Portuguese pao doce or sweetbread. Their prized pao doce was used as prized bingo prizes at their fiestas. When I was just a little boy, an elderly Portuguese friend who came from the old country told me that the pao doce made in Hawaii was better tasting than those made in the old country because the Menehunes helped make them. Remembering how good the mouth-watering pao doce baked in stone-oven tasted, I am willing to believe the yarn about the Menehunes.

The Filipino laborers of the plantation in those days were mostly single and generally lived in groups. Although I have never seen or heard of their creating any major disturbances

outside of their own camps, I have frequently seen them get into violent fights among themselves. When they fought, they were known to use knives. When I mentioned seeing these fearful fights to old Mr. Nogami who migrated to Hawaii with the second contingent of Japanese contract laborers, he merely laughed and told me that the early Japanese who came were no better. According to him, some of them were as wild as the ronin who were the masterless samurai.

Ordinarily, in the afternoons and on weekends, the Filipino camp was a beehive of activities. The men were either involved in sipa games or training game cocks. Sipa is still widely played in the Filipino communities today. The game is played with a ball made of stripped bamboo which is kicked in the air from person to person. The kicking is done only with the foot and the object of the game is to keep the ball going as long as possible. To me, watching a skilled sipa player is like watching a graceful acrobatic or ballet dancer.

Where were the Chinese? The few Chinese people I knew in the community were merchants. I cannot recall knowing a single Chinese plantation laborer in Koloa. In the

Federal Census of 1930 which I participated in, there were about twenty unmarried Chinese men recorded as having been Chinese retirees of the Koloa Sugar Company. They were all in their seventies or eighties at that time and were being cared for by the plantation. They all lived together in a camp at Puhi and had managed a communal life-style of their own. I was told that very early, the more aggressive or ambitious of the Chinese laborers moved to Honolulu or to the U.S. mainland.

Plantation history records that the earliest Korean immigrant laborers came to Hawaii in January 1903. By 1915 there was a sizeable Korean community in Koloa. I had a feeling then that Koreans were more civilized than the Japanese because their community activities were centered around their own Christian church which stood conspicuously on a high spot away from the camp. I recall vividly of how I used to enjoy listening to their beautiful singing. They sang all of the familiar hymns but in their own language.

Our closest Korean neighbors were the Chungs. Mr. Chung was a field worker and his wife operated a boarding house for the

bachelor workers. It was in her kitchen that I was first introduced to the peppery and aromatic Korean pickle called kim chee. Mrs. Chung used to bury the kim chee inside of a rice ball for me. How I used to wish that she made the rice balls larger.

Then there was Cho Hoon Chawa who treated me like a little brother. He took pride in the fact that he spoke some Japanese. The most lasting impression he left with me was his advice which was for me not to become a chonga. In Korean the word means a "bachelor" and to Cho Hoon Chawa, being a chonga meant not being a complete man. Our close friendship ended after his bride arrived from Korea. He was no longer a chonqa.

While still attending grade school, I was interested in learning photo-coloring because I was also interested in earning some pocket money. Supplies and lessons would cost ten dollars and that kind of money was completely out of my reach. But I knew a person who might be able to help me. He was Kilsoo Hahn of the Koloa Salvation Army. Since our home was not far from his I used to run errands for him and we became friends. I told him of my interest in learning photo-coloring.

Without saying a word, he reached into his pocket for ten dollars and handed me the money and wished me luck. He left Koloa before I was able to repay him the money he loaned me.

In the 1930s, the name Kilsoo Hahn came to prominance as a great patriot devoted to fighting the Japanese for Korean independence. I wished in my heart that the Kilsoo Hahn was the same person who was my friend.

Like the Chinese before them, the Koreans of Koloa did not remain in the plantation long. They moved out to Honolulu or to other urban areas which may explain their earlier economic successes.

Today, all of us as children of the early plantation laborers have come a long, long way. But to this day, I find it difficult to erase that part of my life, not because of the hardships and sometimes heartbreaking incidences the family had to undergo. It is the sum total of all the wealth of experiences that I have gained in my many boyhood adventures. I was given my first paying job which made me feel like a man. This life had

given my folks and thousands of other immigrant families the motivation to strive for a more affluent way of life. All of us have succeeded, all have gained. Because of each of our unique contributions, I also like to think that all of Hawaii has gained by the coming of the immigrants.

10. GROWING UP WITH HISTORY

For a person to be born and raised in Koloa and not to have known the historical importance of the community until his later years, I believe, is a sad commentary on the kind of schooling he has had. One of the reasons I remained ignorant about the many historical significance of Koloa is related to the fact that I was always too busy. Living in those days was a very complex affair. All along I was surrounded by this thing called history and didn't know it.

I discovered the wealth of historical data of Koloa only recently when I started doing research to check out my "roots" and on the

things I saw and experienced as a boy. I discovered that the Koloa I always knew, having emerged from an initial "grass shack" stage was directly involved with the very important Hawaiian missionary era of the 1850s which linked Koloa directly with Boston. From the early beginning, Koloa had a grammar school for all regardless of race, color, or creed. The people still take pride in having one of the first New England style churches. Koloa is recorded as the site of the first modern sugar mill in the State of Hawaii.

The earliest school pupils were Hawaiians, part-Hawaiians, and the "haole" children of missionary families. When I started school in 1911, there were more Japanese children than there were of any other group. The teachers were mostly from the U.S. mainland. As the years went by, the mainland "haole" teachers were replaced by our own local teachers who had returned from the Honolulu Normal School. Many of my teachers were products of the Normal School. Miss Darcy was my fourth grade teacher and Miss Morrison was my fifth grade teacher. Both were mainlanders. Next, there was Mrs. Aka, a pure Hawaiian, who was my sixth grade teacher and Edward

Lovell, a part Hawaiian, who was my seventh grade teacher.

The principal of the school was Mr. John Bush, an Englishman. He also taught the eighth grade. He was an old man with a bushy beard. To this day I still think about him when I come across a portrait of George Bernard Shaw, the famous British playwright. Mr. Bush returned to his native England a year after I graduated from Koloa School.

I also recall that frequently the principal's wife, a gray-haired lady who walked with a cane, would come out from their home to join the students for the daily flag raising exercise. While the pupils sang "My Country Tis of Thee", Mrs. Bush, in a high-pitched voice would sing the words of the British anthem, "God Save the King".

The Japanese language school was an integral part of the community. In those days, it was always said that Japanese children behaved and were hardly related to the criminal element of the time. In my opinion, the cause and effect was not a racial issue. Our parents, as guests of a foreign nation exercised more rigid discipline over us and compelled us

to attend Japanese language school immediately after "English" school. The Japanese language school in those days stressed character building more than language acquisition. The language school was privately run and financed solely by the parents who paid a nominal fee each month. There was no written law requiring the children of Japanese parents to attend language school. There was, however, a great deal of social censure within the Japanese community if a child was not sent to language school. The Japanese language schools, in spite of being under constant general public criticism, were an important factor in the community until 1942.

The Christian church which I first attended and its Japanese minister was an established institution when we moved into the plantation camp. When the church was built and how long it had previously served the community, I have not been able to learn. Immediately after the Reverend Kuboki and his family moved out of Koloa in about 1920, the church and the parsonage were dissolved and a congregation was never rebuilt in the plantation camp.

I think that the existence of two very active Buddhist temples in Koloa amidst a predominantly Buddhist community could be the reason the church was never reestablished in the camp. I am extremely thankful that my religious indoctrination began at Reverend Kuboki's church. I am also thankful for the fact that my parents never voiced their objections as I attended church services each Sunday. In fact my three brothers and a sister also attended Sunday school with me.

The Hawaiian Church of Koloa which I attended as a Sunday School pupil had its beginning in 1859.Nearly all of the structural pieces of the church came "around the Horn". The building itself is a direct replica of a New England church with an extraordinary high steeple. The Missionary Herald, a periodical of that period described the new church as "standing on high ground and seen far out at sea, forming a landmark for ships approaching the port". As kids attending Sunday school, we used to climb into the belfry tower and from there up into the steeple by climbing and hanging on to the rafters and supports. I was to return to the church after getting out of high school as a Sunday school teacher. One of

my duties was to prevent the kids from climbing the steeple.

The church underwent repairs in 1928. The old frame was kept intact, but a new facade was added. It was also at this time that the church was renamed to the Koloa Union Church. It still stands, inspiring as ever, amidst stately monkey pod and algeroba trees which are to be ancient in Hawaii although not native in origin. Funeral services for my kid brother and later my father were held here.

Koloa was a thriving community in the 1850s. Earlier attempts were made to produce cotton and silk but both experiments failed. Sugar cane was the only viable crop. Remains of the first stone-grinder still exists. Two of them were on the premises of the Koloa Sugar Company manager's residence during my childhood.

The Koloa Landing was constructed for trans-shipping sugar and other produce. The landing was also used for the whaling vessels that had to be stocked with provisions. The landing was a small wharf wide enough to berth two row boats. I have never seen two boats tied to the pier at the same time. While

one was in, another was out at the mother ship which was anchored about a quarter mile out to sea.

While loading and unloading freight and passengers, the landing swayed precariously, rising and falling with each incoming wave. There was a steam "donkey" for heavy freight and two strong sailors to assist the passengers in boarding or disembarking. The most unpleasant part of a trip to Honolulu was getting in and out of the row boat. That was when people generally got sea-sick. Two ships that I remember best were the "Hurnuula" and the "Kinau". By the time I graduated from Koloa School, the Koloa Landing had been phased out, not to be for commercial purposes again.

My first trip to Honolulu started from Koloa Landing when I was about ten. Mr. Takenaka took me to Honolulu as his travelling companion. Why he should want to take a boy along with him, I was never told. But as I grew older, I became aware of the whole situation. Mr. Takenaka went to Honolulu to meet his picture bride for the first time. I think that he needed someone for moral support. His marriage turned out very

happily.

Through the years, much has been written about the “picture bride" of this period. Some of the accounts were written in ridicule and some in a humorous vein. One of the most popular tales told was about an old man who sent his prospective bride a picture of himself as a young man. When the two met for the first time, the bride didn't say a word. When the first opportunity arose, she ran away and married a younger man. We were told that the picture bride system was developed because of social and economic needs. The system was supposed to stabilize life in the Japanese communities during that period when large number of single laborers were being imported from Japan.

The relationship between Takenaka-san and myself had not ended with the Honolulu trip. Takenaka-san had returned alone to his native village of Misho, Japan after his wife had died. His children had families of their own and they remained in Hawaii. In 1937 my wife and I took a trip to Japan to visit with her mother whom she had not seen for over eight years. Mr. Takenaka paid us a surprise visit in Iwakuni saying that he had heard that

we were visiting Japan. My wife prepared an American style meal for the special occasion. After our noon meal, the man begged me to return home with him to Misho for an overnight visit. After travelling many miles by train and more miles by walking, we reached his home where we spent many hours digging edible bamboo shoots, hunting wild mushrooms, and chatting pleasantly together of the old Koloa days. Our chats continued throughout the night as we sat in front of the warm charcoal brazier. I was thirty-two at the time but with his help, we both went back to my boyhood again. I think he missed Koloa.

Just a short distance west of Koloa Landing, there is a natural sea cove that once used to be our favorite fishing and swimming spot. Hundreds of kids and adults used to come to this spot during the baby aweoweo season. The aweoweo season came with unfailing regularity when the panini or cactus fruit was ripening. When the aweoweo came the ocean floor became carpeted with a red blanket of fish. Some of the more enterprising fishermen used about a dozen baitless hooks in a single line. With a sweeping jerk a lot of fish hooked by the gills, bellies, or tails could be

brought in. Indiscriminate fishing methods and polluted waters have now made aweoweo fishing a lost art. Deep-fat fried aweoweo was one of the most delectable dishes for me.

The panini fruit which is brilliant red when mature was always associated with the aweoweo because both were brilliant red in color and were harvested at the same time. It was a time of great treat and fun for us kids. The fruit of the panini, like the guava was very seedy. Overeating the fruit caused great discomfort. If we reported the situation to our mothers, they would usually give us a dose of castor oil. Rather than taking the castor oil I spent many excruciating times in the outdoor privy. Today, like the wild lantana bush which grew wildly all over Koloa, the panini is also becoming a scarce plant in Hawaii.

Panini, a Hawaiian word which means "very unfriendly wall" is the prickly pear cactus named because of its sharp needles. It was introduced to Hawaii in the early 1800s as a forage plant for cattle. On the other hand, the lantana was brought here as an ornamental plant. These two plants adapting readily to our climate and soil scattered their seeds easily and spread throughout the fields

like wildfire and became a problem within a few decades. When both plants began taking over the good pasture and agricultural lands, parasites and chemicals were introduced to exterminate the one-time highly favored plants.

In our open fields, there was the castor bean which came to prominance during World War I. The castor bean was used to produce engine oil for the military airplanes. During the war years it was a patriotic duty for the children to go out into the fields to pick the castor beans. It was not a pleasant task. The prickly bean of the castor had a pungent odor and the oil was strong frequently irritating the skin.

Two miles west of Koloa Landing lies the fishing village of Kukuiula. A few miles beyond Kukuiula lies Spouting Horn, a popular tourist spot. Spouting Horn of Koloa is what the Old Faithful is to Yellowstone National Park.

Today, we may not be seeing the real Spouting Horn. The original one spouted a spectacular water geyser dozens of feet in the air. When there was a strong southerly wind

the spray would blow into the adjoining sugar cane fields causing considerable damage to the growing crops. When we were kids, it was rumored that the sugar plantation company had blasted the geyser's opening to prevent the salt spray from ruining the sugar cane crops. The large irregular opening just east of the present spouting horn which emits a geyser with a loud "woosh" is said to have been the original spout. Whether the rumor be true or false, the story is a fascinating one which no one has tried to disprove or deny.

As kids we used to like to go to Kukuiula because the fishing boat harbor was a safe haven for young swimmers. My brother and I frequently walked the three miles from home to Kukuiula to visit with friends and go swimming. After one swimming adventure, we found that our clothes were missing. My friend Shige Kawamoto's mother came to our rescue by letting us wear two of her children's pajamas. Both my brother and I were fully garbed, but because we were wearing sleeping clothes, we were determined not to be seen by others on our way home. We remained hidden in the cane fields much of the time. When we arrived home at nightfall we found the family

in near panic and several of our neighbors planning to organize a searching party. For the first time I was to see both my parents both angry and happy at the same time.

Waita is a man-made wonder in Koloa. It is a 404 acre lake, the largest body of water in Hawaii, which holds 2.3 billion gallons of irrigation water for the sugar plantation. Before the lake was formed, it was a combination marsh and cane land which was too wet for growing cane even after a drainage system had been installed. The marsh was the natural habitat for the Hawaiian duck called "Koloa", for which the town is believed to have been named.[1] As more land was being developed for growing cane water became more and more precious to the plantation. In about 1905 a one-mile dam was constructed of stone and dirt to hold the water in.

Waita, very naturally, became a popular recreational spot for the more adventurous kids of the community. Often we kids would ask our mothers to make rice balls which we would take with us when we went fishing. After fishing at Waita we would have a feast of fish puleho (broiled directly over the embers) and rice. Once, following a prolonged drought,

the lake became partially dry. At that time, many from the plantation community turned out to catch buckets full of the goldfish, the Chinese catfish, and o'opus a fresh water fish usually found in shallow waters. Since there was no refrigeration in those days, many of the homes would have racks upon racks of fish drying out in the sun in the backyards.

In my youth I had watched the water pour violently from Waita after a heavy rainstorm. I had also seen how the crest would climb dangerously close to the top of the dam. I envisioned the town of Koloa being engulfed in a flood, should the dam tear open. More than a half century later, I met and talked with Mr. John T. Moir who was eighty-three years old at the time. Mr. Moir was the manager of Koloa Sugar Co. during the period 1922-1933. When I expressed to him my earlier fears, he replied, "You needn't worry anymore, my boy, I raised that dam another five feet". He was talking to a boy of seventy-one. After my talk with him I went to Waita to check out what he said. What he said was true.

A boy growing up at this time had various forms of recreation to keep busy. There was

swimming, sliding down hillsides, hiking and group games of various types. Swimming was the most popular past-time and there were many swimming holes in the irrigation system. Our favorite swimming holes had names such as Wailana, Waikomo, and Jolman. As children we also invaded the plantation ditches and flumes during the summer months. Most of the swimming holes no longer exist since the water leading to the holes has been diverted to the reservoir for the purpose of water conservation.

The most frequently used swimming hole was Wailana which means "floating water". This natural wonder was made to order for the kids by a Hawaiian akua which is a supernatural being. The river itself flowed by the outskirts of town, close enough for accessibility yet far away enough to give the kids privacy since we swam in our birthday suits. The hole was wide enough to defy the strongest swimmer to go across the length submerged in one breath. It was deep enough that no one was able touch bottom in a dive from an adjacent bridge. None us were trained swimmers. If we had faults in swimming techniques, we were happily unaware of them.

We also made canoes out of old corrugated roofing iron, or rafts out of buoyant native hau logs. Part of the fun of paddling the canoe or riding on the rafts was to take the spills from these crudely made crafts.

We used to go tobogganing down the hillsides on gunny sacks or on ti leaves. The sport was daring and speeding down the hillside. The sport also left many bruises and soiled or torn clothing. This was a sport that made the boys feel like men. I didn't know it then but I learned later that Puuhewa Hill where we used to slide was the original site of the holua slides of Ancient Hawaii. It is quite possible that we, as kids, violated an ancient kapu or taboo by rubbing our okoles (bottoms) with those of the Hawaiian Aliis (chiefs).

Hiking was not exactly a sport for us. We went hiking for a more practical purpose. We hiked up the mountains to gather mountain apples, wild pineapples, mokihana berries to make leis, or other types of flowers and fruits that grew in the wilds. We never heard of children getting lost in the mountains because we all knew the mountains very well.

We also played conventional games such as

baseball and softball. Bats, however, were always home-made since the store variety cost money and who in our days had any money. The games were played with bare hands since no one owned gloves for the same reason. Other popular games were, "pee-wee", "stealing eggs", "hide and seek", marbles, kite flying and top fighting.

Of all the games, I used to think that top fighting was the most exciting. The object of the game was to knick the opponent's top when spinning on the ground. Whoever got the most knicks in so many throws earned the right to split the opponent's top by using his own as a weapon. As a weapon, the top was suspended by its cord and swung with great force with the pointed end toward the target. Since store bought tops were too fragile and got too easily split, the more durable ones were home-made out of guava wood. Like the early cowboys fighting to determine who was fastest on the draw, the champion top splitter of one camp would challenge the champion of another camp. As a result, gang fights have developed in a few instances.

"Pee-wee", I believe, is an adaptation of an old Hawaiian game. The game is forgotten

today but very exciting for us when we were kids. In order to play this game, the players must have two pieces of sticks about one-inch in thickness. One short piece five inches in length is the "fly" and the longer piece about fifteen inches is the "bat". The short piece is bevelled at one end. Because of its hardness, guava wood is best in making "pee-wee".

To play the game: (1) the fly is placed on the ground with the bevel facing downward. (2) The bat, held in one hand, strikes the fly at the bevelled tip to let the fly leap in the air. (3) The fly is kept from falling by tapping it upward with the bat, and (4) the fly is batted out into the field. Points are counted by the number of bat lengths from the batted out fly to home base. Each player will progressively keep the fly in the air from 1 to 10 taps before batting it. If the player drops the fly, he waits for his next turn.

Sometimes the games turned mean and the players did not hesitate to use every possible kind of trickery. The other games were for funning. Funning favorites were games such as "chew beef" and "snipe hunting". "Chew beef" was nothing more than knotting of shirt sleeves or pant legs while the victims were

swimming. The tighter the knot, the greater the chew.

"Snipe hunting" was a ruse used but once on a victim. The intended victim is led into a shrubland on a particularly dark night with a lantern and burlap bag. A lonely spot is selected and he is told to hold the bag open on the ground with the lantern placed at the opening while he whistles at frequent intervals to attract the snipe into the trap. The others spread out into the dark to flush out the birds. Sooner or later the trapper would wise up to the fact that he is the snipe while the others enjoy a good laugh.

In the year 1915 when I was ten years old, it was year of great excitement. First, it was the year of Tom Gunn, a Chinese barnstormer, who brought the first flying machine to Kauai. He selected Koloa as the location to exhibit and demonstrate his plane. The demonstration drove the community into a frenzy, the likes of which the people had never seen before or since. Hundreds of people were attracted from all over Kauai. Many paid admission to view the affair from a close front row view.

About a mile west of town, there is a place

called Paanau Hill a treeless knoll with a gradual slope on the townside with an added advantage of facing the gentle prevailing north-easterly winds. The machine, a bi-plane took off down the hillside on its ski-runners with a little push from bystanders. After flying seven minutes it landed on top of the hill, a distance away

From the hazards of the paying spectators. The larger number of viewers, including myself, sat on the ground in the old ball park in the heart of town. To see a machine fly in the air was like something out of a fairy tale for us. Many of us had not heard or read about the Wright brothers.

Second, it was the year of the giant caterpillar which was supposed to come to the sugar company and eat or crush everything in its path as it crawled. On the day the monster came to town, we heard that it was crawling toward the plantation's depot. My friend and I dropped everything to see this thing. What we saw was a huge crawling machine, belching black smoke, creating a thunderous noise that seemed to disturb our eardrums. It had letters, CATERPILLAR, embossed on it.

As a steam plow engine operator for the plantation, my father was very interested in the machine. Father explained to me that a single caterpillar could pull a plow by itself and go anywhere in the fields, something a steam plow could never do. Still, I was very disappointed because it wasn't a truly monstrous living thing.

It is also recorded that steam plows made their initial appearance on Kauai in 1893. These slow-moving land locomotives were equipped with a cylindrical geared machine for winding a cable. These first machines are museum pieces today. Standing at opposite sides of a field, one engine would pull the plow while the other released its cable. A reverse process was repeated at the end of a line and the machines slowly advanced forward a few feet at a time. Hills, irrigation ditches and any other kind of land obstruction restricted_their effectiveness as plowing was done only in a straight line. Monsters like these were in a matter of a couple of decades going to overtake the fields and run the laborers out of the fields. This was an era of scientific fantasy.

In Koloa, the biggest community

celebration of the year was July Fourth with its traditional flags and bunting. It was a fun day for all. Families took basket lunches and all participated in a day of competitive games held at Poipu Beach. Free transportation was provided for all by the sugar plantation railway train. There were refreshments and apples and oranges for everyone. There were prizes galore for all game participants. Physically exhausted but happy and remaining to the very end of the hectic day were Dr. and Mrs. Herbert Waterhouse, the chief sponsors and contributors for the celebration. Like their missionary ancestors, they reached out into the hearts of all the people of Koloa.

Then came the introduction of automobiles, movie theatres and the other myriad forms of gadgetry which gradually wiped out the oldtime family-type gatherings such as the Fourth of July celebration when I was a boy.

NOTES

1. The place named Koloa: There is another story which gives another explanation of the name "Koloa". The word Koloa in Hawaiian means "long cane". ---

11. THE GANG

I remember the gang, not necessarily as individuals but as a time in my life when a "gang" was important. We were boys and like boys of any time and place, moved and operated in a gang. Among the gang, we played hard, we cheated, we lied, we schemed, and we dared. While we bitterly fought each other one moment, we cared for each other and would have fought the world to prove our loyalty to each other some of which_I remember as individuals whose lives have touched mine. Of all the kids in the gang, there are three in particular who stand out.

EICHI MASUNAGA

Eichi Masunaga was a year older than I. I remember him as a boy with a very keen mind who usually got the better of a bargain. I got to know him very well when I was seven. His

family lived in an isolated camp between Mahaulepu and Koloa.

He had to walk approximately four miles to school each day. I had a horse to ride to school. He, too, would have liked having a horse to ride to school each day. Eichi, on the other hand, possessed a handsome boyscout knife which was the envy of the guys in the gang. The knife had several blades of varying sizes and several gadgets attached to it such as a can opener, a fish scaler, a screw driver, and even a pair of scissors.

Eichi and I made a bargain. The knife would be for the price of riding on my horse to and from school. The price bargained for stretched on and on: one week, two weeks, a month, and it was two months before the knife became mine. The knife was a very proud possession of mine and it made me very happy. I treasured my knife for many years.

Eichi went away to school and he was gone for many years to become a doctor. After he came back to Kauai to practice medicine, he was the doctor that looked after parents for many years.

HAJIME NAKAGAWA

Hajime Nakagawa was known as a bully. He was big and he was strong. Most of all, he was not afraid to fight anyone. I tried very hard to win his friendship by doing all kinds of favors for him. After we became friends, Hajime was my protector. As my protector as time went on, he demanded more and more favors from me in return. Because of our mutual dependence we were constantly together.

Hajime had one attribute which made him a very popular kid. He was a whistling virtuso. When he whistled, he kept people spellbound. He whistled constantly. There were times, however, the people got annoyed. He was always my favorite whistler and I never got tired of listening to him. He was a kind of hero to me because he was also a good fighter and he kept the other guys from hurting me. After leaving school, I did not see him or heard about him for a long time. I thought about him from time to time.

Many years later, my wife and I were visiting relatives in Honolulu for a special family affair. While I was having a pleasant conversation with the few of the other guests, I heard this sudden loud and all too familiar

sound of beautiful whistling coming from another section of the room. I was immediately reminded of my boyhood and told the people around me of my whistling friend Hajime. The people I was talking to looked at each other in disbelief. Just at that moment I looked up and saw my boyhood friend walking toward me. He was a neighbor to my relatives in Honolulu. As we sat together, we talked of the old days and of the other kids in the gang till very late in the night.

Twenty years later, my wife and I were at a wedding reception. We were sitting with two other guests. To our surprise, they turned out to be the widow and son of Hajime. A greater surprise was that they were now relatives by marriage. "What a small world."

NOBORU KIYONAGA

I was especially fond of Noboru Kiyonaga because he always made me feel very bright. He also treated me as though I was someone special. He always came to me for help with his schoolwork though he wasn't a stupid boy. He, too, was bigger and stronger than I and because of this, he could take advantage of

me. There were times he threatened to give me a bloody nose if I gave him wrong answers to the homework problems I worked out for him.

Noboru was spoiled and he came from a fairly well-to-do home. As an only child, he got anything he asked for. Noboru was a good looking boy and as he grew older, he was always very popular with the girls. He got married and was divorced before he was out of his teens. As we grew up, we got together occasionally. Whenever we got together, he'd ask me for advice just as he used to when we were kids. As adults, his problems were usually marital. In spite of his many faults, Noboru remained to be one of my closest friends for a very long time.

I came to admire and respect a young man and his sister when I was middle aged. He was a respected labor union official and she was the wife of the younger brother of my childhood friend, Eichi. The two young people were the children of my friend Noboru. In spite his constant problems, Noboru had managed to raise two fine children.

12. SENKICHI TANIMOTO

Senkichi Tanimoto is my father. He lived a very intense but simple life. He was a complex individual and often times held a paradoxical view on various issues. He considered himself to be a simple man with simple tastes. His ideas relative to the future of his children were extremely intricate and frequently against the mores of his time and upbringing. He strove. constantly to do away with bearing ill will towards other people. He never hesitated to point out what he considered to be wrong about an individual even at the expense of being alienated from his friends and neighbors. He believed in hard work but placed small value on material possessions. As a young adult, he travelled a lot and encountered many exciting adventures before

finally coming to Hawaii. After settling in Hawaii, he gained varied experiences on the sugar plantation. For awhile, he attempted to go into private business but failed. My father was an honest man with very strong convictions. He was a failure as a family provider. He loved the Christian God with all his heart, but he strongly opposed the ways of religious institutions. He learned from the teachings of Jesus Christ and admired John the Baptist.

Father was not a very big man but he always stood tall and walked with heavy sure steps. His toes pointed outward when he walked. His facial features were extremely strong. He had curly jet black hair, long bushy brows, and dark piercing eyes. He had a long, tall Roman nose and heavy set jaws. Members of the family used to make jokes about the possibility of his family being traced back to the Ainus or to the fact that his curly hair and tall nose were a result of Commodore Perry's opening the doors of Japan.

Senkichi Tanimoto had little or no formal schooling. He was too modest to speak of his early exploits and I, his oldest son, was never given the opportunity to relate with him

intimately enough to learn about him. In short, there was almost no social communication or contact between father and son. This was strongly the way and practice of the old country. Within the Japanese households on Kauai, there was also a language barrier between immigrant parents and children. Father and son would speak different languages. While growing up, I have come to realize that this man, my father, was an extraordinary individual who shaped a more meaningful life for me. In his very quiet ways, he communicated with me emphatically by his actions.

Senkichi Tanimoto was born in Atata Jima in the Hiroshima prefecture of Japan on December 12, 1873. Atata Jima which my wife and I visited in 1937, is a small island in the inland sea of Japan, not much larger than a square mile. Because of its isolation, the island's population was about 200 in 1937, and the people are highly interrelated, backward, and very suspicious of any visitors, even those who came from the mainland of Japan. The people of this island made their living as farmers and fishermen and were independent of the outside world.

What we experienced in our I937 visit to Atata Jima would give an indication of the kind of people who lived there. My uncle, Father's older brother, came to meet us at Iwakuni on the Japanese mainland. He seriously informed us that we were "family treasures" and that he, therefore, wanted to make sure that no mishap befall us. As our guardian he fussed over our every move as though we were children. Before leaving for his island home, Uncle stopped to make a purchase. It was something which came in a large tin container. Upon arrival, after sailing for about fifty minutes, we discovered that the whole island community was out to greet us at the pier. The mob followed us to the house and stared at us through the open shōji (sliding door) and dispersed only after they were offered gifts from the visitors abroad. The gifts we offered were the senbei (Japanese cookies) that my uncle had purchased on the mainland which came in the huge tin container. He bought the senbei, toted the huge can on his back all the way home and proudly made us give the content away to the entire neighborhood as gifts from the visiting relatives. We arrived at noon and the family

was unprepared to serve the noon-day meal. A cousin assured me that was no problem because he'd be back soon with enough fresh fish. I accompanied him while he fished for our meal with a fishing gear of a simple gill net and a short bamboo pole. Locating a good sized rock in the shallow waters, he placed the net to one side. With the pole, he agitated the water on the other side of the rock. Scaring the fish into the net, we, after a few minutes, had our catch for a fancy fish dinner. The following day, we were treated to a delectable dinner of fresh clams and crab which had been harvested from the nearby sea that morning.

My father ran away not so much from this, the simple way of life but from the frightening insularity which the small island community induced. His early experience with fishing boats led him to larger ships plying the Japanese waters. Eventually, he was led to foreign freighters that took him to the Philippines, Singapore, and India when he was still in his late teens. While he was in India, he became involved in a racial skirmish and nearly lost his life. He decided to go to Europe.

Using all possible modes of transportation

available: ships, camel, and even by joining caravans, he finally reached Marseille, France. He was in his early twenties then. In France, he moved to a village which, to my ears, sounded like Guadalupe. He lived with a French family and worked at a winery. Father described some of the chores vividly. He was required to roll his trousers up to his knees, wash his feet and legs, and in his bare feet, step into a vat of ripe grapes that needed to be crushed. He also used to mention jokingly that had he remained in France, he might have married the daughter of the family he lived with.

Some of his recollections included how he had to go out into certain areas to look for iron balls which he later learned were cannon balls that were used during the Napoleonic Wars. He recalled visiting a cemetery and seeing gravestones with Japanese inscriptions. While in France, he visited Lyon and Paris. In the capital city, he joined the pilgrims to pay homage at Napoleon's tomb. In October of 1970, my wife and I also stood before Napoleon's tomb. I reflected on the possibility that we were standing on the very spot my father had stood three-quarters of a century

earlier.

According to Father, a few Japanese nationals were settled in Guadalupe. The Japanese and their quaint customs, courteous manners, and the diligent manner in which they worked endeared the hearts of the French villagers. As foreigners, the Japanese liked displaying their skills in cooking over open fire, their cultural costumes, their practices such as sitting on the floor, and eating with chopsticks. These exchanges built a warm friendship between the villagers and the Japanese which did not please the Africans in the village who were citizens of the French government but lacked the rapport with the native French villagers. I believe that the Africans Father referred to were the Algerians.

Ill feelings between the Africans and the Japanese rose to such a pitch that the latter were forced to leave France. The Japanese were asked to leave France. The French government offered transportation for anyone who wished to return to Japan. French naval ships on training cruises would be used to transport them.

Father decided to return to Japan but not

to his home in Atata Jima. When it was time for the Japanese, including Father, to make all last minute preparations to leave the French naval ship, they decided to steal the precious woolen blankets from the ship's bunk. As the men were readying to disembark, the ship's people got word about the blankets. The Japanese got word that there was going to be a search at the pier. As though providence had intervened, a sudden storm forced the passengers to return to their rooms on the ship for shelter. The passengers lost no time in returning the stolen blankets. After the rain, all went well. What started out to have been harmless snitching could have resulted in a serious international incident.

Father did not stay in Japan. In June 1900, Senkichi arrived in Hawaii. He was twenty-seven years old. As he had not come as a contract laborer, he was free to undertake whatever way of life his nature dictated. Being of small stature and a lover of excitement, he became a jockey for a race track on the big island. Eventually, he rode horses on Kauai.

This life as an unmarried jockey left him unfulfilled. In 1902, he returned to Japan to marry Ichi Yokomoto of Imazu, Yamaguchi

prefecture and brought his wife to Hawaii to begin their new way of life. Ichi gave birth to fourteen children in all. Four of the fourteen children died during their childhood. The remaining ten children grew up as average American Niseis of Hawaii.

Father was a great philosopher and an individual who appreciated all that life had to offer. He was an idealist who did not succeed well in providing for his family. He was never afraid of hard work. In his desperate attempts to support his large and growing family, he tried almost everything. He was a plantation laborer, a rice peddler and a driver of a hackney-coach with a fringe on top. He went back to the plantation before finally becoming a truck farmer. He believed that as a farmer, the family would never go hungry as long as there was enough money for rice, soy sauce, and dried sardines.

In those days, we lacked a diet of culinary variation or taste, but there was ample food on the table. In spite of the lack of meat, our diet was well fortified with protein. Bacalhao (dried codfish) was introduced into Hawaii by the Portuguese. It was tasty and cheap. We had codfish: boiled, broiled, cooked with

vegetables, and made into codfish balls. What remained long after the meals was the pungent odor.

We all worked hard on the farm as Father struggled to make ends meet. But that elusive ingredient called "luck" always seemed to be beyond Father's reach. Because of the constant hardship, he always encouraged us to go on to making a bigger and brighter life for ourselves.

Father was a strict disciplinarian but never without reason. I do not recall a single instance where he used any unreasonably unkind words to any of the children. His moral standards were high. He tried to live according to a set of rigid rules. His greatest disappointment was the fact that the children lacked his enthusiasm for the teachings of Christianity. He was a father that talked a lot about religion but he also spent a lot of time giving fatherly·advice, advice which I, as an adult, recognized to be down-to-earth and practical. A few of them that I still remember are as follows:

- When you work, give it your very best. The pay is not that important.

- If the boss is too blind to appreciate your efforts, maybe it's time to look for a new job.
- Select your wife with great care. She's going to be the mother of your children.
- In drying your face, stroke your eyebrows outwardly. A bushy brow looks ridiculous.
- In going up, help those you meet. When you have to go down, you will meet the same people and you may need their help then.
- If you have to steal to live, be the best thief. Warning: Ishikawa Goeman, the greatest thief of ancient Japan was finally put in boiling oil and executed.
- Good friends are made over the coffee table.

To this day, when members of the family get together, almost without fail, one or the other will come up with, "You remember, Father always used to say…."

In spite of his concern for each member of the family, Father was not a demonstrative person. It took a near tragedy to bring us

closer together. I was an adult by then. In fact, it was a few weeks after my marriage. My wife and I were living in the same household. On this particular occasion, we were repairing the kitchen door using an old screw which Father had scrounged about for at a nearby garage, and a screwdriver that had seen better days. He was doing the skilled work while I was serving as his anchorman. A slip sent the screwdriver straight to my face, stabbing me on the bridge of my nose. Father instinctively pulled back and through sheer luck missed gouging my eyes out. He let out a cry of agony, hugged me tightly in his arms and cried out emotionally, "forgive me". Later, when Father's friends questioned me about the bandaged wound, I told them that I had my first fight with my wife. Having overheard my joke, Father thanked me for my sense of humor.

Father himself had a great sense of humor. His old friends would regale me frequently with funny stories told by him. But none topped the one which I overheard. Mrs. Almeida, an old family friend from our Mahaulepu days came for some vegetables:

"Tanimoto-san, I like some cucumbers and

lettuce."

"Aiya, dis time, no more cucumber."

"Ah, I like only one. No more only one?", she appealed.

With an unsmiling deadpan, he answered, "Oh, I gochi only one, but no can sell this one (gesturing with hand pointing toward his crotch).

"Tanimoto-san, you number one rascal," she said breaking into laughter.

How can anyone forget such droll humor.

Our landlord was a doctor of medicine whose family could be traced to outstanding missionary pioneers to Hawaii. Dr. Herbert Waterhouse stood as a symbol of humanitarianism to all in the community of Koloa. His life was dedicated to the welfare and service of the people. He and his wife were also the pillars of Koloa Union Church. In more ways than one, Senkichi Tanimoto owed his life to the good doctor. It can also be said that Father's conversion to Christianity was an act of loyalty rather than as a spiritual awakening. The extent of his pretense included his baptism and becoming a very

active member of the church. Father was in a complex situation.

My maternal great-grandparents were holy people, in the Buddhist faith. The Buddhist traditions were strong and Father especially held high esteem for the traditions and for the ancestors of my mother's family. Father was torn between his loyalty to family tradition and to his moral obligation to his benefactor and to the Christian church. Bis early admonitions to the children were: "Go to Sunday school every Sunday but never forget that you are Buddhist".

Over the years a change in my father took place. Father gave up his favorite sake (Japanese rice wine). It took him longer to forsake his beloved tobacco. While professing to his children that he had given up smoking, he was unaware of having left tell-tale signs in the family's privy. He studied the Bible, listened to the ministers, and worked diligently to become a good Christian.

He initiated a pre-breakfast Sunday morning family service of prayer and Bible reading which eventually lead to his giving prepared sermons. I believe that for Father,

the Sunday morning family service was the highlight of the week. In time, we began to hear rumors of an old man answering to Father's description being seen preaching at street corners in communities outside of Koloa.

Other church members looked upon Father's activities with great displeasure. A delegation came to me one day at my place of employment and pleaded with me to urge Father to stop his most unorthodox practices. My reply to them was simple, "If Father believed in what he was doing, then that was the right thing for him to do". The members bothered me no more.

I used the same reply when the manager of Koloa Sugar Company with whom I was acquainted telephoned me one day to say that Father was in the office soliciting a donation which was to be used for travel expenses in his mission work. Father had told the manager that he couldn't ask his son since his son was already supporting the family. Satisfied with my reply as to how I felt about Father's religious involvement, the Manager, John Moir, laughingly stated that he was making a ten dollar contribution to that strange old guy.

Father was not a beneficiary of any social security income. In his prayers, he included words of thanks for his daily bread. In trying to humor him, I suggested that he might mention me in his prayers for the support I was giving him. He claimed that it was God's grace that made me a dutiful son and for that, God should be thanked, not me. That kind of reasoning, I suspect is a combination of the Christian faith and Buddhist philosophy.

In the summer of 1935, the churches of Kauai announced the coming of the well-known Christian advocate, Taiichirō Morinaga of Japan. The famous Mr. Morinaga was better known as the chocolate king or the milk king of Japan. He was the founder of the Morinaga candy and milk products for all of Japan. The gentleman, single handedly, introduced milk and all milk products to the people of Japan because he believed that milk was health food. He was a Christian and encouraged all employees of his company toward Christianity.

When it was announced that Mr. Morinaga was coming to Hawaii on a Christian pilgrimage, all of the prominent church people vied to host him. The wealthy philanthropist

requested to stay with a family of humble means. Learning this, Father declared that if Mr. Morinaga wished to stay with the family which was poorest in material things but richest in spiritual ways, he was more than welcome to stay with the Tanimoto family. Mr. Morinaga accepted. During his stay, the family clearly won the affection of the old gentleman whom our youngest sister nicknamed Santa Kurōsu because of his luxuriant white beard, generous ways, and kindly eyes.

Before returning to Japan, Mr. Morinaga made us a promise that we would someday visit him in Japan. As a result of that invitation, my wife, our son Miles, and I were guests of the Morinagas in Tokyo, in the spring of 1937. Mr. Morinaga had passed away two months before our arrival, but he knew of our coming and had given specific instructions to his family that we were to be shown his diary. In his beautiful handwriting, for which he was noted, Mr. Morinaga wrote not of big meetings or big receptions, but of little things like the visit with the Tanimoto family and especially of the little girl who named him Santa Kurosu.

Upon his return to Japan, Mr. Morinaga had sent Father a beautiful scroll done in artistic calligraphy as a token of his visit. The scroll was a biblical passage officially signed and stamped by him. This scroll was Father's proudest possession which hung for years in his private prayer room. It was to lead another member of the Tanimoto family to the Morinagas. In 1953, when his youngest daughter was going to leave home, Father said that he did not have anything worthy to present to her except some worthless Japanese books which he had buried under the house during the war and the scroll sent to him by Mr. Morinaga.

My sister Iris and her husband John Spade, then in the U.S. Air Force, were to be stationed in Japan. While in Japan, the president of the Morinaga companies requested that Iris visit his office. The President was the son of the man that she had named Santa Kurosu. The visit unravelled the mysterious disappearance of the scroll from the Morinaga family. It was learned that Taiichirō Morinaga had produced five scrolls of great value. Three of them remained in the family vault. The family did not know what

had happened to the other two. All, including my sister, were surprised that the fourth treasure had been sent to Father. The discovery of the fourth scroll brought great rejoicing to members of both families. Father died before he knew that he had been the possessor of such material worth. It would not have made any difference since Father valued what the scroll represented and not necessarily the scroll itself.

In November 1955, two physicians had diagnosed Father's illness as terminal cancer of the stomach. I was informed that Father had two months to live. The decision was made to let him live out the remaining days in the hospital where he could be given better care. In the succeeding few days, he made life miserable for the entire hospital staff by his continuous gripings and loud insistence that there was nothing the matter with him. The doctor advised that he be taken home. Mother later told me that Father's cantankerous exhibitions were displayed because he wanted to be sent home to save his number one son from having to pay large hospital expenses.

On the night of January 24, 1956, Father's condition worsened. We took him to the

hospital eleven miles from home. It was an extremely windy and stormy night with the rains threatening to flood. We were lucky to have reached the hospital without any major mishaps. Father was completely aware of what was happening. After getting to the hospital, I assured him that he was now in safe hands. A cot was placed in the same room for my use that night.

The storm subsided and all was quiet but sleep was hard to come for me. I had a premonition that the end was near. The night nurse made her appearance at about 2:00 a.m. for a routine check. I watched her in a half asleep state. She was behaving as though she was disturbed and I got up fearing the worst. "Is he dead?", I asked. She nodded.

What does one say when a man like my father, Senkichi Tanimoto, passes on. I remember that just after he died the thought that came to me was, "To the very bitter end, Father lived up to his determination to spare his number one son of financial burden".

13. OUT OF THE EARTH

We were a family of eight when we moved to a one-acre farm in Koloa in 1917. Five more children were to join the family in the years to follow. The farm in Koloa which was away from the plantation camps where I had spent my early years is where we were to remain until finally each left to make a life for himself. This was the place where we left many, many memories; the majority were happy but interspersed with some sad and a few tragic ones.

During the early years at the Koloa farm, I recall one very tragic incident. There was a small but deep pond which was used to store water for the farm. The area was landscaped to add beauty to the front yard. The boys of

the family took pride in the goldfish we kept in the pond. Since the water was used for irrigation, the pond was usually murky.

Shimeto, my youngest brother at the time, had not yet reached his second birthday. Shimeto knew about the fish in the pond. There was a stick with string coiled around it -- a makeshift fishing rod -- the kind of thing a little boy would create. It was found floating on the surface of the pond where his body was to be discovered. He was my father's pride and joy. Father covered the pond with a heavy metal sheet and the pond was never to be left open again. This was Father's gesture of atonement.

Our brother was given two funeral services. The first was a Buddhist service officiated by a priest and held at night at our home with only the family members present. Father had much explaining to do but the Buddhist priest agreed to his request. The second was a Christian service which was held at the Koloa Union Church. The latter touched Father greatly. In fact, I believe that it was the funeral service that influenced Father in becoming a truly dedicated Christian.

For a family of twelve to eke out a living from a one-acre farm we had to combine resourcefulness, skill, thrift, and many hours of plain hard work, with a great deal of assistance from mother nature. Father was constantly looking for better ways in running the farm. In our neighborhood there were four other similar farms. These, too, were all family run farms which demanded that the farmers constantly cope with various types of hardships. In those days, there were no agricultural extension services as we know them today to come to our aid. There was a Dr. Wakabayashi, a Japanese speaking agriculturist from the University of Hawaii who proposed a meeting of all of the neighborhood farmers in Koloa. The meeting was set up to discuss modern farming methods. The old-timers showed no enthusiasm for as far as they were concerned, book-learning farming was not going to bring food to the table. When the others resisted getting together, Father offered the use of our home for the meeting. He also asked Mother to furnish the refreshments for the occasion. That was the very first of the many adult education classes that I was to attend

throughout my life.

Our farm was blessed with an unlimited supply of irrigation water. This was made possible through an old agreement related to the water rights which the landowners had made with the local sugar plantation. Each tenant farmer was assigned one day a week at which time he could literally drown his land under controlled conditions and fill up his water storage ponds.

Our entire farm was operated by boys who were rapidly developing man-sized muscles. We were too poor and the farm was too small to merit any type of farm machinery to simplify the work. My brother Robert and I were the first of the boys to work alongside our father. As each child became of age, his farm chores increased.

Father ran the farm on his creed which was, "hard work never hurt anyone". Hard work for us included heavy work. With this kind of demand, the boys of the family, except my brother Tyrus who was handicapped, grew broad and sinewy but remained short in stature. This coolie-type body-form was especially telling on my brother Takumi who

was a regular farm hand from the tender age of ten. He, who should have, under normal circumstance, grown up to be one of the tallest, ended being the shortest of the four boys. To this day, in his sensitive moments, he blames his shortness to the heavy work which was required of him as a child.

There was one particular plot of land which was off limits. This was where Father, with great care planted and nursed the gobō or burdock. Gobō is a favorite vegetable of the Japanese. They prepare two favorite dishes with it, kinpira and gobō no tempura. This odd looking root vegetable has roots which extend down for two or three feet. It is a vegetable that requires great care. When it is time to harvest it, uprooting the plant without damaging the root calls for skillful digging in loose soil. For these reasons, the gobō commanded a very good marketing price.

Keeping our one-acre farm in constant production required a generous supply of soil nutrient because every bit of precious land had to be put to use without laying a section fallow at any time. Father occasionally purchased a bag of commercial fertilizer but that was reserved only for very special use, it

had to be used very sparingly to make the fertilizer last many months. The most readily available nutrient which was also free for the taking was horse manure and dried cattle dung. Most of our weekends were devoted to gathering manure from the plantation pasture lands. In time, we all became used to the shovelling of smelly manure into gunny sacks with our bare hands.

Father attempted to utilize another type of soil nutrient. I was awakened one rainy night by the sounds of clanging empty cans which came in rhythmic intervals. I saw light from a lantern in the kitchen which probably meant that Father was working outside. I could not guess what he could be doing after midnight and in the rain. Then I heard footsteps which dimly sounded to be going toward the privy. Next came the distinct sounds of a can clanging against other cans. There was the unmistakable whiff of human feces. It slowly dawned on me that Father was applying "midnight soil" on the farm.

The following morning, I went to him and questioned the wisdom of what he was doing. I asked him if he knew that Japan had on record as being a place with one of the highest

diphtheria cases and other diseases traceable to the use of human waste as fertilizer. I said no more and he remained silent. When it was time to empty the privy, he made sure that I was aware that the waste he was disposing was not going into the farm. He transported the waste into a deep pit which was buried over immediately.

Farms are a battleground between the farmers and pests. Cabbage worms, beetles, and mealy bugs were the most common enemies. In those days the different types of insecticides were unknown to us in Koloa. In order to reduce infestation, Father would stagger the planting of particular vegetables. This was about the only system we knew and as a result, we occasionally lost an entire crop of Chinese cabbage to the hateful mealy bugs. It was easier to control the cabbage worms and the beetles that attacked the string beans. It was done by having the entire family go through the rows side by side and gather the worms by hand. After the pests were plucked off we followed Father's example and crushed the pesty animals between our fingers. It was no time to feel squeamish.

One of our most prized possessions was a

beautiful horse which we loved almost as dearly as any family member. It was a mare and her name was Jimmie. Jimmie had a wagon to pull and her share of farm chores.

Marketing day was always a very busy day for all. Our vegetables regularly went to Mr. Fujita who operated a market in Lihue. On the day before delivery, the produce was harvested, cleaned and bundled. The various vegetables were bundled for different prices and stacked in the wagon accordingly. Delivery was an all day affair so Father frequently used it as a day to buy the necessary provisions for the farm and family at the Lihue Emporium, the largest store on Kauai at the time. I was permitted to accompany Father on a number of occasions. Those were magical days of endless adventure for me.

The market took only what it wanted and the rest of the vegetables had to be peddled in the plantation community. My brother Robert and I worked as a team and assumed complete responsibility in peddling the vegetables. Starting at daybreak, we drove through many villages selling our vegetables, collecting and totaling the money. We were left to work

independently but Father had one rule for us: we had to be back home before dark. On one occasion, we were completely sold out and brought home over $13.00. That was big money in those days. That was a record not to be surpassed even by Father.

Market bags for vegetables were unknown in those days. Instead, vegetables were bundled and tied. Store-bought string or cord cost money which we could not afford. To tie the vegetables in bunches, we used the bark of the hau (family of the hibiscus bush) which grew plentifully. The bark was stripped to cord width and made an excellent binder for the tender greens.

The chore of watering the young seedling was backbreaking and it required much care. There were several small and deep ponds located strategically throughout the farm. We carried the water coolie style, in two five-gallon cans suspended on the shoulder. The wooden shafts, flexible and strong, came from the orient. We watered the tender shoots by walking between the rows with a homemade laddle that had a funnel-shaped spout with a sprinkler head.

Although we were required to do man-sized work, being boys, the farm did not always run peacefully even under Father's firm supervision. I, as the oldest of four boys, nearly always asserted the right to assign the routine farm chores. From time to time we had arguments, displayed open hostilities, or flatly refused to do what was asked. However, we have never had a fist fight over chores. In fact, we had many fun times together, especially, when the circus came to town.

The circus was as much a part of farm life as all the other chores as were mentioned. The circus was the one festive occasion which made the drudgery of farming bearable for all of us. The well-known E. K. Fernandez Show was rapidly becoming famous in Kauai. "Eddie" Fernandez of Lihue started with running moving pictures at first and later branched out into owning a circus. He was the first to bring "Charlie Chaplin" to Kauai as well as the first "Wild West Show" with Buffalo Bill. Later, I learned that the so-called "Charlie Chaplin" and "Buffalo Bill" we saw were not the original people but merely actors who took the roles. Whenever the circus was in town we always went to see Mr. Fernandez to ask if we

could work for him by supplying him with panicum grass for his performing horses. This way, my brothers and I always got to see the shows for free and we were also paid handsomely for getting the grass for his horses. My brothers and I were the only kids who knew where to go for the kind of grass needed for the show horses. We also had a horse and wagon to haul the grass in. The circus was something very special for us. It took us away from our hard life on the farm. We escaped for a moment into a world of fantasy.

Father allowed me to keep half the money earned from the circus venture. For additional spending money, I sold Christmas cards, religious posters, medicinal inhalents for asthma, and a few other trivial things. Being of a serious mind, much of my pocket money went toward books. On the other hand, I also enjoyed buying frivolous things such as a boutonniere which squirted a stream of water and a thing called a ventrillo which could imitate singing birds when placed inside the mouth.

Our farmhouse was composed of two separate buildings. One was the living room

quarters, and the second was the kitchen, the eating place, the bathroom, and the family well. There was no flooring in the second house. All the water used in the kitchen and the bathroom came from the well which was fitted with a pulley, a rope, and two buckets.

Since there was enough manpower in our household, there should have been no problem in carting enough water for the furo (bath). Getting the water for the bath also included the scouring of the bathtub. These were the chores we detested most. There was constant bickering among us as to who would get the water. After the tub was scoured and refilled with clean water, there was more argument because no one liked having to tend to the fire to heat the tub. The fire was fuelled by kindling wood which was gathered from the fields surrounding our farm.

As a child I spent many hours studying the Montgomery Ward catalog. Once, I proposed to Father and Mother the possibility of investing our extra money in a hand pump, one that was designed to be used with a well. I explained how it would benefit the entire family. The pump in the catalog cost $28.00 and was to come all the way from Chicago

with freight charges added and payable on delivery. Having had previous experience in operating pumps and piping, and after studying the illustration in the catalog, Father was convinced to order the pump. After waiting for almost half a year, it was an exciting day when we received notification of the arrival of a crate which was to be picked up at Port Allen, Kauai, nine miles away. Father and I hitched our horse to the wagon and headed for the port to pick up our precious cargo. I was awed at the many labels pasted on the crate. I traced the long route the cargo had taken. It was initially placed on a Mississippi barge heading for New Orleans, then transshipped to San Francisco, then to Honolulu. From Honolulu, it was shipped by an inter-island steamship to Port Allen.

When we got the crate home, every member of our family stood around to participate for this momentous occasion. After the lid was removed, Father carefully brushed aside the wood shavings and dust. Very tenderly, he lifted the beautifully carved pump out of the crate. It looked exactly like the one we saw in the catalog. It was a joyous moment -- until Father looked into the crate for the rest

of the parts, parts that were definitely not there. He spoke softly but deliberately, "There must be another box, or the company must have forgotten to ship them. This pump is no good without the inside". I quietly went to my catalog. How can I ever express what I felt the moment I discovered that I had ordered only the casing of the pump. Fitting such as the piston, shaft, cylinder, and valves were listed and priced separately. I couldn't explain to Father in Japanese exactly what had happened, but he was astute enough to know that it would take another $30.00 plus freight cost to fill the casing of the pump. He was in no mood to scold me. For the first time he faced me and called me, "Baka" (a fool).

The incomplete pump, in its original crate, sat in the basement of the house for nearly fifty years. To me, the crate stood as a monument to my stupidity through the years, even after Father passed away. We never spoke of pumps again.

About a year after the pump incident, the county of Kauai extended its water system into our neighborhood. The electric power lines were put in immediately afterwards. Almost overnight our well protected well and the

kerosene lamps and lanterns became obsolete. We continued using our kerosene stove until the farmhouse was torn down and replaced with a new home for the family of my brother Robert who took over the Koloa property in 1967.

As the years passed and as the family members grew in terms of size and number, the farmhouse also grew. Using second-hand lumber and old corrugated roofing, Father did all of the necessary carpentry around the farm. Eventually, the house became a sprawling five-bedroom structure with a living room, a dining room, a kitchen, and a garage which was also used as a woodshed. Our home housed twelve people.

I remember certain big innovations. For example, Father built a covered walkway from the main house to the privy. At the same time Father built a new privy, a privy with a seating capacity of four.

When a family has seven females and five males, the most widely used facility was probably the outhouse. Through the influence of our public school system, we learned to accept or reject our social and moral habits

and practices. For instance, we never used the toilets in mixed sexes or never took a bath in mixed sexes. In school, we were trained that boys and girls used separate bathrooms. We also learned by observation that adults used facilities separate from those the students used. I tried not to use the privy at the same time as my father who had not gone to school and had no such aversion. Once, he came into the bathroom and nonchalantly sat down beside me and started a conversation.

While sitting on the privy at the same time with Father was most uncomfortable for me, we had one of our most unforgetable talks between a father and his number one son:

"You want to be an engineer, don't you?"

"No", I lied. "I'm going to become a bookkeeper." I found it almost impossible to explain in Japanese that although my true desire was to become an engineer, our public high school system was designed to allow every high school student to either follow a commercial track or a college preparatory track of studies. A student preparing to become an engineer was required to follow a college preparatory track.

"But I thought you always wanted to become an engineer," he said in a surprised voice.

In a rather weak voice, I answered, "That was before. Now-a-days people who wish to become engineers must go to college."

After a long pause, he continued: "When you graduate from high school, you should be able to read and understand all kinds of books. If you really want to, you can learn from books without going to college."

This brief interlude was to change my thoughts about my future. No longer did I believe that anyone's privilege to learn is at any time denied because he cannot afford to go to college. It was this conversation that made me believe that becoming an engineer was not the only goal for me. Going to school was going to help me decide what I wanted to become in the future. This important event took place in the family toilet.

Father was getting older and the family was getting less dependent on the farm. The older children were beginning to leave home for a world of their own and it was becoming very apparent that there was less need for the

one acre land. In fact, we would be happier if the family only had enough living space and to grow things only enough for family use.

After explaining the whole situation to Dr. and Mrs. Waterhouse, the doctor and his wife graciously obliged to take back more than one-half of the land, leaving us a comfortable 18,000 sq. ft. plot which I purchased as home for Father and Mother in their old age. It was to become Mother's home after Father's death because she stubbornly refused to move out of her home. She claimed that she was going to live in her home "as long as I can push a lawn mower".

After many uneventful years, the Koloa home came face to face with its worst disaster. It started in the afternoon of August 7, 1959. The weather bureau called it "Hurricane Dot". It lashed the island of Kauai with winds of more than 90 miles an hour. The districts of Kalaheo, Lawai, and Koloa were hardest hit. The homes of the area suffered extensive damages including our Koloa home. My sister Lillian and her son Gary were visiting and Mother was spared the horrors of having to spend the night all alone.

The morning following the hurricane, Lillian and Mother discovered that more than half the roof had been blown away. A freakish force of nature drove a corrugated roofing around a citrus tree without tearing any of the outer limbs and leaves which to me defied any kind of explanation. So tightly and neatly did it circle the tree that I had to use a chisel and hammer to remove the roofing. This was an experience never to be forgotten for Mother. It did not discourage her from continuing to live alone in the old house. It was the lowly termites that finally convinced her to move in with the family of her number one son. That was the summer of 1968.

With Father's death, members of the family believed that Mother would join him shortly. They had celebrated their golden anniversary in 1951. They had shared much as husband and wife. All along, Mother had taken a secondary role, hardly ever given the opportunity to make decisions. After Father's death, all of us marvelled at her ability to adjust and formulate a new way of life for herself alone on the farm. The years away from the farm were agonizing ones for her.

That farmhouse in Koloa was more than a

house for all of the members of the family. For Mother it was her whole life. Even the furniture and appliances had become a living part of the household, and leaving this farmhouse meant leaving or abandoning the only thing that had any meaning to her. I think that every member, at one time or another, felt this strong almost human attachment to the home or even to the articles in the household such as the old clock in the kitchen.

As long as we lived in the farmhouse in Koloa, there was an old family clock on the wall in the dining room. It hung in the exact spot as long as I could remember. Mother could not remember its age. The cover of the pendulum housing had become loose and the rest of the case was infested with termites like the rest of the house. The clock had become a part of everyone of us. At one time, while visiting with Mother, I told her that the old clock would eventually sit in my dining room.

On one of my trips to Kauai, when the Koloa house was still standing, I noticed that the clock was no longer there. My youngest brother, Takumi, had ideas similar to mine. He had taken the clock to his own home in

Waianae, had it skillfully restored by a clock-maker, and made a place for it on his own dining room wall. Seeing the clock on his dining room wall, I told him of what plans I had; without saying a word, he just gave me a "Mona Lisa" smile and kept the clock.

This land which had rooted and raised the entire Tanimoto family since the year 1917, still remains in the family. Out of this piece of precious earth had flowed the life blood conceived by Ichi and Senkichi Tanimoto. Today, the life continues to flow for my brother Robert and his family.

14. THIRTEENTH MEMBER OF THE FAMILY

Jimmie was the thirteenth member of our family and Jimmie was a mare. It may seem strange writing about a horse that was a member of a farm family. But our Jimmie was special. She came to us as a draft animal and as part of the farm when the purchase was made from the original owner. When Father first met her, he caressed and stroked the animal, and even talked to her. He must have picked up the knack of working with horses when he was a jockey during his earlier years in Hawaii. From the very beginning we felt

that Jimmie was different from any ordinary horse. We all loved Jimmie and I'm sure that she was also very happy with us.

When Jimmie became a member of our family, she had with her a piece of equipment which puzzled Father. Her harnesses included an elegant, expensive saddle, the kind used by fancy show riders. That horse and the saddle must have had an interesting and colorful past, prior to being a farm horse. Police Officer Tashima, an old family friend, finally established the fact that Jimmie was an offspring of a one-time race horse. But as a member of our household, she never had the chance to develop her potential as a race horse.

Father appointed me to be Jimmie's caretaker. This was an extra special position for a thirteen-year-old, a rare privilege, indeed. When I was six years old, Father had gotten a horse for me to ride to school when we lived in Mahaulepu, but this was an altogether different thing. The horse in Mahaulepu was a mode of transportation. Jimmie was my responsibility: I could saddle and ride her, groom her, feed her, and care for her as if I was an adult.

We became very attached, Jimmie and I. The mountain trails of Koloa and Kalaheo were favorite places which we travelled together as partners. Sometimes we used to meet other riders such as the Portuguese boys from the Kalaheo homestead who knew the trails better than I did. As a draft horse or a saddle horse, Jimmie was always graceful and the homestead boys always spoke of her in high praise. I was very proud of my constant companion.

I remember one incident which brought near disaster. Jimmie learned to nudge me for favors such as extra tidbits, barley, or molasses. Panicum grass (sometimes called hay or buffalo grass) was her main feed. My brothers and I went all over looking for the greenest and tenderest possible. We learned that the best generally grew along the river banks. To prevent waste, the long grass was cut in bite sizes, two or three inches in length with a home-made cutter which was made out of the blade of a cane knife bolted onto a cutting frame.

In time, as our relationship grew stronger, Jimmie became bold enough to come up to my cutting rig and steal a choice bit of grass with

her adept lips. This was a favorite game for the two of us and I made no attempt to discourage her. Then the inevitable happened. While playing our usual favorite game at the cutter, I heard a sickening crunch. Jimmie leaped up on her hind legs and let out a terrifying whine. I could see that her upper lip was split and blood was spurting out freely. At this, she jutted out her lower lip and started to lick the cut and clean off the flowing blood. I called for Father. When he saw what was happening, he calmly came to where we were, took hold of Jimmie, and assured me that nature would take care of healing Jimmie. Of course, Jimmie always had a split lip from that incident, but this never disfigured her handsome face. We stopped playing that game.

As the years went by, the area farmed got smaller and there was no need for a draft horse. Eventually, our wagon was dismantled and put away into storage. Jimmie was getting along in years but she aged gracefully and we couldn't think of parting with her. She was allowed to roam more freely and we did not worry too much about her because our Jimmie was liked by all -- we thought.

Strangely, Jimmie was not without enemies. There were people who were probably envious of her. I remember seeing Father become very adamant once when he had to tell the party that Jimmie was not for sale.

Then the unexpected happened. Jimmie was missing. We were becoming alarmed but hoped and prayed that she would eventually return home. She had been missing for four days when a neighborhood boy reported that he had seen an injured horse in the plantation camp that looked like Jimmie. It was Jimmie. She looked emaciated and her right rear groin was bloated. With great difficulty, she was brought home and a veterinarian was consulted. Someone had fired a bullet in her rear leg and gangrene developed into the wound. The specialist recommended that she be put out of her misery. Father would not hear of ending her life with another bullet.

Father in complete desperation, tried to doctor Jimmie in his own fashion. He first made an incision on the infected area to force out the putrid pus. Next, he soaked and washed the area with Lysol. We prayed for a miracle. Without doubt the surgical procedure and the release of pressure on the infected

area did bring relief to Jimmie. She began to munch grass tidbits fed to her. However, she was already too weak with her entire system infected. She died a few days later.

Father alone was to decide where Jimmie was to be buried and he alone would dig the pit where Jimmie was to be laid. Very fittingly, Jimmie's final resting place was to be on our land, the earth she had so lovingly and loyally helped produce.

15. THE ALBATROSS AROUND MY NECK

I was to learn at an early age of the agonizing meaning of the term "family debt" and its relationship to myself, the oldest son in a Japanese family. I was now at an age ready to graduate from grammar school. At this particular time the family was made up of about seven or eight children. It was a large family that demanded much in the way of basic living expenses. Following traditional practices, it was almost unheard of for the oldest in a family to continue schooling beyond the eighth grade. The oldest son was

expected to work for the sugar plantation and help support the family. In those days, the plantation was undergoing a "boom" and any youngster out of grammar school was assured of a job with the plantation. There was a prescribed life set up for me to follow. I did not wish to follow the prescription. I had my father's encouragement to try to change what was expected of me.

In order to live a life that pleased Father and me, I, as number one son had difficult choices to make. Each choice was to be followed by a particular consequence. While dealing with each consequence as it occurred, I was to gain particular lessons about life and living in general.

Father was a maverick and had his own thoughts about his number one son. He believed that his number one son was going to high school, gain an education, and earn a respectable place in life. In order to put his theory into operation, he first extracted a promise from me. In order for me to go to school, I had to assume the family debt and be responsible in sending a handicapped brother to college. My brother Tyrus (the third son) had been crippled after he had contracted a

severe bone disease as a child. This was lesson number one: The price of an education was very dear indeed.

No sooner had I started high school when a relative of the family called me aside for a reprimand. "You are an ingrate and a traitor to your parents and your family. On top of that, you are a disgrace to the tradition and the Japanese people. Can't you get it through your thick skull that the Tanimoto family with so many children could not possibly send its number one son to high school. Education is a luxury set aside for the wealthy. The number one son has the duty of clearing the debts of his parents and to help feed, clothe, and shelter the entire household". That was lesson number two: The number one son inherits the burden of the family for the privilege of being the first born.

It was the first day of my sophomore year. This was also "Freshmen Day" and all the new students were being welcomed and introduced to the new venture of higher learning. Amidst the crowd of green and enthusiastic new comers, I saw the face of my sister Jean. What was she doing here? She was supposed to be working to help support the family. Taking her

aside, I questioned her.

My sister Jean, a year younger, had gotten a job as a maid in a hotel in the town where the high school was situated. She wanted to go to high school so badly and as a result, simply made up her mind to work her way through school without our parents' knowledge. I wanted to encourage her for what she was doing, however, this was a threat to furthering my own education. Through my intervention, Father came to school to take her home where she could be watched more closely. Even as an adult, I could not forgive myself for what I had done that day. That was lesson number three: The need to survive is frequently at the expense of hurting those you love dearly.

About a year after being employed as a clerk for the Kauai Pineapple Company, I was told that I had two visitors who had to see me on urgent business. We met outside the office. The two visitors were a father and son. The son was a young man who graduated from high school with me. According to the father, my parents had owed them a debt for many years and that they were now asking me to meet the family obligation as soon as possible. The situation at first embarrassed me. This

feeling of shame, gradually, made me feel incensed to think that a former classmate could make demands of that nature. Without mincing words, I told them that I would pay them back every penny owed but that the payment would only be made through my parents. That and other family debts took another seven years to pay back. Lesson number four: Until all family debts are paid in full, they are an albatross around the neck of the number one son.

16. THE LEARNING YEARS

To be able to attend high school in the early twenties was a very rare privilege. This was magnified many times more for me because I came from a large poor family. This was the situation when I was sent off to Kauai High School in the year 1919 when I was fourteen years old.

Kauai High School was the only high school on this small sugar and pineapple island. In 1919, the total number of students enrolled was less than one hundred fifty. The students came from Kekaha to Haena, which is from one end of the island to the other.

It was a very expensive proposition

because I had to live in a dormitory which cost $13.00 a month for room and board. In order to cut the exorbitant fee, I worked as a yard boy on the weekends. Because the family farm also needed my help and money, I left the dormitory after my sophomore year and commuted to school by automobile with several other boys for a set monthly fee.

With an income of bare existence, my going to school meant that my parents and every member of the family had to make due without what little we had to begin with. The great sacrifice was not so much in terms of what was needed to pay for the cost of sending me to school but it was the sacrifice of the wages that I could have been earning for four years which was needed to help support the large family. Father constantly drilled into my head that I was never to forget my family obligation and that I was to study hard for the family's sake.

The whole idea of going away to high school was a long awaited dream come true. This was to be the first time I was going to leave the family to be on my own. It was new, it was frightening, and it promised me an exciting future. The dormitory for high school

boys was to be my home for nearly two years. It was only eleven miles from home, but with no family telephones, or any kind of public transportation system, the distance could have been a million miles to me and my father.

After a three-hour ride on a horse drawn carriage which was driven by my father, I bade him goodbye, not to see him again for a full month.

The dormitory where I lived while attending school was sponsored by the congregational church and its board of trustees. The pastor of the church was also the superintendent of the dormitory. From the moment I stepped into the dormitory my true educational experience began. For instance, up to this point, my education in table manners was practically nonexistent. Here at the dorm, going to dinner was not only to eat, it was a formality which was very foreign to me. As we sat quietly for our first meal, the long silence was broken by a cry of, "aa-ita", a Japanese equivalent to the English, "ouch". Instead of bringing my food to the mouth, I had stabbed my upper lip with the fork. It was the first time I had ever used a fork. There were many other similar embarrassing

incidents that happened to me and my fellow dorm mates. The people who ran the dorm were aware of the situation and showed great patience and understanding and tried to help us prepare for a new way of life. My first year of school and dormitory living certainly made all of my experiences a truly learning year for me.

As I entered my sophomore year and was recognized as an old timer at the dormitory, I saw myself as a sophisticated fifteen-year-old sophomore ready for all kinds of harmless rascality and mischief.

In truth, like all painfully neo-sophisticated sophomores, I was not exactly a precocious child, but, I did have a zest for excitement and fun. I had a frightful fascination for things morbid and an eager desire for knowledge of the occult sciences such as mental telepathy, spiritual communication with the dead, interpretation of dreams, palmistry, hypnotism, and anything else that related to the beyond. I read voraciously on these subjects and what books I was not able to secure at the library, I sent for from the mail order houses in New York and Chicago. By the time I went to high school my self-taught

information on these subjects would have probably startled an ordinary adult of those days.

My activities around the dorm had the tendency of leaning toward impish pranks and the bizarre. In the dorm, there was a boy whose face was deeply pocked with huge pimples like miniature volcanoes ready to erupt. The boy's name was Ernest and he was from Hanalei. As teenagers, we were all sympathetic with Ernest's problem. We were all generous with countless suggestions and remedies for cures. Trying to lighten the situation I suggested, "Why not let a mynah bird pluck them out for you". "Sure, why not," Ernest replied in the same jocular manner it was intended to be. Anyway, who would think of going after mynah birds?

I knew that a favorite nesting place for a flock of mynah birds was the inside of the kitchen smokestack. In the quiet of the night, I raided a nest and captured two adult birds. The boys' dorm was awakened by two very frightened and screaming mynah birds caged under the same mosquito net with Ernest.

Since that mynah bird incident, I lost no

time in putting my knowledge to practical use. There were many willing subjects among my classmates and other underclassmen who also lived at the dorm. Knowing my prankish nature, no one was expected to take me seriously and who ever imagined that one of their dorm mates would even have anything to do with the occult. My jargon of the trade and professional gestures, however, never failed to impress my audience. I told fortunes by reading their palms with great seriousness. I interpreted their unusual dreams in a scholarly manner while all the while I had access to the dictionary of dreams which I kept hidden from anybody in great secrecy. An upperclassman dubbed me as a "Great Professor" which secretly gave me a feeling of great importance.

My demonstrations on hypnotism brought great merriment to both participants and onlookers. They all agreed that I was a great actor and the participants enjoyed being part of the act since it gave them a chance to express themselves and to let their inhibitions loosen to do ludicrous things as suggested by me. While my friends were having the time of their lives in their land of make believe, they did not realize that I, on the other hand was

seriously trying to experiment and practice what I learned about hypnotism. The truth was that, I was hoping and praying that someday I would truly be able to put someone under my hypnotic influence. But because this was becoming such a fun game for the boys, I was afraid that that day would never be possible.

Kinjiro was a classmate. He was the greatest ham actor I ever knew. In fact he was such a good actor that there were times I could not decide whether he was merely acting or whether his reaction was real and serious. Once, the two of us went dove-hunting with an air rifle. The day was a miserable one to hunt doves so we started shooting at targets at random. Being in a playful mood, I pointed the gun toward him, took aim and fired way high above his head. After the shot, he gave me a terrified look of astonishment, clutched his chest dramatically and tumbled toward the ground. I expected him to rise immediately in a burst of laughter so I paid no heed and commenced walking toward the dorm. When there was no movement, I tiptoed up to him and jabbed his ribs with the gun. He carried his possum act

all the way even while I worriedly felt for his pulse and heartbeat while he turned blue trying to hold his breath. He had the makings of a great actor. That was the last time I ever pointed a gun to any individual as a game. His acting convinced me.

One Satuday afternoon, Kinjiro and I were the only two people in the dorm. Many of the boys went home for the weekend and the others may have gone to the Saturday dime matinee. In those days we had the silent movies which was a popular pastime for the boys at the dormitory. Many of the shows were full of perpetual horror and excitement. There was episode after episode of Warner Orland as Dr. Fu Manchu, and Pearl White in The Great Race.

I told Kinjiro that I would like to perfect my hypnotism act. He showed great enthusiasm as he said, "Don't let me do silly things". "I'd like to do something nice, like play the flute". As I answered "O.K., my mind was racing busily to grasp the meaning of all that was happening.

We stood facing each other. Both of my hands were placed on his forehead. Slowly and

deliberately, my fingers closed his eyelids and as my hands descended downwards, I said, "You are sleeping, sleeping, sleeping". After a few more gestures and suggestive words, Kinjiro dropped forward into my ready arms and I placed him on a chair. At my command, he played the flute like one who really knew the instrument. I refused to believe that he was acting but I had to make sure. I went to my locker and picked out a needle from the sewing kit, dipped it in a bottle of iodine and I was ready. "Kinjiro", I began gravely and slowly, "You are now under my command. Your mind and your body are now under my command." I paused nervously to think of what I would say next. "I will put a needle through the skin of your arm but you will feel no pain and you will not bleed. Listen carefully, I will repeat again." I repeated my words, then very nervously pierced his arm. I was no longer experimenting. I was sure now that I had a responsive subject and that I was truly a hypnotist, maybe the youngest, I wanted to believe. I awakened my friend and explained what had happened to him in detail. His adulation of my powers made him an even more willing subject, but we decided not to

give any performances until the very right time came our way. But that time came sooner than we expected.

The trustees of the dormitory, mostly of nice old ladies, wanted to meet and lavish "their boys" by planning a social gathering with entertainment. According to the program which was already planned for, the boys were going to be entertained with comedy skits, games, songs, and a hypnotic stunt by the "Great Professor". The last item on the program was supposed to be a hilarious act with a dramatic touch. Of all the trustee members, I wanted to impress Mrs. Ralph Wilcox. She was not only from the prominent Wilcox family but we were told that she took a personal interest in the boys in the dormitory.

Kinjiro and I had made careful plans secretly. We visualized a dramatic finish leaving the audience gasping with surprise and disbelief. I wore a coat and necktie for effect and threw a makeshift cape over my shoulders. I could hear giggles and whispered remarks from the audience but once I got started, I was completely oblivious of my surroundings. My intense stare, my gesture, and my suggestive voice carried an effective

touch. Kinjiro cooperated wonderfully. As a finale, I ceremoniously pulled a needle out of a tiny black box and lit a candle. With the burning candle in one hand and the needle in the other, I walked dramatically in view of the audience while passing the needle through the flame to sterilize the needle. By this time there was total quietness. I felt that the audience, too, had fallen into the mood of a mystifying act. After the usual preliminaries, I pierced the needle through the subject's arm in full view of the audience. There were gasps of horror but many believed that it was only an illusory act. After my instruction not to touch the needle to avoid contamination, I invited the audience to view the pierced skin at close range. The effect was electric. There were motions of agitation but no one spoke. Brought back to his senses, Kinjiro appeared normal and showed no ill effects. My loyal dorm friends gave me a thunderous applause but I was listening for an enthusiastic response from the adult audience. There were some polite hand clasps but the looks on their faces were mostly of dismay and many whispered comments among themselves.

That night my boyish heart ached. I had no

illusions of becoming a professional entertainer. All I wanted was to do something very different and something not to be easily forgotten. It seemed that I had chosen the wrong act. I was not surprised when I was summoned to the principal's office the following day. The principal, Mr. McClusky, was known to be a very stern but kind man. "One does not play with the fate of another's mind and body unless he is a doctor or highly trained hypnotist," he admonished. Even at fifteen, I was well aware of the hazards involved but much too young to grasp the full implication of what I had done. As the principal continued to talk to me, I thought about my parents, my brothers and sisters who always were so proud of the oldest boy of the family. Tears swelled in my eyes and I tried to control my emotions.

Seeing me in tears, the principal pulled out a card from his desk and studied it for a moment. "Hmm, not a bad student," he said to himself without looking up at me. Then as he replaced the card he began to talk to me again. He reminded me that I was only a young boy and that there were many, many things a boy could do and learn without

having to imitate adults. Funny, all of a sudden I felt as though I understood what he was trying to tell me.

In going to school, I learned immediately that there was so much to learn about being a Japanese. Our parents not only brought their social customs and cultural practices with them; they brought their attitudes and prejudices by transplanting their old country social caste systems.

It was during the summer following my junior year in high school. The pineapple season had ended rather abruptly and I found myself without work and there was still more than a month remaining in my vacation. An adult friend, Mamoru-san offered me a job loading and crushing lava rock on a contract with the Koloa Sugar Plantation. Work was extremely hazardous and strenuous but the pay was very good.

To me, Mamoru-san was a part-time entrepreneur, a wheeler, and a fatherly advisor. On the weekends, he sold novelties and operated the punch-card games in the plantation camps. The punch-cards, which are no longer manufactured, allowed customers to

buy chances. By punching out numbers, one could win various prizes; the higher the stake, the greater the prize. He took me along on these expeditions and taught me the rudiments of various money-making schemes. In his more serious moments, he would lecture me on religion, or on the history and culture of Japan. One day this many-sided man surprised me by talking to me on a subject which was considered to be taboo both at home and in the community. He started the conversation by asking me whether I knew what eta meant. I had no idea of what the word meant until he said that the word was also referred to as chōrinbo.

"Oh, that. I have heard people talk about that word. They are people who are low-classed Japanese, eh? I was told that if I marry a chōrinbo, my children will become chorinbo." This was a hot subject and people talked about this in hushed tones and so I wanted to learn more about it.

"I am a Chōrinbo. Take a good look at me. Do you find me different from other people?" After a pause, he gave me a list of names. Some of them I recognized as his relatives. I felt as though the blood had been drained

from my face. I was stunned.

The Japanese dictionary defines eta to be a social outcast. There are several stories regarding the origin of these people. Some say that the eta are descendants of Korean slaves who were brought into Japan during the reign of Toyotomi (1590-1598). Many of them escaped and in order to survive, turned to crime and later became tradesmen such as leather workers and butchers of livestock. Chōrinbo is a derogatory form of the word Eta. It was an unmentionable word and when referring to the term, four fingers were raised in the air to designate a four-legged animal.

Mamoru-san spoke to me with an anguished heart. He told me of how he was frequently discriminated against and of how sly remarks were constantly made behind his back. He also mentioned his concern for his children. It was a strange tableau: an older man speaking his heart out to a young man still in his teens. I could only sympathize with him. At that time,I remember telling him how he should write an article in the Japanese newspaper as a challenge to the Japanese people on the subject of the chōrinbo. About a year after the incident, he showed me a

pamphlet printed in Japanese. He told me that it was a brief story of his life as a Chōrinbo. He was proud of the article and we remained being close friends until he passed away many years later.

That happened many years ago when I was still a student. Then later when I started working, after graduating high school, I met Lillian who lived with her widowed mother. She was a hometown girl who was respected in the community as a school teacher. In those days, it was a rare achievement for a woman to graduate from the Territorial Normal School for teachers.

Living in a small community, we met occasionally. I thought that she was witty and cute. I especially liked her petiteness. As time passed, I found myself falling in love with Lillian but didn't quite know what to do.

One afternoon as I was preparing to leave for home, I was confronted by Kunishige-san who wanted to speak to me on a very personal matter. Seated inside my Model T Ford, he looked around to make certain that no one was around.

"Omedetō (Congratulations), Tanimoto-san.

You can marry Lily-san without worry. Her family is not Chōrinbo."

My initial curiosity turned into an alarming shock. Why would this old man come to me with such a sensitive information? Should Lillian hear of this, it would be the end of our relationship.

"Kunishige-san, thank you for telling me this. Who asked you to check?"

"Your father asked me. What he did was what any good father would do for his son."

In a typical plantation community like Lawai, everything that happened was everyone's business. My affairs of the heart had apparently become a subject of community gossip which eventually reached the ears of my father.

I could not sleep that night. I was angry at my father for butting into my personal affairs but Kunishige-san's last statement gave me a chance to rethink the whole thing. Mustering all the nerve and skill I possessed, I composed a message of love to Lillian. I also made a proposal of marriage and sent the whole thing by mail. From that day on, I waited in agony

for her reply. Finally, she answered and the answer was short and baffling. In essence, she wanted to see our beautiful friendship continue as before. Ayako, my wife, came into my life a few months later.

17. IT'S A MAD FLYING MACHINE

In 1920, when I was a freshman in high school, I remember vividly how I used to crane my neck skyward to watch a flying "daredevil" execute the "loop", "tail spin", and "barrel roll". At this time, all of the terms were foreign to us. After watching these impossible antics demonstrated by this flyer who did things even the birds were incapable of doing, the terms rapidly became used in reference to all of the new kinds of activities taking place in the sky which till now was strictly left only for the birds. The first heavier-than-air flying machine was introduced to the people of Kauai at the Koloa field in 1915.

Tom Gunn was the first flyer who demonstrated his ability to barnstorm. He aroused my desire to become a flyer. He was my hero. Much of my time was spent daydreaming of the day I would be doing tricks up in the sky. However, that desire to soar through the air cooled when a second flyer displayed foolhardy stunts which I wanted no part. I was convinced that he was a little odd. The young flyer's name was Charley Fern. Charley was an aviator, a World War I officer, who, after the war rambled around as a barnstormer. He eventually made Kauai his home and became a newspaper man. Through the years, I worked with him for various reasons. I got to know the man well enough to earn his friendship.

Many years after I graduated from high school, the editor of the Garden Island, our island hometown newspaper, picked a novice reporter to watch and review the Thunderbirds, an intrepid precision flying team of the U.S. Air Force. Charley Fern was the editor of the newspaper. He wanted a news reporter from Lawai to do community type small talk correspondence for the paper. I was the Lawai correspondent and the

Thunderbird show was my first assignment. This is how I was brought closer to the world of flying machines and was also introduced to the writing world.

Charley Fern and I watched the air show from a high vantage point overlooking the old Port Allen airfield. The Thunderbirds thrilled the audience with their intricate performance. They flew in tight formation, and as they broke formation, the outside planes stretched ribbons of smoke against the clear blue sky. Charley Fern was noticeably affected with what he saw. Jokingly, I asked him if he could have done the same maneuver back in 1920.

"You bet I could have", came the surprising answer, but he immediately qualified his statement with, "provided, of course, I had the same plane these guys are flying now". Well known as a daredevil in his flying days, his reply was no idle boast.

Now, in his late eighties, Charley Fern is still robust and full of vim. He still writes an occasional column for the Kauai newspaper which he once owned.

18. A LOVE AFFAIR WITH A VIOLIN

As I grew up, I discovered the beauty in music. I became interested in the different types of musical instruments that produced the magical melodic tones. Of all the instruments, my favorite was the violin. It seems as though it suited my musical temperament best. While still very young, I remember how people frequently compared the violin to a woman. The beautiful instrument is built very intricately and can, like a woman, produce interchangeable tones that communicate every conceivable mood and emotion. Even the shape of a violin resembles the torso of a voluptuous woman with its narrow waistline

and shapely figure. Also, when an artist plays the violin, it is like watching a love scene between two lovers.

My love affair with the violin had little to do with the shapeliness of the instrument. I just fell in love with the beautiful music that flowed from the instrument. To me, it was like no other instrument. I yearned to be able to play the violin. The more I listened to violin music, my desire to learn the instrument became an obsession. The few recordings I was able to purchase were priceless possessions of artists Fritz Kriesler and Micha Elman. I also read everything I could on master violin makers such as Stradivarius and Guarnerius. As much as I loved violin music, and as interested as I was in knowing about the instrument, I had never had the opportunity to hold a violin in my own hands.

In 1927, after much comparative studying of prices, I ordered a violin of my own from the Montgomery Ward catalog. The one I finally selected was a hand-made copy of a "Strad" and it was priced at $17.98. My attachment to the instrument lasted for a long time. I practiced diligently and regularly. The violin became a big part of my life. Ten years

later, I purchased a second violin from a Sears and Roebuck catalog. I paid a fabulously expensive price of $37.00 for that one. According to the certificate that came with the violin, it was an exact copy of a 1721 Stradivarius with even the aged markings duplicated exactly on the instrument. My second violin was one of my prized possessions.

In the beginning, after I purchased my first violin, I didn't know of anyone in Koloa or all of Kauai who could give me violin lessons. But I noticed that there was an advertisement giving free sample first lesson from the Slingerland Correspondence School of music. It was a good start. I sent for my free lesson and I was determined to develop a talent for the violin. I practiced and listened constantly to the few records I owned hoping to imitate the sounds I heard.

I learned of a concert violinist in Hawaii who also gave lessons. This same teacher came to Kauai and announced that if he could have at least twenty people interested in studying the violin, he would be willing to come to Kauai from Honolulu twice a month to teach. I was interested. I went for an interview. After

asking me to play for him, he indicated great disdain over my playing. He advised me that I change my instrument to something much easier, like the harmonica for example.

I stubbornly chose to continue with the violin although I also learned to play the harmonica between violin practices. The violin teacher did not get his twenty students. He, however, did give a private recital which I attended. After the main portion of the program was presented, I asked the teacher if he would play "Humoresque" by Drdla. Even to my untrained ears, he sounded awful. Of course, I was comparing him to Fritz Kreisler.

It's been a long time since I last played the violin. My first violin was presented to a niece who learned to play the violin quite well. The second is carefully packed in the closet to this day. One does not cast even a used violin easily after such an affair.

19. IN MEMORY OF TYRUS

Ours is a family of four boys. Although we fought a lot, we cared for each other, helped each other, and shared many experiences together as children. The third of the four boys is Tyrus. When Tyrus was an infant, he suffered a rare bone disease which nearly cost him his life. Mother swears to this day that it was Dr. Waterhouse who saved the infant's life. Many years later, the good doctor was amazed to discover that his former patient was now living on his property. He also noticed that the boy he had treated as an infant now walked with a decided limp. He became determined to find out why.

When the Koloa hospital received its first X-ray machine, Tyrus was one of the first to be X-rayed. The boy's right thigh bone was totally disjointed at the pelvic bone. Surgical procedures to correct the deformity was undertaken at the Shriner's Children Hospital in Honolulu. The family went into severe debt in the attempt to cure the boy's defect with no guarantee of full recovery. Tyrus was never to overcome a slight limp.

In spite of his long period of hospitalization, Tyrus caught up with his school work and always excelled in school. Father was determined to see to it that the boy went to college. It was our agreement that if I was sent to high school, I would be responsible in seeing to it that Tyrus went to college.

Tyrus graduated from the University of Hawaii with a Master's degree as a biochemist. He was employed by the Hawaiian Sugar Planter's Association immediately after completing his schooling.

Of the ten who survived childhood, Tyrus was the first to pass away. In the winter of 1968, he was one of the sugar technologists to

attend a conference held in Taipei, Formosa. The delegation, then, went on for an inspection tour of the sugar industry in the Philippines. While in Manila, he died after a brief illness. He was fifty-eight. Seemingly, as a final tribute to him, for his years of sugar research, the following article appeared in a local periodical about a year after his death:

PATENT ISSUED FOR RIPENER

A fifth U.S. patent for a chemical ripener has been awarded to Dr. Louis G. Nichell, assistant director of the Hawaiian Sugar Planters' Association Experiment Station and head of the physiology and biochemistry department, and Dr. Tyrus T. Tanimoto, Station biochemist, who died in 1968.

The four earlier patents were granted in December and February. All are for chemical compounds that increase the cane plant's production of sugar.

The new patent covers the use of Isochlortetracycline.

20. TAK AND HIS SHARK FRIENDS

My brother was called Tak by members of the family and people who knew him well except Father and Mother who always called him by his true given name Takumi. Tak elected not to attend high school, partly on my account. I have always had a warm spot in my heart for my youngest brother. He was down to earth and a man of few words. He loved the sea with a passion and had studied its ways from the time he was very young. Tak's involvement with the sea distressed our father who constantly reminded the children that those who follow the sea would eventually die at sea. These lectures did little to discourage

Tak who went right on being in the ocean where he felt more at home. He was well known in Koloa as an excellent swimmer and diver even during those days when even the simplest underwater gear such as a mask or a fin was unknown. He dove barelegged with goggles that he had made out of bamboo and glass, goggles which he had spent many hours carving to fit exactly right. The only underwater rig which he used for fishing was a home-made Hawaiian sling. His favorite sport, however, was net fishing. He spent most of his leisure time weaving or repairing his various sized fishnets.

After working at various types of jobs both in California and Hawaii, he finally chose to become a commercial trap fisherman along the Waianae coast of Oahu. Remembering Father's aversion to the sea, Tak for many years fished for his livelihood without Father's knowledge. "No need to worry him," was his general feeling on the topic.

Tak was at home on the sea. I, on the other hand, have always been cautious of the sea for its unpredictable temperament. Above all, I have always disliked going out on a boat, small or large, even when the sea was calm.

Knowing I would be a poor boating companion, he was disgusted when I begged him to take me out on one of his trapping expeditions. I wanted to tag along because he used to tell exciting and detailed tales of his "shark friends" that always followed him. I had to see the shark for myself to be convinced.

His fishing boat, an eighteen-foot flat-bottomed craft with a twenty horse power engine. He made his first stop about a quarter mile out to scrub and clean the top deck. Among the equipment he rechecked for his trip was a 200-foot nylon cord with a heavy metal hook on one end which was to be used to bring the trap up to the boat. Then, there was an iced box, set on the side of the deck to be used to chill the choice catch immediately. On the boat he had an inbuilt fish tank to keep the catch alive. All underwater surveying was done with a glass-bottomed box which he used over the side of the boat.

Everything was ready and the boat was taken seaward at an angle towards Maile. When we stopped, it appeared to me as though we were in the middle of nowhere. With engine idling, Tak picked up the glass box and searched the ocean floor while

maneuvering the boat within a radius of no more than a dozen feet with one foot on the rudder rod.

"We're right over the trap," he said as he handed me the box to see. I could see nothing discernible as a trap. My brother mumbled something like, "you, waste time". A dark shadow crossed the bottom of my box and I flipped backward into the boat as I recognized the huge tail that was unmistakably that of a shark. The sudden appearance of the most feared denizen of the sea left me speechless for a few minutes. Tak wasn't even amused by my silent moment of awe. He let out the nylon cord and after connecting the metal hook to the trap; he pulled the trap up to the boat. The catch from the first trap was huge and after resetting the emptied trap, we proceeded toward the second.

We followed and repeated the same procedure with each trap. By the time we completed the second trap, I could not hold back my curiosity any longer. I asked him how he could tell where his traps were laid out in the wide open sea. Because of my lack of underwater sense and knowledge, he had great difficulty in expressing to me his

mathematical computations which were embedded in his mind. He pointed out four natural landmarks, two of which ran parallel toward land from the boat, and one on each side of the boat running at a forty-five degree angle. "You draw three straight lines from them to the boat, then you know where the trap is," was all he said. With twenty-four traps spread over an area of more than a square mile and working in depths that ran from 60 to 125 feet, his answer left me completely befuddled. I did not try to pursue the matter any further.

In the second trap, there was a large moray eel. Tak gave the eel a sharp blow on the head, knocked it senseless, then threw it back into the ocean. Almost immediately, two sharks, four or five feet in length, made a frantic dash for the eel. The winner nearly leaped out of the water with eel in mouth. For a moment, there was a whirlpool of action when the loser attempted to grab for the eel which was trailing out of the jaws of the winner. Several others swam around the boat looking for morsels. They followed the boat from one trap to the next like trained porpoises. I counted eight in all, but their

rapid circling of the boat may have made me count any of them more than once.

In twelve of the traps, there were about six or seven eels. Each time the same frightening action would be repeated. I kept myself in the center of the boat where I felt safe, while my brother paid no heed to the sharks. I knew that it was the feeding that attracted the sharks to the boat but how did they know this particular boat? I asked Tak what he thought.

"Sharks can't see good but they sure have good ears. They know my boat by the sound of the motor. When pau(finished), I stop the engine at the same place to wash up. They know that is time to go home." They did "go home" just as he said.

Just as Father had defied his parents to escape being a fisherman, my brother Tak defied his father to become a fisherman. His life would be directly related to the sea that he loved so much.

21. LIFE BEGINS AS A CLERK

Immediately after graduating high school, I was hired as a clerk at the Kauai Pineapple Company in Lawai. That was 1923.

I got the job through Mr. Walter McBryde, who was to be my boss and mentor for the next seven years. During those seven years, I received fatherly advice from him and we both developed a deep mutual respect for each other. He taught me my job, he taught me the pineapple industry, and he taught me a great deal about human nature.

He was known to be a cantankerous, old Scotsman, trained in ways of the old school, and he had a violent temper. After awhile, I

developed a kind of sixth sense and was able to foresee when these outbursts were ready to occur and through humor or calmness, I was able to dissuade him from his mighty verbal and near physical explosions. Once, however, he came for me with vengence, the like of which I will never forget.

The company provided a transportation subsidy to vehicle owners who would transport four or more workers from the outlying districts to the cannery. Because I came from Koloa, I took advantage of the program to purchase a second-hand automobile. It was a 1920 Model T Ford. I had just purchased the car when the company, for economic reasons, suspended the subsidy which had little effect on those who already owned their vehicle. For me, on the other hand, it was nothing short of disaster.

Pretending to be a spokesman for a protesting group of car owners, but acting purely for self-interest, I went to him and argued loudly and emphatically. I guess he was able to see through my cloak of hidden motives. Suddenly, he leaped out of his chair in great anger, grabbed me by the neck with his large hands. He was a huge man and I

came up only to the pit of his arm in height. After grabbing me, he pushed me out of his office saying, "Don't you ever come back to my office".

Had I not known the man as I did, I might have quit my job at that very moment. About an hour later, I was back in his office on a matter which required the boss's urgent attention. He was no longer angry with me and everything was back to normal. This was my first job, and he was my first real boss. I worked for him and learned from him.

22. A CLERK HOBNOBS WITH NOTABLES

Kukuiolono beacon which once served as a landmark for sailing vessels is located on a high knoll just south of the town of Kalaheo. What is important to me is the fact that Kukuiolono was owned by my boss, Walter McBryde. Walter McBryde took this spacious beautiful estate and developed it into a park for the public to enjoy. It was a botanical garden with every conceivable tropical plant including the native koa trees which grew throughout the area. In this Garden of Eden, he also had rare birds, such as, the colorful

peacocks that pleased the visitors to the park. Later, he included a nine-hole golf course which was designed by Richard G. Bell, a one-time golf champion of Hawaii. Members of the private golf club included many island notables who were the executives from the plantation, government, or business sectors of the island.

Mr. McBryde appointed me to serve as treasurer of the club and that was how I, a mere office clerk, came to meet some very important people of the time. I believe I was particularly liked by the older members of the club because I was not very good at golf and I did not have the inclination for the sport. I was in my early twenties, when a spry old chap would call me frequently for a golf appointment and I would never disappoint him. He was the famous Eric Knudsen, pioneer sugar plantation and cattle ranch developer, storyteller extraordinaire, and author of the book Kanuka of Kauai.

It was not Mr. Knudsen's interest in golf or my playing ability that brought our acquaintance closely together. That all came about after I recalled to him the following incident.

In the spring of 1919, when I was in the eighth grade, Eric Knudsen came to Koloa School to seek a group of boys and girls to work in his sugar cane field at Knudsen Gap for half-a-day on Saturdays; the wage was to be fifty cents for the five hours. This was a fabulous amount for children at that time. Learning that I had had experience in field work, he asked me to recruit the workers. So pleased was he of the first day's work that he included, as additional pay, a free lunch consisting of a loaf of bread, jellied and buttered, and a bottle of soda water for each youngster. Also, the usual lunch period of one-half hour was lengthened to a full hour for the then unheard of period of relaxation. During this time, he would frequently drop by and treat his young audience with his many Hawaiian legends. Sometimes, all, including the storyteller, became so involved with the storytelling that we would go beyond the allotted time for lunch rest which we didn't have to make up.

I told Mr. Knudsen that he was my hero in those days and that his big heartedness will never be forgotten by the kids for the rest of their lives. He appeared to be embarrassed and

stuttered his thanks. This great legendary figure of Kauai died on February 12, 1957. He was eighty-five years old.

As the years rolled by I saw many changes take place within the company and I saw many people come and go. After the death of my first boss, Mr. McBryde, Richard Bell became the manager of the company and John Watkins was his assistant manager.

The life of Richard Bell reads like a Horatio Alger story. He was a junior executive for the firm of Alexander and Baldwin, Ltd., one of the so-called Big Five of early Hawaii. He was instrumental in disclosing a long-standing falsification of records and embezzlement of a large sum of money by an official of the firm. He also was the Richard Bell who was the golf champion of Hawaii mentioned previously. Kauai Pineapple Co. was a subsidiary of Alexander and Baldwin, Ltd. Following the death of John Waterhouse, who was manager of Alexander and Baldwin, Ltd., Bell was appointed manager of the parent firm.

Under Richard Bell and John Watkins, I became greatly influenced on matters relating to human relations. The experiences I was to

gain in the field of industrial and labor relations under their guidance were responsible for the successes I was to enjoy in my later years. John Watkins arranged to have me sent to a training seminar held at Williamsburg, Virginia. Richard Bell, then manager of Alexander and Baldwin, Ltd., asked me into his office in Honolulu to advise me before I left for the seminar. "Have an enjoyable time, but more important, pick up at least one good idea."

23. THE LABOR UNION WITH JACK HALL

I began my career as a factory clerk. Being a clerk in a pineapple company meant that my duties were limited to the task of taking accurate order counts and to shipping of the canned pineapple that were produced at the cannery. In the back of my mind I felt that I would like to some day fulfill my youthful ambition of becoming an enjinēru. I felt that by creating ideas which might benefit the pineapple company would eventually make management realize that I should become an engineer. I, therefore, submitted drawings of a

mechanical pineapple trimmer, a plan for building a tramway for transporting bulky pallets, and an idea for recycling water that was used to clean the factory. As time passed, I was made to realize that my ideas were impractical. They received no encouragement from the factory engineers.

The manager at the time was Richard Bell. No doubt, he was most annoyed by my fanciful ideas and put a stop to my mechanical aspirations by appointing me to be the Welfare Director of the company. This meant that I was required to spend more time in improving the existing labor and management relations. At the time of my new appointment, Mr. Bell had just one piece of advice: the workers must be given the opportunity to express their desires on matters related to working conditions. This was in the late 1930s.

I formulated plans to organize the Kauai Pineapple Company Employee Welfare Association which, among other things, provided series of steps for settling a grievance by an arbitration committee. The association was to take over all of the non-work related activities under the name of the company such as the athletic programs and the various social

activities. Because of my early plantation influence, I felt the need to do away with all vestiges of paternalistic attitudes involved within the system as rapidly as possible.

I discovered that a clandestine movement was going on to unionize the pineapple workers. It was rumored that my effort to organize the employee association was an anti-union movement on the part of management. The stevedores of Port Allen and the employees of the McBryde Sugar Company had just been unionized. The movement towards unionizing the laborers of Kauai Pineapple Company was inevitable. It was during this period when the name of Jack Hall started becoming very meaningful to me. The year was 1939-40.

The union sponsored a picnic at Poipu Beach. The affair was well attended which indicated that the union was rapidly growing both in number and strength. The group representing a strong solidarity of all existing ethnic groups, a social pattern which disturbed for the first time the traditional plantation culture of the Hawaiian Islands. In the past, each ethnic group had the tendency of isolation from other ethnic groups. The

majority of the plantation workers have been Japanese and Filipinos. But the union worked towards the unity of all workers.

The special guest of honor at this labor union picnic was Jack Hall. Because of my new position with the plantation company, I, too, was invited. On our first meeting, the union leader placed his arm across my shoulder while he talked to me. I noticed that he was extremely tall. Alongside him, I felt very short. Together, we must have looked like the comic strip characters, Mutt and Jeff. As we met for the first time, I remember very well as he said, "Are you not afraid to come out from the dark?" I innocently answered, "No" for I saw nothing unusual in being there or by his question. But when I was asked that same question years later by another high ranking union official, I recognized and felt that the inquiry was to be a subtle form of union scare tactic. Throughout the day, Jack was very friendly to me. I also know that he probably spent the day scrutinizing me to determine whether or not I was to be a threat to his unionizing activities.

From this kind of humble beginning, Jack Hall rose to eminence in Hawaii's labor union

movement. He also earned a place of honor in the list of Who's Who in the State of Hawaii. I shall always remember Jack Hall for the thought-provoking statement he made before a group of businessmen in Kauai. He was the guest speaker at this occasion and the substance of his speech was that, a business operating on a margin has no right to exist. His talk gave me much to cogitate. I have often wondered whether he at that meeting had expressed his personal views or whether what he said was a union philosophy.

As the union membership grew in size and strength, I also grew in my position with the company. After being a Welfare Director, I next became the Personnel Director of the company. Some of the people referred to me as the Industrial-Relations Director which to me was an over-bearing title that caused me a great deal of embarrassment. The title I carried sounded awesome, but the actual work involved was nebulous. In those earlier years of collective bargaining and the formation of the Hawaii Employers' Council, an employer association provided the membership with expertise on labor relations and the experts represented them for all contract negotiations.

My first few years were primarily spent being a student of labor and management.

Hawaii was directly involved in World War II. Those were years of quiescence for the union. In reality, those dormant years of the union was a period of blessing for Kauai Pineapple Company. It gave the company a period to breathe and build without the extreme pressure of the union. One day, as the manager, Mr. Bell, and I were discussing employee benefits, I expressed my personal feelings as to what made a so-called "satisfied worker": the opportunity of buying shares in the company on an easy installment plan, or some form of a profit-sharing system. His immediate answer was, "Have you been sneaking through my private papers?" He laughingly continued, "I've had the same ideas and I intend to take it up with the people in Honolulu when the time is right". Apparently, it was too radical an idea for the time, but almost in succession, a group medical plan, a group life insurance plan, and a group pension program was designed, organized, and put into operation by the company.

The post-war period brought great growth and strength to the International

Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union (ILWU). Their long and strong voice in industry-wide collective bargaining for sugar and pineapple workers has given Hawaii the world's highest-paid agricultural labor. What I have always considered to be a negative aspect of their work was the fact that their program affected unequally the small unionized companies. The smaller unionized companies, with limited production areas, were forced to pay the same wages and fringe benefits as the large companies. In the end, the smaller companies found themselves unable to keep up with rising costs and from then on, many were forced to go out of business. Kauai Pineapple Company was one of the smaller companies. It was dissolved in 1965.

24. ARBITRATION IS A HUMAN AFFAIR

An industrial organization like Kauai Pineapple Company is made up of people that put on two types of badges. For instance, my work with the company represented the management while the majority of my fellow workers wore badges representing the union. Whenever there was a conflict in thought or deed which related to the objectives of the company, the situation called for a company-union arbitration. Generally, these meetings of the two parties involved much thought, pre-planning and many hours of discussion

between the two groups represented.

Every once in awhile, either party might commit a human error which affected the party he represented. A single error, on an intellectual level, is taken to account as being a very natural thing. To the individual who commits such an error, a human error of any nature, is an event never to be forgotten. I underwent such an experience and I know that the event will remain in my mind vividly.

Perhaps the kindest thing that could happen to a company representative, who commits a stupid error of judgment in an arbitration, is merely to resign gracefully and hope that the world forgets that such a thing ever occurred. The whole situation began innocently as usual and my tiny error of judgment came down on me swiftly like a sharp blade of sword. Then, it was too late to do anything.

Lorenzo was an enigma. He was one of the mildest and kindest men I had known. But he had a second personality. Under the slightest provocation, he became an uncontrollable fighter especially when he was within the reach of a bolo or cane knife. His behavior

became dangerous if anyone was in the vicinity because he did not hesitate to use his weapon which he flailed while letting off his feelings of frustrated anger.

On one occasion after a heated argument, Lorenzo swung a cane knife at a fellow worker, a companion who also came from the Philippines. According to a by-stander, it was only a miracle that the man was not slashed to death. At that time, I was the supervisor in charge of personnel affairs and had to discharge Lorenzo. I hated to discharge him. After awhile, as anticipated, a union attorney came to Lorenzo's support, terming the total incident as a mere "tempest in a teapot".

The case was subsequently referred to a six-man panel composed of equal representation from the company and the union. The group was called together to discuss and come to a final decision in terms of Lorenzo. As the meeting proceeded, I observed that the panel would be split and that the worse that could happen to Lorenzo would be to have him reinstated without retroactive pay.

The union proposed a vote stated as

follows: The defendant is not guilty of attempting to do bodily harm to another employee and should be reinstated without retroactive pay.

I felt that the statement was an ambiguous one. The first part of the statement made the second part of the sentence invalid and requested that the statement be rephrased to read: The defendant is guilty of attempting to do bodily harm to another employee and should be discharged. The suggestion was accepted by the union representatives as it was known full well that the final outcome would not be altered.

When the final vote was taken by the panel, there were two "yesses" and four "noes". It was a resounding defeat for the company, and I was left flabbergasted to say the least. Minutes later, after evaluating the discussions and what led to the final vote, I realized that I was the cause of the blunder for I had voted in accordance to the original statement proposed by the union.

I was a very distressed and embarrassed company supervisor when I went to confer with my manager later that day. My

discomfort was further sharpened when I realized that the results of the arbitration had to be relayed to the parent company in Honolulu. Manager, John Watkins listened to me quietly and unemotionally. When I was finished, he broke into a broad smile and said, "That can happen to anyone".

I believe that it was this final statement which has haunted me all these years.

25. LIFE BECOMES A SERIES OF ACCIDENTS

When I was very little, I noticed that one of Father's thumbs was shorter than the other. He explained that shortly after starting as a sugar plantation worker, he crushed his thumb between two railway cars which he claimed was because he was ignorant of plantation equipment.

Many, many years later, I, too, lost part of a finger due to my ignorance of the equipment. The accident was a very dramatic incident.

Part of my duty was to see to it that the pineapple cannery women employees were comfortable. They had their noon day meals in a company-provided dining room which during the summer months became uncomfortably warm. Adding to the discomfort was the constant rising steam from the fruit cookers.

To test how effectively the exhaust fan was operating, I placed the palm of my hand in front of the fan. An ordinary fan blows directly forward. An exhaust fan which is designed to blow out the foul air, I theorized, blew in the opposite direction. Imagine my surprise when there was no suction force as I placed my palm closer and closer toward the whirling blade. Then: Zip! About nine or ten inches from the blade, a terrific suction literally sucked my hand in. In an instant, I felt a thud and my whole right arm was thrown to the left with a numbing effect. Blood spurted from my finger tips and I squeezed the right wrist to stop the flow, and rushed to the rest room to cover the wound with a wad of paper towel.

Not wishing to have any of the women see me all bloody, I avoided going to the company

dispensary. I had the personnel aide drive me directly to the doctor's office for whatever needed to be done to my hand. It was discovered that, beside other cuts and bruises, the third finger was severed at the middle and that part of my finger was missing.

I directed the personnel aide to rush back to the cannery, lock all entrances to the dining room and not to reopen them until the severed finger was found and disposed of. I was to learn that the missing part was found at the foot of the drinking fountain located more than fifty feet from the fan. According to the aide, it was ceremoniously wrapped in toilet tissue and flushed down the toilet bowl. When the bandages were finally taken off, one of my immediate thoughts that flashed through my mind was, "like father like son".

The personnel aide who constantly saw me through every conceivable situation in those days was Abel Medeiros who was later elected to the House of Representative for the State of Hawaii. Later, he was elected Councilman for the County of Kauai. He has always been a highly valued friend.

I broke my ankle, not at the cannery nor on

company time. The accident was indirectly related to my work.

I broke my ankle after falling down from a mountain apple tree. The Hawaiian mountain apple is a very delicious fruit which grows best in the mountains where it is cool and where it gets constant moisture. Hence the name. Trees that are grown in warmer climate are known to bear smaller fruit that are usually not as sweet. Our mountain apples at home in Koloa had an unusually good year in 1958. The trees were all laden with large, sweet fruit. The fruit had to be picked on this particular Sunday if we wished not to have the crop rot away. However, the mountain apple tree is very brittle and because of this fact, I never permitted any of the young people to climb any of the trees.

On this particular Sunday, all of the children in the neighborhood were invited to come to the house after Sunday school for a mountain apple feast. I climbed the trees twice and gathered a huge supply of the beautiful sweet red fruit. But I remembered that as a child I used to be able to store away a huge amount in one sitting all by myself. If each child coming expected to eat all he wanted to,

I decided that I must gather more. I went up on the tree for the third time. On my way down, with a loaded basket, I stepped on a large dry limb. The limb snapped and I, not having both hands free to grab on to for support, came crashing, eight feet down.

My son, Miles, who was home from the University for the summer, carried me to the car and drove me to the waiting doctor who had been alerted of my predicament.

Despite my great suffering, I remember this day well as the day I discovered the aesthetic feeling of warmth and compassion to be carried into the arms of one's own son.

When I am hurt and suffering from great physical discomfort, one of the most effective medicine I found was to visit my family doctor and to have a good laugh with him over my stupid antics which lead to my having to visit him.

Suturing my amputated finger, setting my broken ankle, and finally certifying me physically fit for a government position in Honolulu after I left the pineapple company, was my long time friend Dr. William Goodhue. Dr. Goodhue is a Hawaii-born haole, who

comes from a long line of medical doctors. In my estimation, he was a very good example of that special breed of human being known in Hawaii as a "plantation doctor."[1]A good plantation doctor can use the people's pidgin English with fluency, has an understanding of Japanese and Filipino dialects, and an understanding of their different cultural practices. Dr. Goodhue had all of these qualities and he was a very good human being who cared for the people around him.

I frequently sought free advice from the good doctor whenever I felt the need to boost my morale after being faced with pressing family problems or work pressure. On one occasion he suggested that I send Miles, my third son, to medical school with his brand of all too simple explanation: "He is plenty akamai (smart) upstairs (gesturing with his finger to his head), and he can make plenty money dō"[2] It turned out that Miles had no inclination toward medicine and that may have saved me from a possible financial disaster.

On another occasion, the doctor gave me a "fish story" therapy for a back pain which had been annoying me for some time. Ignoring my

complaint, he began a discourse on how best to prepare bass caught in plantation reservoirs. "Some people don't like reservoir bass because they say that the bass smells of mud. That's because they don't know how to prepare it. After scaling it, you give the fish a good rub with baking soda.

Wash it, then it is ready for the frying pan. It is ono (delicious)." I have tried this recipe and the result was a mouth-watering fish dish which gave me no room for thoughts of my painful back.

My father's family had Dr. Herbert Waterhouse who not only looked after the medical needs of the family. Dr. Waterhouse soothed the spiritual needs of the family as well. Likewise, Dr. Goodhue was more than a family doctor to me. He also tended to the needs of the soul.

NOTES

1. The services of a "plantation doctor" was part of the early plantation perquisite system which included "housing" and "fuel". With the coming of the labor unions, the free perquisite system was gradually phased

out and the benefits were converted to cash wages. Consequently, plantation hospitals and doctors were replaced by the various group medical plans we see today in Hawaii.

2. dō, used in the end of a sentence is borrowed from the Japanese language. It is a masculine informal sentence particle which occurs at the end of a sentence for emphasis. Its equivalent in English would be, "I tell you". Therefore, in the sentence, "...he can make plenty money dō," is equivalent to "he can make plenty money, I tell you". It is still commonly used by plantation workers when speaking in pidgin English. For example, guru dō means, "It's good, I tell you".

26. MY ALOHA TO KAUAI PINE

Man spends his lifetime searching for meaningfulness in his everyday existence. The pineapple fruit and Kauai Pine[1] gave me this meaningfulness. After leaving high school, Kauai Pine became my life. Along the way, through the company, and because of the company, I was permitted to meet and work with great people, and to share common emotions with the cannery workers and their families. I saw and went to exotic places while at the same time I could also sit back to appreciate watching my wife grow her vegetable garden. Suddenly, this meaningfulness was taken away from me.

There was a long period of time. I thought that my life had been taken away from me.

On his retirement in early 1957, John Watkins was succeeded by Wayne Gregg. Mr. Wayne Gregg, prior to his promotion was the plantation superintendent and assistant manager. Gregg came to Kauai Pineapple Co. in 1946 and was no stranger by the time he became the company's new manager. He was a college-trained agriculturist who applied bold innovative ideas in cultivating the fruit. His innovations gave the company production records never to be equalled. ·When he became manager, he and I could not see eye-to-eye on numerous matters involving labor-management issues. Our differences became more apparent and because I could see no way to compromise without sacrificing my values, my position with the company became less and less secure.

In May of the year, I broke my ankle gathering mountain apples. I didn't know it then but I was told later that my employment was to have been terminated on June 30. In other words, I was being spared the humiliation of being kicked while I was down. I was given an ultimatum to either resign or

be discharged for insubordination. This ultimatum was issued to me in November, 1958. I chose to resign because I had no desire to be fired.

To resign from a job after thirty-five years of continued service does not go unnoticed on a small island community like Kauai. My resignation became a concern to many outside of the company because by this time my name was automatically related with Kauai Pine and especially because through the years I have earned a respectable reputation as an involved member of the total community of the island. My friend Charley Fern who was editor and publisher of the Garden Island, which was Kauai's only newspaper, asked me, "Why?" Evidently, my answer did not satisfy him. He confronted the management to his inquiry. The outcome was a story of my resignation "without any explanation". This left the entire community much room for speculation. The entire episode left me with a hurt pride which etched deeply inside for many years. Today, however, as I make a critical survey of that period of my life, I believe that it was my termination from Kauai Pine that helped me to make an exit to one phase of my life and to

introduce me to the idea that there can be other entrances for me to take within one lifetime.

At the time, the exit from my career meant leaving behind the many years I had been completely involved in watching the growth of one of Hawaii's most important product, the pineapple. Beginning as a summer worker at fourteen, and in the nearly forty years of close association with the pineapple industry, I have seen tremendous changes take place in the growing and canning of the fruit. I have worked the process from the planting of the seedling to the shipping of the canned fruit. Through the years I have seen many changes take place. The changes were primarily the shift from manual labor to technical mechanization. Picking the fruit used to be a very arduous job. As a fruit picker I had to walk for many miles with aggregate weight of hundreds of pounds of fruit a day which was carried in a bag which was slung over the shoulder. If the job was punishing for an adult, it was sheer torture for us kids. But having a man like Mr. Brodie, fruit picking became a worthwhile classroom experience for me.

Hugh Brodie, a Connecticut born educator,

came to Kauai in 1897 at the age of forty-two. He was principal of Eleele School. He later served for five years as superintendent of principals for the island of Kauai. He worked a total of thirty-two years in the Hawaiian school system. Besides being an educator, this amazing man was an amazing agriculturist. At one time, he was the largest independent pineapple grower on Kauai. As though fate had willed it, I worked for him one summer as a fruit picker. Brodie, who was then in his sixties, was to teach me the fine art of picking, topping the crown, and boxing the delicate fruit.

Cradling a pineapple with both hands like one would do with an infant, Brodie would lecture to me: "Remember this, a pineapple is a very delicate fruit, it bruises easily, and when that happens, fermentation begins and the flavor is lost forever. Don't place any more fruit in a lug-box than you can put in without shoving." I am not sure if he lived long enough to see the inception of mechanized harvesting and bulk hauling which necessitated the dumping of tons of fruit in storage bins. Pineapple experts assure us that minimum delay from harvesting time to canning prevent

loss of flavor and the fruit's unique aroma. With that knowledge, the one time educator and agriculturist should be able to rest in peace. But what he taught me doesn't stop me from looking at the fruit even to this day as a very special fruit that should be handled with very special care.

The early slicing machine was a crude machine. It looked like a solid ramming block which pushed a pineapple cylinder against a column of sharp knives standing at an angle a half inch apart. Prior tb sending the fruit to the slicer, each fruit had to be skinned and cored. The worker tending to the task of using the machine to slice the fruit was called the slicer-boy. The slicer-boy would transfer the fruit from the machine to the packing table. The hands had to return to the machine for the next fruit within one-sixtieth of a minute. If the boy's glove became too sticky or if he lost his timing, chances are, he would lose part of his glove or have his fingers slashed.

When I was a slicer-boy, my greatest distractor was Rose Bryant, a lovely blond who took special joy in watching me do silly things. I enjoyed doing silly things for her. She was a packer who worked closest to me.

Japanese girls usually are not demonstrative in expressing emotion, but on one occasion and following Rose's lead, they whooped it up with yells and laughter at my story. There was no doubt, I started a commotion that was heard above the clanging of the moving machines. Then there was a booming voice which came from the head of the packing line section. "You, there at the slicer, I'll fire you the next time I see you playing with the girls." I turned and saw Fred Wolfe, the cannery superintendent, pointing a finger at me. I nearly shrivelled. At the end of the workday, Rose tried to comfort me by saying, "Don't worry, Rooster, I'm going to raise hell with Fred. After all we had fun without slowing down the lines." Just why she called me Rooster, I don't remember. A few days later, while making his inspection rounds, Wolfe came to my working place, stopped behind me and said, "So you're the Rooster, eh?" It was very difficult to answer such a question. The most important thing was that I knew everything was alright and Rose really did talk to her brother-in-law. In all my years with the cannery, I can remember only one other haole girl working there.

At the cannery, there is a group of girls called the packers. The packers fill empty cans with sliced pineapples. When all of the cans on the tray are full, the tray is removed by a tray-boy and is replaced with another tray full of empty cans. The tray-boy's job requires much physical strength and demands constant alertness. For these reasons, the tray-boy received a much higher pay than the other workers. I worked as a tray-boy for a whole summer while I waited for my first clerical position. It was a tough job but the money meant a lot to me and knowing that it was not going to be my life-work, it gave me the opportunity to exercise my muscles.

There was an important reason for every task required of every worker. With every new mechanical innovation the work became less arduous for the workers. As the years progressed, working conditions for the workers improved as the unions became stronger and management developed greater concern for workers' benefits and welfare. I, in the meantime learned on the job, learned by going to school, learned by making mistakes, and above all, learned from associating with the other company people.

Twenty-eight years later, the Kauai Junior Chamber of Commerce recognized me as Man-of-the-Month. At that time there was a full story of my accomplishments. The article was entitled, "From Tray Boy to Personnel Director". I remember how proud I was at that time of my so-called success story. Whimsical as it may seem, it was from my latter position as a personnel director that forced me to leave the Kauai Pineapple Company.

NOTES

1. Kauai Fruit and Land Company started business in 1907. The name of the company was changed to Kauai Pineapple Co., Ltd. in 1930 and commonly referred to as Kauai Pine. The last can of pineapple was packed in September, 1964, and business was terminated in 1965.

27. KIPUKAI: A CHILDHOOD DREAM COME TRUE

I had known of Kipukai since childhood. It was a land "beyond the rainbows". This wedge-shaped mountain-locked piece of land stretched approximately one and a half miles along the southern coast of Kauai. Kipukai is believed to have been a stronghold and resting place which belonged to the island royalty. The only source of drinking water was a spring sacred to royalty and gods. When Queen Liliuokalani visited Kauai in 1891, Mr. and Mrs. William Hyde Rice, who owned Kipukai at the time, "sent a special runner by

ancient pathway over Haupu mountain to bring the water in honor of the queen".[1] In the fall of 1949, I was invited to visit Kipukai.

Jack Waterhouse, who owned Kipukai at the time invited me to spend the weekend with him at his place in Kipukai. It was to be a holiday filled with unexpected surprises.

From my home in Lawai, we first stopped at Kipu stable on the Lihue side where we left our jeep and to continue on horseback. There was no road to Kipukai then; only a narrow pathway that followed a tortuous route over Haupu mountain. It was the only means of entry by land. Since the day was clear and the horses were well-experienced mountain climbers, we looked forward to an uneventful journey of about one and one-half hours over the mountain.

What I saw of the trail was an engineering marvel which I felt sure would survive centuries of use. If there is any historical data as to who and how the pathway was built, I have failed to find it recorded anywhere. A good part of the trail was formed out of stones and surfaced with smooth pebbles without the use of mortar. It skirted ravines, overlooked

dizzy heights and twisted around boulders. Crude though it appeared, the surface seemed indestructable.

My horse was sure-footed. Yet occasionally a foot would slide on the smooth stones with a grinding noise, causing the horse to go off balance with the remaining feet becoming tense to stabilize the footing. Jack would chuckle as I cried out in fear.

The trail on the Kipukai side of Haupu was surprisingly nonperilous. There was a conspicuous absence of ravines and cliffs on the southerly-leeward side. The ride down the gentle slope was exhilarating and pleasant. When I looked up to enjoy the highest point of Haupu, commonly called Hoary Head, Jack said, "Do you know that you are looking at that beautiful face for the first time?" I looked up again and turned to him questioningly because I could not figure out just what he was talking about. Jack continued, "Haupu has three faces; one facing Lihue, the second facing Kipukai, and the third facing Koloa."

As I looked up toward the mountain again, it dawned on me that he was right. Born in Mahaulepu located at the foot of Haupu, I had

always seen the Koloa side as well as the Lihue side of the mountain. The Kipukai face was new to me.

When we arrived at the house, Kondo, the caretaker, met us. He reported that the refrigerator, a gas flame model, had stopped functioning and that some of the food may have become spoiled. There was a chunk of meat left over from the previous week that Jack examined. It was slightly discolored and had a noticeable unpleasant smell to it. He first washed it with baking soda and then with salt. The flesh was still firm. We decided that it looked too good to discard. It was my job to broil it. The meat was undescribably delicious and the two of us devoured every bit of the food we prepared.

In the bathroom, there was a sign in large letters, that read: "If you want to enjoy Kipukai for long, use water sparingly." Later, while I did some research on Kipukai, I learned that the sacred spring, which once produced an abundance of water, was partially ruined by an accidental dynamiting. The small amount of drinking water that now came from the spring was supplemented by rain water which had been collected and stored in a tank.

The brackish water which came from the well was used for all other purposes.

We still had enough daylight left so the two of us decided to go swimming. Glancing out of my window while changing into my bathing suit, l saw Jack streaking through the woods and toward the beach totally naked. Kondo was the only other person for miles around us. Oh well, when in Rome, I thought. It was the grandest swimming experience I had since my boyhood days.

The following morning, after breakfast, Jack led me to the kiawe (algeroba) grove a few hundred yards from the house. Finally, we came to a fenced-in enclosure the like of which I had never seen before. I could think of no practical use for such a fenced-in lot. In the center of the enclosure was a pile of dried coconuts. From a nearby shed, Jack brought out an ax and instructed me to sit on the rustic fence and just watch. He commenced to crack open a few coconuts then started pounding on a block of wood for no apparent reason other than to create a sound effect. Replacing the ax in the shed, he joined me on the fence. He motioned for me to remain quiet. My curiosity was ready to burst. Was this some kind of a

game he was playing with me, I thought to myself. After fifteen or twenty minutes, there came an unmistakable sound, a sound I could not identify. From out of the grove came several large beautiful birds. There were peacocks and peahens, six or eight of them. They came to feed on the coconuts. L just stared in amazement. They were the kuiyakus that my adult friends spoke of when I as a little child during the days we lived in Mahaulepu.

Returning to the house, we spotted a huge rat run out of the poultry feed house. It stopped next to a foundation post and kept looking at us as if in a trance. Jack pulled me back. Telling me to keep my eyes on the rat, he walked a few feet backward then headed for the house. He didn't rush at all. After what seemed to be an eternity, he came out of the house with a rifle in his hands. Coming up to me from the back and handing me the gun, he whispered that I was to kill the rodent with one shot. The rifle was not a repeater. I didn't miss.

First the birds, then the rat. The whole thing was a bit unnerving yet so glorious. This is the kind of experience I had dreamed of as a

child. It also left me with a feeling that Jack Waterhouse was an expert on animal behavior.

That afternoon, the two of us plowed the cornfield. I got to drive the diesel tractor. Being bordered by mountains on two sides and the ocean on the third side, Kipukai was a natural soundbox. A small noise became a thunderous sound. The noise of the tractor was deafening. That, however, did not bother me because I was so engrossed in the work. What a thrilling feeling it was to handle powerful heavy equipment. Above the din, I heard a shot. I stopped and idled the engine. From another part of the field, Jack walked up to where I was, "Hear that?", he asked. I nodded as we looked toward the surrounding mountains. I figured that he was looking for hunters or possible poachers. "It could have been just a backfire from the engine," he said and he walked back to his work.

Half hour later, with my tractor facing the trail down Haupu mountain, I glanced up and saw the movement of objects. I stopped and watched. It was barely visible but I could make out a rider in the front and another person leading a horse. I called it to Jack's attention. He remembered that he had hired

two men to do special work on his farm. "That shot we heard," he said, "must have been them. Whatever they shot is on the second horse."

Late that afternoon, I had my first encounter with a wild pig from Haupu Mountain. This one had been killed and was safe for me to feel it and to relive stories of wild mountain pigs told to me when I was a child. Later that day I spent a few moments with Kondo. Knowing that he used to be a skilled motorcycle rider, I asked him what he did for excitement. He looked toward the ocean, then to the mountains and he said, "This is God's country. Plenty work, swimming, fishing, fresh eggs, fresh vegetables. I don't need nothing more." I knew exactly what he was talking about.

The weekend was over and Jack was driving me home. I thanked him for the wonderful time. His facial expression made me feel that he was unaware of what I was saying. He turned to me and said, "Didn't you take a cake or something for us to eat?" I remembered placing it in the non-functioning refrigerator but all the excitement that followed through that entire unbelievable

weekend made me forget the prune cake that my wife had made for us.

NOTES

1. The lines were quoted from "Koamalu" as written by M. Damon.

28. ON BEING A NISEI

GANNEN-MONO

The Emperor Meiji began his reign in 1868. In Japan, therefore, the year 1868 is referred to as Meiji Gannen or the first year of the Meiji reign. According to the records, the first wave of 153 laborers from Japan came to Hawaii in 1868. These immigrants were referred to as Gannen-mono or the peopie of the first Meiji era. Among the Gannen group, I knew a man by the name of Yonekichi Sakuma.

Sakuma-san was a devoted church member and I used to see him attending church services during my dormitory days. Even in those days he must have been about eighty years old. I also knew two of his children.

One of his two children was a son by his first wife who was a Hawaiian woman. The second of his children was a girl named Fuyu. Fuyu was a child from his second wife who was Japanese. Eventually, Fuyu married a man named James Kondo, an electrical engineer. I was a guest at the wedding reception along with the other dormitory boys. I knew the two Kondo brothers. My association with the Sakuma family and the Kondo family kept interweaving through my lifetime.

The Mahaulepu steam pump was undergoing a conversion to electric power and it was James Kondo who had been assigned to the task. It was my father who was assigned to work directly under him. For many years, especially during the years I attended high school, Father would speak of James Kondo as an example of a good engineer. There must have been times when Father felt extreme regret because he could not send his oldest son to college to become an engineer like James Kondo.

In my retirement years, my wife and I came to know and love Jimmie and Louise Kaanapu of Kaneohe, Oahu. I knew them intimately and saw the couple to be thrifty

and conservative people like their fellow members of the Mormon faith. They constantly urged all of us, their friends, to put aside non-perishable food items as a safeguard against that "day of reckoning". I have not yet heeded to their advice but I have always felt warmly of the well-meaning gesture of care they showed for their friends.

I noticed that Jimmie had noticeable oriental features. One day, I questioned him regarding his ancestral background. When he started talking, I was flabbergasted to learn that he is the grandson of Yonekichi Sakuma. He showed me photographs of his grandparents, people I knew personally. Jimmie's father was James Kaanapu Sakuma, who in his later years found it more advantageous to go by his Hawaiian surname. At the centennial celebration of the Gannen-mono, James Kaanapu, Sr. was one of the honorees as a descendant of a Gannen-mono.

It pleased me to no end, when the discovery was made, that Jimmie and Louise spoke of James and Fuyu Kondo with great affection.

MY ISSEI "DIRTY 'OLE MAN" STORY

Among the old Japanese people, there existed an attitude of male superiority. Their behavior toward the women at times was not what we learned to practice as we grew up.

Mr. and Mrs. Usa were both Japanese nationals from the old country. They owned a small family store which carried a limited supply of groceries and odds and ends for the household. Both came to Hawaii as immigrant workers and like the majority of the immigrant laborers, were not highly educated people. Although they had been married for many years, they did not have any children. Because of this, they became very attached to me. I used to spend a great deal of my time with them. They were especially pleased when I suggested to them that their family name for the store sign should be written completely in capital letter USA thus giving the public the idea that it was a patriotic store. As predicted, the sign provoked many comments from the non-Japanese customers which pleased Mr. and Mrs. Usa even more.

One Sunday, I had been invited to have dinner with them. I sat facing the entrance of the store which gave me an unobstructed view of whoever came into the store. Just as we sat

down to eat, a late customer arrived and Mr. Usa left his seat to attend to his customer. Hardly had a minute passed when I heard a commotion coming from the store. I looked up at the exact moment the customer, a woman, slapped Mr. Usa in the face. Not to be outdone, as a result of wounded pride, the man slapped her back with great force. I rushed into the store just in time to see the woman, whom I recognized to be a friend. She broke into tears and threatened to have Mr. Usa arrested, then rushed out and drove away. Mr. Usa assumed that that was the end of the outburst and would not explain to either his wife or myself what had happened to make the woman slap him.

After awhile, accompanied by police officer Tashima, an old friend of the Tanimoto family, the woman returned and insisted that the man be arrested for committing an indecent act and for attacking her. She charged that while stooping to examine the merchandise, the man had poked his thumb in her rear end and laughed as he did so. She also reported that he slapped her hard.

The sorry mess was particularly embarrassing for me because I was also

acquainted with Mrs. Alfred Louis, the offended person. Her husband worked with me at the same company. When questioned, I agreed that she had acted within her rights when she slapped the man in the face, but that he had no right to slap her as hard as he did. The incident was distasteful for Officer Tashima also. He made a vain attempt to explain to the man that he was completely at fault. I suggested for an out-of-court settlement because I felt that the whole situation was embarrassing for all involved. Mrs. Louis asked for twenty dollars as damage payment which was begrudgingly paid by Mr. and Mrs. Usa. Officer Tashima thanked me for helping him with the incident. However, from that day on, I was to earn the undying animosity of Mrs. Usa who told her friends in the neighborhood that I had favored a foreign woman. Therefore, the crime was not that her husband had abused a woman customer but that a Japanese did not defend a fellow Japanese older man.

THE CHIEF OF THE CLAN

Ours was a well-ordered typical Japanese family. The tradition dictated that I, the oldest

of the sons, would look after our parents in their old age. This cultural practice was handed down from generation to generation in the old country and commonly practiced in many of the western countries long ago. Those were the days even the people of the United States did not have a retirement system or a public social security program. The state was not responsible of the aged. Parents were cared for by the children.

Most Issei (first generation Japanese) were too occupied making a living and raising their children to have a life savings for their future. They had worked hard, first to feed and clothe their large families, next to educate them and to see that their children were better able to establish a family for themselves. In the end, they only had their children to help support them.

The new and strange western ideals and ways taught in American education upset many of the well-regulated cultural practices which had been transplanted from the east. It was the practice of the oldest son to be responsible for the support of his aged parents. American practice specifically relieved the offsprings from any financial obligation

related to the care and support of the parents.

Through the years, I have seen broken families with irreconcilable differences stemming from the tragedies brought about by the human process of aging. It is not because today's children love their parents any less but because there is an overwhelming burden to support an extra member under today's lifestyle. Sometimes, a Japanese grandmother who continues to carry on the attitude that she is the matriarch of the household can add to the aggravation which widens the gap of understanding between the older and younger generation.

Foreseeing all that could happen, I was determined not to have this happen to my family. In the twenty-fourth year of my marriage, long after sending a brother to college, getting my sons ready for college, looking after my aging parents, I conceived of an idea. It was a program including the financial support of the entire family not placing the burden on any one member of the family. According to the plan, all four male members of the family were to contribute a fixed amount of money each month. The female members of the family who were

fortunate enough to have gone through high school and who had remunerative jobs would also contribute a fixed amount. When this proposal was submitted to the family, all gave support and I was appointed executive as chief of the clan. I provided a complete financial report to each contributing member annually.

This family program to support our aging parents continued for nineteen years without a break. Payments by the different family members was terminated in 1974 when the fund was supplemented by the government supplemental security income for which Mother was eligible.

Today, Bachan[1] (Grandmother), who is in her nineties, makes her home with me, her number one son. She is happy with the knowledge that she is no longer a financial burden to her children. Her days are spent listening to her favorite Japanese radio programs and reading the Bible.

I would like, as a tribute to the living brood of Senkichi and Ichi Tanimoto to give the names in chronological order of birth and place of birth as given to me by Mother:

NAMES	PLACE OF BIRTH

Mahaulepu Kampu (Mahaulepu Pump Camp)		
Mahaulepu Kampu (Mahaulepu Pump Camp)		
Mahaulepu Kampu (Mahaulepu Pump Camp)		
Miyake Kyampu (Old Mill Camp)		
Tashima Purēsu (Tashima Place)		
Plantation Kyampu (Plantation Camp)		
Waterhouse Purēsu (Waterhouse Place)		
Waterhouse Purēsu (Waterhouse Place)		
Waterhouse Purēsu (Waterhouse Place)		
Waterhouse Purēsu (Waterhouse Place)		

A typical family history may include an elaborate chart listing uninteresting names by generations. But I am of a Japanese immigrant family with strong traditional and cultural ties that had remained unchanged for generations. Yet events have proven that geographical changes, environmental influences, and inter-

racial assimilations can bring about a new and exciting generation.

Wedded into the Tanimoto family are such diverse surnames as Ching, Wilkins, Spade, Long, Waiwaiole and Reyes. To add to this diversity, and with pride, I wish to include the name Takaezu. The name is Japanese, yet only a few decades back the Naichi (those of mainland Japan) would refer to Takaezu as Okinawa-no-hito (people of Okinawa) with open derision and prejudice. Not any more.

Ethnicity breakdown would include, other than those which are evidently clear, the following racial blendings: English, Irish, Scot, Flemish, Spanish, Filipino, American Indian and Puerto Rican. Without any doubt, the branches of the family tree have spread out far beyond the wildest dreams of Senkichi and Ichi Tanimoto. As the senior member of the second generation Tanimoto tribe, I have the strongest urge to shout at the top of my voice: All aboard!! Gitt[2] on the family band wagon, you happy mongrels.

NOTES

1. Died. June 12, 1981.

2. The surname "Gitt" is also in the family.

29. GREAT SONS OF HAWAII

I was born into a crude and simple world on a sugar plantation camp in Mahaulepu, Kauai. Much of my earlier years evolved through a variety of hardships and a lack of material wealth. From the very beginning, mine was a dynamic and exciting generation of industrial and social innovations and revolutions. Behind all of the dramatic activities, Hawaiian history records the leadership and dedicated commitments of a long list of her great sons.

In spite of my crude and simple beginning, it was my good fortune to have known a few of Hawaii's great sons. In fact,

three of them have their names indelibly marked in Hawaiian history. The fourth name I wish to recognize does not appear in historical documents, but all of Hawaii's cultural enthusiasts will proudly claim him as one of her great sons also. To them and many like them, who have helped me define my role as a member of our Hawaiian community, I will always be indebted.

WALTER D. McBRYDE

Walter D. McBryde, scion of the McBryde Sugar Co. family, was one of the original organizers of the Kauai Fruit and Land Company, a firm which grew and canned pineapples. He served as the first manager.

At eighteen, fresh out of high school, I was hired as a factory clerk at the pineapple cannery. My chores included the tasks of fruit weigher, storeroom keeper, shipping clerk, inventory clerk, and doing just about anything else that required pencil and paper work outside the main office. Being a sort of "Jack of all Clerical Trades", I frequently ran into Mr. McBryde during his daily inspection tour of the cannery. This is how he began to take a

kind of amused interest in me. For me it became a kind of challenge to exchange funny jokes and anecdotes with this kindly gentleman. I remember vividly after one particular story interlude, he broke out into a guffaw and said to me, "You are just as funny as Charlie Chaplin". It is since that incident that the name "Charlie" stuck with me. For many of my non-Japanese associates and friends, the adoption of the name "Charlie" simplified matters because it was difficult for them to pronounce my Japanese name "Katsumu" correctly much less to remember it.

About a year after I began my work, I had a disagreement with the factory superintendent which made me resign from my position at the factory. Of course I had sought another job before quitting since my family had come to depend on me for support. The new job satisfied soothing my injured pride and ego. I was very young and I'm sure I felt that the world owed me a living.

The Sunday morning following my resignation, came to the family farm, a household of immigrant parents and ten children. Following a long lecture on my stubbornness, his final words were, "If you

don't wish to work in the cannery, you come to the main office starting tomorrow."

Thus began my close relationship with the man who was not only my manager but friend and mentor until his death in October 1930 at the age of sixty-six. Walter McBryde was a victim of the "great depression" of the late twenties. It was the depression that broke him financially and physically. Alexander and Baldwin, Ltd., the parent company of Kauai Fruit and Land Company, sent him to the U.S. mainland so that he could spend the time to recuperate. The people of the company felt that he should stay away as long as he needed to. He stayed on the mainland for only a short while before returning to his beloved home at Kukuiolono. His mind was too preoccupied with matters related to his work and to his home. They were matters which he could not escape from by simply going away. I heard of his return, and because I had some of his personal account books in my possession, I notified his adopted son, Philip Palama, to report his accounts. Mr. McBryde remained unmarried throughout his lifetime. He adopted a Hawaiian youth who later married a Japanese girl. At the time of his death, they

were his only close relatives.

I was surprised when Walter McBryde asked me to come and see him. This visit with him at his house was to be my last meeting with him. Sitting on the bed, his back resting on the bedstead, he looked gaunt but with the same mischievous eyes I have come to know well and love. A comfortable chair had been placed next to the bed for me to sit on.

He spoke of the early days of the company which he helped build. He chatted on and on of the good times as well as the bad, of the many loyal employees whose names he recalled by their first name, and of his future plans of Kukuiolono Park. Kukuiolono Park is now a 375-acre legacy which he left in irrevocable trust and still remains as one of the most beautiful private estates on Kauai for the public to enjoy. He spoke of John Waterhouse, manager of Alexander and Baldwin, Ltd., who was responsible for sending him to the mainland with the offer to have him stay away as long as he liked. He choked and broke down in tears.

I said goodbye to Walter McBryde for the last time that day. He passed away a few

weeks later. His ashes were interred in a crypt under the shade of a beautiful tree in the garden of his loved Kukuiolono.

PHILIP L. RICE

We were volunteers with the Kauai Provisional Police and served on the U. S. Savings Bond Committee.

These activities brought me into personal contact with Philip L. Rice, then Judge of the Fifth Circuit Court of Kauai. At a bond sales committee dinner, which the Judge was hosting, I remember recounting a corny joke about a shyster lawyer. He laughed very loudly and heartily.

These were World War II years. The fear of impending invasion by the Japanese military forces was a big issue prior to December 7, 1941. The Provisional Police Force was organized to cope with possible emergency. As part of our routine training we were required to practice the use of firearm and target shooting. Even during working hours, the Judge frequently called me, and the two of us would rendezvous at the Koloa Police Station for a series of target practice. Because I always

outshot him, the Judge started referring to me as the "expert pistol shot".

A quarter of a century later, I was fulfilling an appointment as the Labor Law Investigator of the State government and in the Waikiki area. As I walked I noticed a distinguished looking elderly gentleman with a cane pass me. Because he appeared very familiar, I retraced my steps and addressed him by name. He looked at me sharply for a moment, then, with a smile that slowly crept over his face, he said, "You are that expert shot". Standing together in the shade on a street corner, we reminisced of the early days. I was stunned when he recalled my joke and laughing out loudly.

Philip L. Rice retired as Chief Justice of the Supreme Court for the Territory of Hawaii. He died on January 14, 1974 at the age of eighty-eight.

LAWRENCE M. JUDD

Lawrence M. Judd was the Governor of the Territory of Hawaii from 1929 to 1934. I never had the pleasure of getting to know him very well, but I am sure that I would have

cherished his acquaintance should I have had the opportunity. In 1931, however, as a delegate from Kauai to the New American Conference in Honolulu[1], I was one of nearly a hundred young people who was invited to a reception held at the mansion by Governor and Mrs. Judd. As a memento of the occasion, a photograph of the group was taken on the mansion lawn.

Thirty-five years later, 1966, I was introduced to the board of trustees of Lunalilo Home, a convalescent home for the aged Hawaiians. I had been requested to report on the examination of the institution's payroll record with regard to compliance of the Hawaii Wage and Hour Laws. I did not anticipate becoming excited about having to meet any of the trustee members. This was the day I once more came face to face with Lawrence M. Judd, a trustee. He was a former governor, but he was just a memory and before me was a gentleman who looked very old. I thought that there was not the remotest chance of his remembering me as a delegate to the conference thirty-five years ago. But his introductory statement on meeting me nearly made me drop.

"Tanimoto, eh? I remember you at Kauai Fruit and Land Company. You were with Walter McBryde, a good friend of mine." Without betraying my shock, I mentioned of the time I was guest at the governor's mansion and of the picture that was taken. Of the incident, he said, "I still have a copy of that picture, and I bet that I can pick you out in that picture." We talked at length of Walter McBryde and there was no doubt that he knew my former boss well.

A few days prior to my meeting with the trustee, I had a preliminary talk with the administrator of the institution at which time I mentioned of my coming from Kauai and of my previous employment at the pineapple cannery. I can only surmise that the administrator spoke to Mr. Judd of my former connection and being the shrewd human relations expert that he was, the former governor must have delved into my past for the remarkable introductory statement. It was easy for he was a true friend of Walter McBryde. Lawrence Judd passed away on October 4, 1968 at the age of eighty-one.

ISAMI DOI

I first got to know Isami Doi when we lived in the same student dormitory. He was two classes above me and treated me as a younger brother. We liked each other because we shared many common interests. Even in those days he was already showing signs of being an artist. He used to make sketches of movie stars and landscapes. I was his greatest admirer.

When he returned to Kauai in his later years, he was already nationally recognized as an outstanding artist. But he did not live like a celebrity. He chose to make his home in the old family dwelling which resembled a shack alongside a more pretentious home and a store which belonged to the other Doi family members. His studio and workshop were in the front half of the building, and the remaining half was used for living quarters.

Whenever I was able to get off from my work, I would visit with him in his studio. Of course, by then I considered myself quite an intellect on the subject of art, both of the Renaissance and of the Contemporary periods. If Isami was impressed with my knowledge in art, he certainly never showed it. Out of curiosity, I once asked him where his

inspiration came from. He waved his arm as he faced the Kalaheo mountains and said, "That is from where". He was never given to saying more than a few words in answering a question.

Not being a good conversationalist, I much preferred listening to Isami talk but I found him to be a very disconcerting conversationalist at times. He would say nothing for long periods of time and that made me feel very uncomfortable. To break the silence, I would bring up the subject about the weather or something similarly unimaginative, and he would just look at me without saying a word.

After one quiet session, he surprised me with a question.

"Do you play the shakuhachi (a five-holed Japanese flute)?"

"Gee whiz, that's supposed to be a very difficult instrument to play and I believe it is used only for classical Japanese music." I wasn't sure if I was correct.

"Sure it is difficult to play it, but you can get all the tones of a piano if you know how. Satisfaction can come by mastering the

difficult things." There was a shakuhachi on his work table but I never had the courage to ask him to play it for me.

I once asked Isami to teach me to paint during my two-week vacation period. He became extremely furious, "Do you seriously think that art is something that can be mastered in two weeks?" I didn't pursue the subject further. I realized that he was too great an artist to compromise on art.

He frequently spoke of "asceticism". It sounded too profound to understand and at the same time I didn't have the courage to ask him what that meant. In 1959 he produced a canvas titled "Ascetic" and it is now among the permanent collection at the Honolulu Academy of Arts. I love that painting and I often go to the Academy to see that single painting in particular. Each time it makes me feel as though I can begin to understand the full meaning of the word.

As my visit with him became more frequent, he began to talk to me more freely. He talked about why he returned to Kauai. He was a sick man, but apparently told no one about his illness. There were no outer physical

signs that indicated his ill state.

When I speak to friends about Isami Doi, they immediately ask if I possess an "Isami Doi". The answer is, "No". I have always wanted to have a drawing by Isami. But to ask him for one, even for a price, seemed like a travesty to our friendship. My wife and I paid a last visit to Isami, and I spoke of my desire for an "Isami Doi". I told him that I wanted a simple water color which should not exceed $50.00.

"It will be in oil," he said, somewhat emotionally, and then asked, "What subject?" My wife waved her arm toward the majestic Kalaheo mountain saying, "That would be nice". When we said goodbye to Isami, I believed that that was to be my last meeting with my friend since we were leaving Kauai for my new job in Honolulu.

In 1964, I attended a one-man show of Isami Doi's latest paintings which was held at Gima's Art Gallery at Ala Moana Shopping Center. I lingered nostalgically for a long time reminiscing of the days with Isami. I felt as though there was a compelling force that would bring the two of us together again. Just

as I was thinking about him, in walked Isami. Without the slightest change in his expression he greeted me like an everyday friend and started to talk of his trip to Japan. As he talked, he pulled out a notebook from his coat pocket and commenced to write. He paused briefly and facing me, he said, "I've been forgetting something for you". I assumed that he was referring to my painting so I told him that I was in no hurry. He died on November 29, 1965, at the age of sixty-two. I still don't have an "Isami Doi".

I knew Isami's wife Blanche, before they were married. She used to be a regular summer worker at the pineapple cannery while she was still a student. As I recall, she was a vivacious girl and full of fun, the exact opposite of Isami. Blanche was a school teacher when Isami married her. Their only child, Yuichiro, and our oldest son, Robert, went to kindergarten together.

Their kindergarten teacher was Ruth Doi, Blanche's sister. Through our sons, we got to know Blanche quite well. Several years later, Yuichiro died in a football accident. He was a first-year student in college at the time of the accident.

During those years when Isami and I used to get together, I never met Blanche and I also never heard Isami ever talk about her. To this day when I think of Blanche, I remember how my heart used to ache for her because of Isami's attitude of complete indifference toward her. My respect for Isami was tolerable only because of our old friendship which dates back to our high school days. I admire the man as a true artist dedicated only to his work. I could not admire the man as a human individual.

NOTES

1. The conference was sponsored by the sugar industry to encourage the youth of Hawaii to remain with the plantation.

30. AND THERE WERE THE DEAD

Lawai was a very small cannery community. The heart that pumped life into this community was the pineapple company. The majority of the people worked for the pineapple company and lived in company houses. As the company's welfare director, I, too, lived in a company home with my family.

The majority of the people of the community originally came from the Philippines. The rest were of Japanese, Portuguese, or Hawaiian ethnic descent. Although the communication problem may have varied slightly from one ethnic group to the next, I found the basic needs of all of the

people to be similar in nature.

Living in a small community where the life of all is directly or indirectly related to the cannery, the people all seemed to find the need to intermingle and tended to find reasons to socialize in spite of their differences in race and culture. The need for social interaction, I believe, is a universal need for all mankind.

Living under such a background, I learned to appreciate our neighbors. All people felt and shared together the miracle of birth, celebration of the union of two families by marriage, and the grief of the loss of any family member. As a community member, I, too, participated with my neighbors in all occasions. Because of my position with the company, I was frequently called upon to tend to company matters regarding death of an employee. This was a task which was most difficult to face. From time to time the circumstances were also unusual which made my task even more difficult to face and very difficult to forget.

* * * * *

The most bizarre incident developed following what seemed to be an ordinary

death. What made the situation very unusual is that although Juan, a cannery employee, came from the Philippines, his wife was a Hawaiian whose family was socially prominent. She died after a brief illness. She was supposedly heir to an estate and the husband wished to give her a burial befitting that honor.

It was agreed that the company would provide the labor to dig the grave. I was appointed to supervise. Prior to the actual digging, there was a short ceremonial prayer and the family served all of the workers a meal. Being a special burial, it was necessary for the men to dig an area double the size of the usual grave. Seeing that the area to dig was completely covered with high weeds and wild shrubbery, the men and I expected long hours of very strenuous work. My rough estimation told me that the digging would be completed by two o'clock that afternoon.

I arrived at the scene to find the men huddled closely together and drinking wine out of a gallon jar. Their faces were ashen and there was a look of terror in their eyes. One of them turned to me and pointed his finger to what looked like the container which was to

be placed in the hole. Much as I dreaded to, I bolstered enough courage and nervously walked up to the container. What I saw on the ground near the container made me freeze on the spot while my initial courage drained away. My eyes gazed upon a human body which was very well preserved. However, its facial features were obliterated and it appeared to be a faceless man. The head and two legs were separated from the torso, apparently the result for having been carried out of the hole by the men who were digging. The body was attired in a man's suit which appeared to be old tough leather. It appeared that the men had dug out an old, old grave which had through the years become neglected and forgotten. Fortunately, the men took courage in my presence and went to work to finish the task at hand. An area was dug out on one side of the main grave into which the body was deposited. The main casket was laid in its proper place. The whole incident was a bit unnerving and the unexpected body was a little too difficult to dispose of with dignity. Pride is carried on only with the living.

* * * * *

Another incident occurred when the

members of the Japanese community of the cannery received an alarm which said that one of their people was missing. He had left the house at about two in the morning without notifying his wife, who presumed that he had gone fishing, his favorite sport. She began worrying because it was not like Seito to be gone so long without saying a word. She immediately thought that he had a mishap and was possibly hurt or had drowned. A thorough search was made along the wide shoreline with the hope that the body might be washed ashore. Two more days went by and still there was no news of the missing man.

The family offered prayers at the local Shinto Shrine, and the priest prophesied that Seito was much alive but in a state of shock. He also said that Seito would be found hiding in a thick bush within an area one mile from his home. Some of the men who had heard the priest spoke loudly against the priest. They felt that we in the modern world should not be listening to superstitions from the old country. There were many of us who secretly hoped that the Shinto priest was right. Friends of the family continued the search. With nothing concrete to go on, the people were becoming

frustrated, and signs of discontentment were becoming evident. Making matters worse was the unrelenting rain and cold spells which hindered the search party. Being a little upset, I suggested doing away with all the "monkey business" and to get on with an organized search.

Plans were completed by the following Saturday morning when more than a hundred people assembled to join the organized search. A stretch of land one mile in width from the town of Kalaheo to the seacoast was to be covered. The second phase of the search was to go another one mile stretch from the seacoast to the village of Lawai, covering a total land area of approximately six square miles. Instructions were issued to the effect that there should be no overlooking of thickets and underbrush.

Thinking back on the entire incident. I believe that my participation in the search was to be able to inform the missing man's family that the community had done everything possible to assist. Early that afternoon while we were already into the second phase of the search, I was separated from the group. The morale of the group by this time had

dissipated and there was hardly any semblance of an organized search. My route took me through cane fields, through barren fields with scattered cacti and lantana bushes, and finally through a forested valley thickly overgrown with eucalyptus and wild Hawaiian plum trees. I sat down under a shade tree to rest and to contemplate the peaceful surroundings. There was a papaya tree a few yards away with ripe ready-to-pick fruit. Being uncomfortable, exhausted, and frustrated, I was not tempted to pick the fruit. Sitting in the shade, and looking at my surroundings, there crept up on me a brief feeling of spookiness. Adding further to my discomfort state of mind was a faint odor of decaying flesh.

A feeling of relief swept over me when I heard excited voices. After a moment of silence there came a loud call. "We found him, we found him." I ran toward the group. Two men were rushing towards me. They told me of seeing a figure of a man who had hanged himself but were too frightened to see who it was.

Hanging by the neck from a wild plum tree was a fully clothed man, its face

unrecognizable and completely covered with crawling maggots. I knew that it was Seito. I recognized the color of hair, the physical built, and the clothing to be that of the missing man. There was a pair of zoris, a half used bag of tobacco, and a box of matches on the ground. A depressed area of grass with cigarette butts strewn about gave indication that the man smoked many rolls of cigarettes before making his final decision.

Leaving two men to keep watch over the body, I rushed back to the village with the news. I also notified the police department and the coroner to take charge of the body. After the immediate shock, the small community once more attempted to settle down to the normal mundane task of making a living. No one tried to speculate on why the man decided to end his life. Furthermore, the people kindly refrained from discussing the frailties of the Shinto priest's prediction. But all of this did not stop people from thinking.

As an aftermath to the unfortunate incident I began to feel that some of the people who participated in the search, especially close friends of the family, were trying to avoid me. I noticed that some were even openly showing

hostility towards me. I approached a distant cousin of mine. He was a supervisor at the cannery, a man with some influence in the Japanese community. He told me that some of the people who heard my remark about the "monkey business" had interpreted it to mean that I had referred to the diligent searchers to be a group of monkey. Through the help of another close friend, I lost no time to make amends.

When under a strain, man speaks unthinkingly to vent his own frustrations. Under the same circumstance it is easy to misinterpret what is said as a personal attack. Could it have been that a similar kind of situation that led my friend Seito to end his life? The frailty of life never ceases to astound me.

* * * * *

Another bizarre incident involved the preparation of a body for shipping. As long as man is a member of the living, he was responsible for directing his own life. When a man dies, it is the responsibility of the company to direct the arrangement for an internment. Under normal circumstances, the

family usually has an idea of exactly how they wish to take care of the departed member. But there had been cases like the death of Francisco who was a retired Filipino laborer. He died leaving no known relatives in Hawaii. It became necessary for the company to ship the remains to his relatives in the Philippines. In those days the Philippines was considered to be far away land. In order to ship a body to that distance, it was necessary to treat the body with a massive preservation process for the body to withstand the long trip.

Louis Medeiros, who was a good friend was at that time serving as an apprentice to the mortician. He eventually bought out the boss's business. At the time of Francisco's death, it was Louis who was made responsible to treat the body.

Immediately after Francisco's death, the company held a brief service at the Kauai Mortuary. After the service, Louis Medeiros invited me to observe while he treated the body. Never did I imagine that I would be brought face to face with a human corpse being treated for shipment. The morning Francisco's body was taken to the mortuary, I watched the body being embalmed. The

experience cannot be compared to anything, but the process is one that made me appreciate the miracle of the living human body.

In the center of the room stood a long low table that resembled a kitchen drain board with raised sides. It sloped toward one end to which a drain pipe was connected. Lying on the slab was the corpse.

There was a gleaming chrome plated pipe to one side of the slab. On the other side, there was a raised platform which was the stand with various tools such as surgical knives, rubber gloves, rubber tubings and many other things that I could not identify. There was a cabinet against the wall with more varying types of instruments and rows of bottles which I think contained embalming fluids.

Louis had a white smock on and with his gloves on, he appeared like a surgeon. He first made an incision on the left of the groin of the cadaver, and another on the right side. Next, he cut the arteries and the blood flowed slowly and thickly. Connecting one end of a tube to a pipe-fitting and the other to the artery, water pressure was used to force all of

the blood to flow out. I noticed that much of the blood that flowed out was clotted. I felt queasy and found myself swallowing hard and constantly. It was difficult to concentrate on the details of the entire process.

After all the blood and liquid had been drained out, the tubing was then connected to a tiny pump which forced the embalming solution into the body. Cavity fluid was removed with a long hollow needle and replaced with a form of preservative solution. The final stage was to apply cosmetics on the body surface which made the appearance of the dead body more life-like and presentable for viewing.

As a company welfare director, it was very often too easy to look upon an employee as another mechanical part of the total matrix. Watching the care and concern taken by Medeiros on the dead helped me recognize that the living also needed care and concern as individuals.

31.1937: A NISEI IN JAPAN

I am an Americanized Nisei from Hawaii who visited the homeland of my parents for the first time in 1937. Being a Nisei means looking Japanese and being raised Japanese by Japanese parents. On the other hand I was born and raised in Hawaii. Hawaii is my home and my life style is Hawaiian patterned. From my first day in school, my teachers taught and trained me to become an American. For one who is not a Hawaiian American Nisei, it is probably very difficult to believe that an individual can merge three parts and still be true to the self. There were moments of discomfort and moments of irritation because

of my racial background but there were also moments I felt very proud for being what I am. Of course, for a few Niseis like my wife Ayako, the gaps were more difficult to bridge and the flow from one culture to the other was not as fluent and easy.

In the sixth year of her marriage, Ayako had not seen her mother for eight years. She had spent most of her childhood in Japan and attended schools there. It was natural that she had a great longing to see her mother, a younger brother, and sister who all lived in Japan.

As a Nisei, I also had ties with Japan. It was not so much a deep desire, but I had a strong curiosity to see the country of my parents. In February 1937, when an opportunity was presented by the Morinaga's of Japan, Ayako, my wife, Miles, our son, and I set sail for Japan.

For one who was born and reared in Hawaii, one who knew little of the customs and traditions of the country, and very little of the language, I considered the trip to be a bold venture. I had been told that the Japanese frequently suspected Niseis as being spies and

were to be followed by Japanese gendarmes throughout the country. My wife had been raised in Japan and spoke the language well. I relied on her for a happy and successful trip.

In 1937, it took nearly ten days to sail to Japan. We spent most of the time in misery, suffering, not because of the ship's lack of comfort but because both my wife and I were poor sailors. The return trip was no better.

My very first impression as I stepped off of the ship was that I was certainly in a foreign country. Seeing and living briefly in a country that was culturally, socially, and economically different from ours made a tremendous impact upon me.

I found Japan to be picturesque. It lacked the dramatic colors of Hawaii or the awesome expansiveness of the mainland United States. I sailed in her Inland Sea, weaving and dodging its countless pine clad islands which looked as though each intricately carved island was placed exactly by a giant pair of hands to enhance the beauty of an otherwise drab picture. I have dipped myself in her hot spring baths and gazed in awe into the rumbling and fuming mouth of her active volcano of Mt.

Aso. I have stood in reverence before many of her ancient temples and have marveled at her palaces of modern commerce. I have enjoyed viewing her breathtakingly beautiful cherry blossoms, rainbow hued azaleas, gracefully drooping wisteria, and wax-like chrysanthemums. It is truly a movingly beautiful country.

The people of Japan appear to be painstakingly courteous people. In the huge Daimaru Department Store in Osaka, I counted with amusement, the number of attractive girls in their natty uniforms placed at strategic points within the store whose sole duties were to bow and say, "Maido arigatō gozaimasu". (Thank you, please come again.) There were approximately twenty girls throughout the store. All of the department stores employed these arigatō girls. The little shop owners, the street vendors, the little women that sold religious charms to holiday crowds all were never too busy to say, "Thank you, please come again". What charming people, the Americans say. But these charming people also seem to have a code of their own. "You mind your own business and I'll mind mine." Woe be it for the one who steps into another's sphere.

I have heard of hired thugs going into shops and either damaging or taking property from the merchant or shop keeper who had forgotten to observe the Japanese code in business ethics.

Travelling throughout the country, my identity as an American was reinforced. The average Japanese citizen I believe travels a lot within his life time. Whereever I went and in whatever mode of transportation I took, I was moving from point to point with a packed mass of people. I have seen them on the third class accommodations of the government subsidized railways. The trains were always literally packed like sardines by hundreds of grade school pupils on excursion trips with their teachers. Amidst the massive faces were itinerant peddlers, tired mothers with their little babies strapped to their backs, the middle school students lying full length on the seats and nonchalantly doing their lessons, garrulous farm women with their heads wrapped in towels and, of course, the hundreds of factory girls giggling and unmindful of their surroundings. A whole gamut of lower class Japanese humanity that neither knew courtesy nor stopped to consider

easing another's strain just a little bit. This was a complete contrast to the meticulous politeness of the sales girls in the department stores.

I as an American Nisei could have reacted more sensitively while observing the behavior of the Japanese in their country, but I often found that their brand of humor left me exasperated. Walking through the famous shopping district of Osaka's Dōtombori with my Japanese brother, I witnessed a scene that would have aroused an average American to a fit of frenzy. A section of the street was wet and slippery. As is commonly practiced, a shop owner had sprayed his store front with water to keep the dust down. A comely woman in a gorgeous kimono, in white tabis, and in cork-soled slippers walked upon the wet pavement. Like a common "Donald Duck" cartoon strip, she slipped. I made a move to assist the unfortunate woman, but I froze on the spot as I heard an audience of loud jeering laughing voices, the loudest coming from my own brother. The group reaction was very unexpected and not knowing how to cope with the situation, I quietly withdrew while a slow nagging anger anchored at the pit of my

stomach. I suspect the anger was directed more at myself because I was left helpless and could do nothing to tell the people of the country exactly how I felt.

In Japan, one of my biggest problems was language related. The problem was critical not because I was unable to let my needs be known. At home, my parents spoke to us only in Japanese with a smattering of Hawaiian. Throughout my childhood I attended Japanese school and learned to read and write in Japanese. My problem was one of language misuse. For instance, in a pretentious Hiroshima city bank, amidst the clerks and clients, I was laughed at most heartily by a friend when I used the honorific prefix "Q" when referring to myself. There is no bigger crime than for an individual to refer to himself as "the honorable self".

Since I was a father of three American boys, I spent considerable time observing the children at school from the outside. In 1937, the question foremost in my mind was whether or not the Japanese schools inculcated militarism to their pupils from the tender age of six. Watching from the outside, I never found out. However, I watched the

Nagasaki grade school pupils do active calisthenics for a full hour, calisthenics which would be considered too strenuous for our youngsters of similar ages.

On a cold, bleak day in early April, my wife and I passed by the Yamaguchi Middle School for boys. What we saw there made us give thanks that our three sons were Americans. About thirty boys ranging in ages from twelve to fourteen stood in a row on the campus with dummy guns and were being drilled in military precision by a fiery, mustachioed and medaled army officer. A stinging slap across the face was the fate of a poor youngster who fell out of line. This, my wife and I saw. It was 1937.

While we were visiting, Japan hosted a Pan-Pacific exposition which was an extravaganza. It was held in Nagoya during April and May. The purpose for the elaborate show was to exhibit Japan's industrial progress to the other members of the world. I attended the display and stood wide-eyed for hours while pondering over the extreme contrast of witnessing on one hand the fantastic industrial advancement and wealth of the nation while on the other hand standing alongside the

thousands of people who appeared to be underfed and with complete lack of hope in their eyes. What stood before me were countless numbers of massive machinery that was capable of producing every conceivable type of product from textiles, to light bulbs, to engines; products that would further the industrial wheels of Japan. But what I saw were products not for the comfort and pleasure of her people, but products for the other wealthier nations of the world.

What I saw at the exhibition in Nagoya furthered my interest in the industrial plants of Japan. Because of my own relationship with the pineapple industry of Hawaii, I made an attempt to gain entrance to several factories but with no success. Like the homes of the very wealthy which are surrounded by high impenetrable walls, most of the factories are similarly built and guarded. During our two-week sojourn in Tokyo, my wife and I were guests of the family of Mr. Taiichiro Morinaga, the Chocolate King of Japan. In consequence, we enjoyed the exclusive privilege of looking at the most up-to-date candy plant in all of Japan. Here, too, I noticed the high fencing surroundings that walled the entire plant from

the rest of Japan. The gates to the grounds were locked and kept under constant guard.

I noticed this same type of walled guardedness in talking to the business men. The men would refer to the company as "my family company" and I also noticed that one business man did not even casually inquire "how's business coming along?" With Americans such a statement is idiomatic and not even considered to be a question but merely a form of greeting. My immediate attitude was, they are secretive and suspicious people.

Living with my Japanese relatives in Japan, I couldn't help but notice their very thrifty ways. Because Miles, my son, was still a baby when we took him to Japan, we took a case of American canned milk with us on the trip. Each morning it was my assigned chore to open a can of milk for breakfast. After opening the can and emptying the content in a container, I used to fling the empty can out of the kitchen window into an abandoned rice paddy. We were staying at the home of my grandmother in Iwakuni. Several days later, I saw those cans neatly stacked in one corner of the kitchen without a single word from

Grandmother. The cans were eventually sold to a junk dealer. In the same manner, during our stay, aside from the dust which was swept in the yard, I did not see rubbish or garbage as I was used to seeing at home.

I noticed the same thriftiness all around me. At the largest rayon factory in all of Japan in Teikoku Jinken in Marifu, Yamaguchi, which incidently, I had to view from outside the customary wall, I chanced upon the factory rubbish dump, a smouldering hill of ashes, a far cry from the usual mass of twisted steel and discarded machinery that one sees around the sugar mills and pineapple canneries of Hawaii. To top it all, I saw two aged women, each with a trowel and a magnet patiently sifting the ashes to find what scraps of metal might be left. Seeing this I learned the meaning of, "United States, the land of plenty".

Since the Meiji Restoration, Japan has been continually progressing to elevate her living standards with the western world. The average American visitor takes Japan's progress for granted. They go through the museums and appreciate the past through glassed panels. Merely by travelling several miles away from

any given city, I was able to relive medieval Japan which still exists in her thousands of villages and farms. Strewn throughout the rural areas the houses are still tinder boxes with thatched roofs. Here, the rice paddies are still tilled with wooden plows pulled by the farmer's wife. Walking through the farmland I could hear the mooing of cattle emerging from a stable which is partitioned off from the main living quarters of the family. Walking through the same fields I could not avoid the smell of human excrement used to fertilize their fields reminding me of diphtheria and Father's moonlight foray. Inside the houses the women folk are seen using spinning wheels and hand looms. Weather permitting, just outside of the farmhouse, cattle are seen tramping on the harvested rice to unravel the husks from the grain. Spending a day out in the rural areas of Japan gave me the opportunity to experience historical Japan at first hand.

Before leaving Japan I felt that I must go to a theatre so that I would have a better idea of how the average Japanese entertained himself. It was my general impression that the average Japanese citizen was too busy to have much time for leisure and amusement. Perhaps that

was true, however, I noticed that when a Japanese patronized a theatre or participates in any other form of amusement, he makes the most of the occasion. The event generally takes hours of initial preparation such as getting together the proper clothes and to take time out to prepare the obentō which is a basket lunch of varying delicacies. The family may go to the theater hours before starting time to make sure that the entire family can be together as a group. The quality of the show is secondary. The longer the show, the better the family feels. I sat through a show in Iwakuni City which lasted from 9:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m. without a break except for the short interval when the curtain went between sections of acts.

At another time while I was meandering through the winding streets of Moji one night, I came across a theater showing the American movie "The Charge of the Light Brigade" starring Errol Flynn. As I entered the theater I noticed that the theater was packed and it was "standing room only". I stood alongside the aisle next to the wall. The movie ran continuously and when I was ready to leave, I found that hundreds of others have come in

after I made my initial entrance. I was ready to leave but there was no way I could get to either the entrance or exit. I looked about me in utter dispair and just as I was beginning to get panicky, I spied an open window about six feet above. I was determined to leave and I turned to two men who were standing beside me. I asked them if they would assist a fellow countryman. Without blinking an eye, both men lifted me up and I made my exit. Perhaps I am the only American that left a Japanese theater through a window.

While in Japan I found that the people made every conceivable form of entertainment possible. In the same way, American advertisement has nothing on its Japanese counterpart when it comes to sensational publicity. When we were in Shimonoseki, my eyes caught sight of a huge sign in front of the store which said "Sex Store" in English. Like the proverbial cat, my curiosity was aroused. Once inside the shop, I noticed that it was a dingy little shop with all of its wares displayed in the open which would make even the most highly sophisticated westerner blush. This would be a veritable shop that would gladden the heart of any birth control advocate and,

paradoxically, a haven for men seeking a restoration of his lost manhood. Facing the shop keeper, I tried to tell him that his shop sign was overly bold. His curt reply was, "You'd be surprised at the number of hakujin (white men) customers I have." Shimonoseki is a great seaport so what he told me did not surprise me. Next, I asked him if the law allowed him to sell his wares openly. He said that what he sold had nothing to do with law and he had been selling his goods for many, many years now. Then as I continued my visit throughout Japan I observed that every large city of Japan had at least one "sekku" store.

This was my first visit to Japan, the country of my parents. My visit was a little over two months. During that period I tried to see everything the country had in the way of natural scenery. I tried to learn their customs, to get to know more about the people. I compared their schools and industrial plants to ours in Hawaii and the United States. I tried to share their forms of amusements and did many things not commonly done at home. At times I felt that it was to my advantage that I looked Japanese while at other times I sensed the resentment that some of the people felt

towards me because although my face was Japanese, my behavior was American. Whatever I did, wherever I went, I felt that my stay was too short. Throughout the trip I remained proud as an American while remaining just as proud of my Japanese heritage. But, I was very happy to return home to Hawaii. My brief absence made me realize the meaning of the phrase, "feel at home".

32. IT ALL BEGAN ON SUNDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1941

It was Sunday morning December 7, 1941. The family was busy getting ready for church and as always was to spend the day in Koloa with Oiitchan (Grandpa) and Obaachan (Grandma). The radio was dialed to the one Kauai radio station, KTOH, and appropo to this slow leisurely Sunday morning, the music on the air was the then popular song, "It's so peaceful in the country..."

In church, the service had hardly started, I was busy leafing through the hymnal for the opening hymn when I saw the minister enter and walk towards the lectern. He announced that the Japanese were bombing Pearl Harbor and that the congregation would be dismissed immediately. It took me quite awhile to fully comprehend what was being said. Leaving my family in Koloa, I left for the civil defense unit in Lawai not aware of the incredible nightmare which was to follow for all of us in Hawaii.

Through the years writers have attempted to depict exactly what and how everything took place. The bombing of Pearl Harbor was the prime mover of World War II. Through this war, for varying but for relevant reasons, emerged the sudden awareness of the great number of Japanese throughout Hawaii. It was that Sunday morning when my life was affected personally because I was born a Nisei in Hawaii.

As an American, Japan became my country's enemy. What was happening was a personal concern and very little made sense to me.

Although I was too old by military rules to be drafted, I was certain that I would qualify in a special category. In time, several of my close friends of my age volunteered and were able to go into military service. There were: Benjamin Tashiro, an attorney; Kazuichi Hirano, a school teacher; and Mutt Arashiro, a laborer union leader. They were all married with families like myself. Tashiro and Hirano both were proficient in the Japanese language and were sent to the military interpreter's school in Minnesota. While my friends were getting ready to leave, a feeling of anxiety came over me when I learned that Arashiro was sent to Camp Shelby to be trained for combat duty and was eventually going to be sent to the European theater. For the first time since that Sunday morning, I realized that joining the army could mean dying in battle. This thought gave me second thoughts about making any hasty decisions.

About a year later, Tashiro returned to Kauai as a recruitment officer. He was interested in enlisting men to be trained at the interpreter's school. After a long family discussion, I finally won a reluctant approval of my wife to take the most crucial step of my

life: my decision to volunteer was final. I notified the company of my decision. When nothing happened even after I had taken all of the necessary steps to join the army, I inquired around. I learned later that Richard Bell, my company manager had submitted a request for my deferment on grounds that my services were required for the purpose of food production which was of great importance towards the war effort. In time, I saw that food production, although lacking in dramatic quality, was an especially important facet of war to the people of the islands since we in the Hawaiian Islands were completely isolated from the mainland U.S.A. All around me, people young and old worked on their regular jobs but also worked at various voluntary work directly related to the business of being in war.

As a volunteer member of the Kauai Provisional Police which had been formed prior to the outbreak of the war, I was fully prepared to do what was expected of me when the first news of the attack of Pearl Harbor came through. Rushing to headquarters office of my district, I found that a group had already gathered and we immediately set up

security and guard service. How effectively this group functioned is indicated by the fact that the first shift of guard was on duty at twelve noon on December 7th. There was a total of 363 men who went on continuous shifts up to April 9, 1942 when the U.S. Army took over. This fact and other similar statistics of this nature were submitted to the Hawaii War Records Depository as the role played by the employees of the Kauai Pineapple Company. During the crisis, one of the most important responsibilities that fell upon the shoulders of each of us was to see to it that law and order was followed by all at all times. At this time all firearms and ammunition which belonged to the civilian population were collected.

During the first few days, we as a civilian control group were trying extremely hard to do all that was expected of us and more. Probably, one of the biggest fears each of us had was the over-zealous volunteer with "itchy fingers", a scared person who couldn't stand not knowing what to expect and found it almost impossible to merely wait. During tense moments like that, there were moments of unexpected comedy relief such as the time

we all sat and waited during a blackout watch at night. A relief guard unexpectedly called out, "I am the Shadow", mimicking a well-known radio character of that time. At another time a guard rushed into the communication office and incoherently screamed out that he had seen the enemy invasion force. What he had actually seen was later discovered to be a distress signal which came from a lifecraft of a fallen American airman.

As a caution against careless handling of firearms and accidental gun discharges, the following order was issued by the administration officer:

> 12/10/41 -- Orders for County Guards. Care must be taken at all times in handling firearms, safety catches must be on, the gun should be carried in a proper manner on the shoulder when patrolling or when resting; the muzzle should be pointed away from the body. In halting a person or persons at night, the gun should be brought to the ready position but not pointed directly at the person. All due care must be taken in keeping guns clean and free from rust.

The firearms which the guards used for patrolling the community were those collected from the civilian population. There was an assortment of name brands, calibers, and weights. Obviously, some of the guns were without ammunition which caused a certain amount of discomfort and unhappiness to some of the guards. When the military force arrived, we disbanded the civilian guards. Within the entire period, there wasn't a single casualty, a record which we were very proud of.

Up to this point the Japanese aliens were not permitted to participate in any form of defense activities. Community leaders such as Yokiichi Tamura and Shohachi Ayabe appealed to me to act in their behalf because they felt that there was some way they could contribute to show their loyalty toward their adopted country. Yoichi, Tamura's son, who volunteered for combat duty, was captured by the Germans in the Italian campaign and was held as a prisoner near Frankfurt, Germany. He was rescued by the Allied Forces after VE Day. Ayabe's son, Tadashi, also volunteered. He was wounded in the famous rescue of the "Lost Battalion" incident and was hospitalized

nearly two years before returning home as a leg amputee. Ayabe had another son, Keiso, who served in the Pacific theater. When the Japanese surrendered, this young man immediately offered his help to act as an intermediary to seek news of my wife's family in Iwakuni, Japan. Through his aid, we were able to learn about our immediate relatives in Japan.

There was a constant fear of imminent landing of enemy forces. As a precautionary measure, therefore, all Japanese, whether they were citizens of the U.S. or enemy aliens, were to be located in evacuation camps. The people from Lawai and Kalaheo would be placed in the forest reserve three miles from the village. The people were assigned to construct roads, clear the camp site, build latrines, and install the water systems. Upon the completion of the camp, we enlisted in what was called the Kiawe Corps. Our main task was to remove all of the low kiawe (algeroba) branches and underbrush to clear the field of fire. It was at this time that I became involved with the U.S. military forces and faced an embarrassing experience.

My group received orders from the army to

do some special work which called for specific instructions from the military representative at the Kiawe Corps site. As group leader, I was made responsible to contact the military representative. I approached the first visible GI, a corporal, and asked him if he was the person to contact and he suggested that I had best contact the Sergeant. The next GI appeared middle-aged so I felt certain that he was the guy. In those days I was completely ignorant of the military forces. I didn't know that soldiers came in different stripes and insignias. This soldier's reply to my question was: "You are performing a splendid job. This is just what we need. Carry on, young man". I mumbled a "thank you" and walked away very puzzled, indeed. A short while later, a very excited Corporal pulled me aside to tell me that I had just talked to the Commanding General, Kauai Garrison Force. That story was heard and repeated by a number of people to the extent that with each successive story the tale became taller and taller.

The special task assigned to the Lawai group consisted of felling and logging huge eucalyptus trees that grew in the upper regions of a mountain in Kalaheo. We were

transported to timber areas by military four-wheel-drive trucks and assisted occasionally by tractors following heavy rains. The logs were used to build a shelter to be used as an emplacement for huge guns which were to be used for coastal defense. This order was considered urgent and so we were given a deadline to meet. Like a regular labor battalion, we were required to undergo rigid training to fell trees rapidly. The training program showed us how to use powerful saws and lumbermen axes. Sunday after Sunday, rain or shine, the home front soldiers reported for duty, worked as if our lives depended on it, and saw to it that the job was completed. We all put in a total of 1,730 man-days. This was the contribution from the Lawai group toward the war effort.

For quite awhile, during the initial stages, there was considerable speculation as to whether or not the Japanese population would be evacuated like those on the U.S. mainland. People everywhere talked of all the possible ways of encamping the huge Japanese population of Hawaii. Some ideas were well thought out while others were merely suggested in jest to emphasize the

impossibility of undertaking such a project. We were naturally relieved to hear that we would be permitted to remain in our homes. However, a few in the community who worked closely with the Japanese Consulate Office in Hawaii were sent away to the mainland and were evacuated in camps throughout the duration. We all had relatives and friends who were taken away with almost no explanation. One of the most tragic consequences of the war was to watch the families of those who were interned silently suffer because nobody knew. In order to establish order and sanity within our lives, the Kauai Morale Committee was formed by the citizen leaders in cooperation with the Intelligence Division of the U.S. Army. Community leaders such as Charles Ishii, Saburo Kawakami, Masaru Shinseki, and Masao Yamada led the wartime civilian organization with great distinction. After the organization was well established, I too, had the good fortune to be invited to serve on that committee. As a committee participant I attended a conference in Honolulu to coordinate various morale activities throughout the islands.

The army intelligence advisor to the Kauai Morale Committee was Major Joseph Fallon, who was later replaced by Colonel Charles Shelby. I met Major Fallon on a few occasions but knew very little of the man. He was, no doubt, well liked by the Japanese leaders for they were genuinely sorry to see him go. When Col. Shelby arrived on Kauai, we held several meetings so that he could become better acquainted with the leaders of the community. I attended one such meeting and having heard his speech, I wondered what the Kauai Morale Committee felt about this man. My first impression of this man was negative. His speech left me with the impression that he was prejudiced and that he generally distrusted the Japanese people. Because of my negative feelings towards this man, that night, I wrote an angry letter and mailed it to him the following day. That letter was written prior to my active association with the Committee. At that time, little did I realize that I was to come into frequent and close contact with this man whom I started not liking. I later met and got to know the real Charles Shelby. He was a gentleman with an astute mind who constantly sought for the

truth. He was also a worker who tended to work towards what he believed in with great diligence. In the end we became fast friends.

After the war, Charles Shelby returned to Kauai as a civilian. His reason for returning was to renew his acquaintance with old friends. On his return trip he brought his wife along. We had a dinner reunion in Lihue, and for the first time that evening I waltzed with a woman other than my wife. The woman was the charming and gracious Mrs. Shelby.

More than three decades have passed since the end of World War II. The glorious accomplishments and sacrifices made by our fighting men in the battlefields and the volunteer work by those of us in the home front are part of an almost forgotten past. But I refuse to forget the war, I dare not forget all that happened. Through the years I have asked myself many questions. In seeking for an answer I find myself raising additional questions for which I suspect that there are no satisfactory answers.

When war broke out, why did I burn or destroy books, pictures, and artifacts simply because they carried memories of the old

country?

Why did I have to go through physical pain and frequent humiliation to prove my loyalty to my country when my heart was crying out for greater understanding and trust?

Why was I timid and lacking in courage to protest vocally when the language schools or Shinto Shrines which represented symbols of American democracy and religious freedom were dissolved and dismantled by the local authorities?

Instead of looking for answers, I find some comfort in recalling an incident alleged to have taken place on a Honolulu trolley-bus during the latter part of the war.

> Two middle-aged women were discussing their wartime hardships and problems when one stated: "My family is very lucky. Two of my sons are working at Pearl Harbor and they make beeg money. I don't mind if the war lasts several more years." There was another woman in the front seat who overheard the conversation. She stood up, faced the speaker in undisguised anger, swung her handbag against the woman's

face, saying, "That one is for my son who is fighting for his country in Europe."

That, in a nutshell and in my humble way of thinking, is the real meaning of what a war is all about.

33. AN INTERLUDE IN JAMESTOWN, VIRGINIA

In November, 1949, I was asked by the company to attend an industrial relations seminar at Williamsburg, Virginia. Although the Kauai Pineapple Co. may have been considered as small, I always believed that the management of the company was composed of giants that constantly upheld a progressive attitude towards labor-management relations. I accepted the invitation with great pride and also with a feeling_that I was extremely fortunate to have the opportunity to continue learning. I was forty-four years old.

The seminar lasted for two weeks and was designed to offer a concentrated course of study in industrial labor relations with related workshops. The workshop leaders represented outstanding industrial relations experts and the majority of the participants came from large corporations throughout the United States. Just to have the opportunity to meet so many great minds was an inspiration for me. Aside from all the intangible gains I personally received, the seminar was an investment well spent. I was able to bring back one thing of certainty to the company. It was the knowledge that all industrial organizations have common problems, feelings, and aspirations regardless of size, management, organization and location. The difference that makes all the difference in terms of the quality of the organization or the working relationship of the internal organization stems from the leadership of the company's industrial relations management program. This awareness hit me hard when I realized that the success or failure of Kauai Pineapple Company reflected my ability to work as the industrial relations representative.

Aside from the serious studies and endless

exchanges of ideas and heavy discussions related to industrial relations, my trip to Williamsburg was especially significant because this is where I was able to gain a true insight about my country from a fellow American named James Babcock of Jamestown, Virginia.

It was my good fortune to be in Williamsburg, Virginia, in the fall of 1949 when the beauty of the countryside and the quaint restored colonial city made an unforgettable impression on me, a Nisei in the birthplace of American democracy.

Early one Saturday morning, with a camera slung over my shoulder, and pumping on a bicycle in a leisurely manner, I started out to explore the countryside, and headed for Jamestown. I marveled at the beauty of the autumn foliage, the rolling hills, the bright red farmhouses and the serene lakes nestled in narrow wooded valleys. I came suddenly upon the site of the first British settlement in America. I could hardly believe that I was standing on hallowed grounds, the very site that gave birth to a nation. According to my history textbooks, this is where the burning of the Bacon Rebellion took place nearly three

hundred years ago. I was filled with awe and a feeling of reverence as I walked through the few remaining ruins of the time. It was here that I came across a most unforgettable character.

He was seated on the edge of a ferry pier with a fishing pole in hand. A young lad of about ten, whom I learned later to be his grandson, sat next to him, also with a pole in hand. With tobacco in his mouth, the old man was chewing furiously for he had just missed a catch.

"I'm sorry if I scared your fish," I said apologetically with more of an intent to start a conversation. "Shucks, no", he answered. "Name's Babcock, James Babcock." He took my hand for a handshake. This was the way our pleasant acquaintance began.

I guess that he was in his early seventies but he appeared spry and sharp of mind. He also had a mischievous smile which brought out the little boyishness in him. He knew all about Williamsburg and its important people because for many years he was a watchman on the restoration project. Our conversation had gone on for about an hour and my curiosity

reached a breaking point. I had not introduced myself.

"Mr. Babcock, had it not occurred to you that you are talking to a total stranger who looks different from those you are accustomed to seeing all the time? I've been in Williamsburg for a full week and I have not yet met anyone of my racial descent. What race do you think I am?"

"If you ain't a Japanese, I'm a monkey's son," he chuckled. We both broke into great laughter.

I talked to him about the kinds of problems I had presumed I would be faced with in travelling around this part of the country. I told him about how I thought that I would have all kinds of trouble in knowing whether or not I was required to sit in the back portion of the bus or which door to enter when I needed to go to the restroom. Then I also told him that I did neither and that no one gave me a glance or questioned me. "And do you realize," I continued, "I went walking one afternoon with a white friend from Texas. As we walked, no one gave me a tumble but the Texan drew glances. Your Virginians were

staring at the Texan's boots."

"I'd have done the same," smiled Babcock. "I want to see them Texas boots too." I wasn't sure whether I was more embarrassed or annoyed at not receiving more attention than a pair of boots.

The people of Colonial Williamsburg were nice to me. I recounted to my friend sketches of pleasant remarks made to me by those I came in contact with. A hostess at George Wyeth House: "Now, I am not supposed to be photographed by visitors, but since you are from Hawaii, guess it's alright." Guards at the Magazine House: "So it's action you want to photograph, eh? How's this, bang! bang! bang!" Host of Chowning's Tavern: "I want to appear to you as a very much satisfied colonial gentleman lounging in the sun like this," he said, as he stretched out his legs on a wooden bench. Peruke Maker: "My ancestors didn't believe in taking baths. Consequently, they got bugs in their hair. Shaving of head, powdering and the wearing of wigs became a necessity. Heh! heh! heh!" My camera subjects all wore costumes of the colonial period.

"You Virginians are wonderful people," I

sighed.

"That's what you think, eh?" answered Babcock. "You ain't seen them yet, the F.F.Vs."

I looked at him in astonishment. The thought of the Ku-Klux-Klans flashed through my mind. "Who are they?" I asked.

"The First Families of Virginia, the snootiest bunch of people if I ever seen one."

"You don't mean it. You don't talk like a Virginian."

"Heck, no! I'm a damn Yankee from Illinois. Came as a kid, married a Virginian and never got outta the state, but I love it here." His eyes sparkled and danced.

"Mr. Babcock, going back to your F.F.Vs. In Hawaii we have people who are called haimakimaki which means "Big Shot". They are full of pride, yes, but they are important people and are the greatest of public servants. They must be like your F.F.Vs."

"I like that. Greatest of public servants. Tell you one thing. There wouldn't be no American history without them F.F.Vs," he said reflectively.

It was apparent that crappies weren't biting

much that day. The boy at the other end of the pier was having more luck than his Grandpa. As I watched him, a plume of smoke curled over his head. Could it be a cigarette. It sure was. I turned to my companion.

"Mr. Babcock, that grandson of yours is smoking. Surely you don't permit that?"

"Why shouldn't I. We in Virginia work and live with tobacco, it comes to us naturally.' Same as Frenchmen drinking wine from the time they were kids."

I was ashamed I mentioned the subject. In a desperate desire to inject humor to an otherwise humorless situation, I recounted an experience I had in a railway station while travelling in Japan. I envied the nonchalant attitude of cigarette smokers while waiting for the incoming train. Surely I could pretend. I purchased a package of Japanese cigarettes and commenced smoking. The result was disastrous and I ended up vomiting in the restroom.

"You should'a known better than to buy them Japanese weeds," Babcock laughed. My day was saved.

The tide was pulling out. The old man

deliberately placed his line on the lower side of a huge pile. That's where the fishes would be to protect themselves from the swift flowing tide. But the fish weren't biting.

I wanted to learn more of the people of Williamsburg. "Mr. Babcock, who do you consider to be the most important citizen of Williamsburg?"

"Why, Mr. Rockefeller, of course. John Rockefeller, Jr.," he stated without hesitation. I listened in awe as the old man went into the history of the colonial city's early restoration work beginning in 1927 and of the man who was chiefly responsible for the work. The restoration work is self-supporting now but the man who first financed the project continued his interest as evidenced by his periodic visit to the city.

Mr. and Mrs. Rockefeller, according to Babcock, loved the quiet city and its informal life. They would stroll the streets, visit the shops, and patronize the movies without being noticed by the citizenry, except by one person.

"Said Mr. Rockefeller to Mrs. Rockefeller," chuckled Babcock, "No one recognizes us here in Williamsburg but old watchman Babcock."

When I go back to Colonial Williamsburg, I'd like to be recognized by old watchman Babcock.

34. POIGNANT MOMENTS TOGETHER

Ayako and I have been married for, wellllll …. We celebrated our golden anniversary on April 30, 1981. To spend fifty years with one individual is a very long time. All through those many years, we have lived together as husband and wife, father and mother, grandfather and grandmother, and have come to know each other's faults well. In spite of the faults, however, our closeness has made us accept the total worth of each other.

If your wife could laugh with you over your successes and at the same time, if she could cry with you over your misfortunes, you can be sure that she cares for you. My wife,

Ayako, and I have shared with each other tears of happiness as well as tears of sadness.

Born an American but taken to Japan as a child by her widowed mother, Ayako was educated in the ideas, ideals, and cultural practices of the old country.

Ayako Murakawa was nineteen when she returned to Hawaii with limited knowledge of the English language. With a strong determination to learn the English language, she worked as a maid for a haole family.

"You must stay and have lunch with us and meet my niece, Ayako," said Minoru-san, my mother's cousin, when I was visiting him in Honolulu. His invitation made me recall of an incident which occurred when I was about ten: I scolded a three-year-old moppet for following me about but I would often carry her on my back as I would a little sister. This was sixteen years before, and now I was to meet her as a grown-up. For me the meeting was coincidental but it may have been planned by my hosts.

The woman who came to lunch had a flashing smile and I was dazzled by her loveliness. Although she spoke only in

Japanese, her outspokenness was so unlike the reserved Japanese ojōsan (young lady) I had imagined her to be. But it was the automobile ride which brought about the turning point of my life.

With Minoru-san driving and his wife Tsuru-san next to him in the front seat, Ayako and I sat in the back and we were enjoying a pleasant drive through Waikiki and Kahala. After a moment of silence Ayako startled me with a question. "Are you married to Lily-san?" I was stunned momentarily. That rumor had circulated in my home town. Even my own father had asked me about my plans for marriage, but how could Ayako have had gotten the rumor? I looked at Minoru-san. He seemed unperturbed. As a road construction supervisor for the Hawaiian Dredging and Construction Company, his work took him to Kauai frequently. That must be where he got the word, I surmised.

"No, no. I am not married. We are just good friends."

But the next question came like a stinging barb. "Do you love her?"

"She is a school teacher, and I think that

she is above my class." I hoped that she would change the subject. The two elders in the front appeared as though they were not aware of what was being said in the back. Again, it was Ayako who spoke.

"I would like to visit Kauai this time. Would you take me?" For better or for worse, I decided then and there to plunge into the greatest gamble of my life. "Yes," I answered, "provided, you must promise me now that you will marry me." She didn't answer me directly but she rested her head on my shoulder, I blissfully held her hands in mine.

So without any aid of a nakaodo (go-between) or an omiai (formal introduction), we became man and wife within a month.

With a limited knowledge of the English language, with determination, much patience, and understanding she was able to help with the education and training of her American children: Robert (Hideo), Daniel (Masaru), Miles (Takeshi), and David (Hiroshi).

They have brought us much joy but cry we did and many a times together. What parent doesn't cry when their child is sick in bed or laugh with joy when their child is well and

healthy. Who doesn't cry when the child returns from school crying his heart out because he couldn't make the team or laugh with joy when he does. Who wouldn't cry when you receive word that your child, now a grown man, had died while serving his country.

The fragileness of life and the frightening possibility of being parted from a loved one was never so closely brought to me as that day many years ago. My work with Kauai Pine took me on frequent business trips to Honolulu. Returning from one such trips, I came home to find my wife slumped on the floor just inside the front door. She was groaning in pain. She had collapsed while attempting to call a neighbor for help.

Within an hour, from the moment I found her, she was on the hospital table for acute appendicitis. After surgery, our doctor informed that I nearly lost a wife.

World War II, too, had an effect on her life. Immediately after the war, Ayako had received a letter from her mother in Japan through a GI friend who was stationed in that country about her immediate family members.

She learned that her brother, Captain Hiroshi Motegi of the Japanese Air Force was killed in action in the battle of the Solomons. His fiancée died after a lingering illness from being exposed to radiation after the bombing of Hiroshima City.

Notwithstanding the family tragedy, Ayako felt grateful on learning that Hiroshi had refused to participate in the December 7, 1941 attack on Pearl Harbor when he was asked to volunteer. Citing her brother's experience, Ayako tried in vain to convince her son, Miles, that he change to another branch of service. But the boy was an avid cadet from the moment he enrolled in the Air Force ROTC. Always the optimist, he shrugged it off with, "Every man is going to die sometime."

The sky seemed to have fallen on our heads when, after thirty-five years with one company, I found myself out of a job and could no longer be counted to be the support of the family. I laughed with high hopes and Ayako laughed with me. Together we resolved to stick it out, but it was she who made it stick. To hold body and soul together, we attempted to go into a business venture by selling a vibrator appliance and a brand of

vitamins. But business was not good and we were barely supporting ourselves. When the going got tough Ayako sought a job and was employed in a home for the elderly. The home was operated by a Filipino family on a private basis. Her job included bathing, feeding, toileting, and humoring semi-invalid men nearly twice her weight which she did without flinching. She completely ignored comments of innuendos such as, "it's degrading" or "is it that bad?"

To augment the family income, I left Ayako and our thirteen-year-old son on Kauai and secured a temporary position as a legislative clerk for State Representative Abel Medeiros in the spring of 1960. I was not to return for two months from Honolulu. I dreaded to think of a repeat in family history, but I recognized the similar pattern: husband away from home; no steady job; a son yet to go to high school; too old to be hired in a private industry, but a normal retirement age still ten years away. Could she have cried her heart out in moments of desperation? I will never forget having heard Mother cry after the children had gone to bed.

In this moment of desperation it was like

having our prayers answered when Mr. and Mrs. Harold Hughes of Honolulu offered us a position to become the family's domestic help. Undauntingly, Ayako left our son with relatives and flew to Honolulu for a personal interview with the Hughes family. It was love at first sight. We were asked to begin working in the summer which was three months hence. During the waiting period, however, fate had intervened when I accepted a permanent position with a large hotel chain. About a year after that, I was appointed to a government position.

To this day, Ayako and I still talk about what our fate might have been if we had become domestic helpers. Then, too, we were never to forget the kind family which was ready to accept us with outstretched arms during our darkest time when we had nowhere to turn.

35. A FATHER AND HIS SONS

To a father of four sons, three still living and one who had lost his life in the service of his country, life is full of vivid memories; memories of incidents especially related to their growing years.

As the boys grew up, I can recall many happy memories. But there is none that can surpass the feeling of gladness I have experienced as I proudly witnessed each of my four boys graduate from kindergarten in his white cap and gown; graduate from grammar school in his dress shirt and tie; graduate from high school in his formal black and white suit; graduate from college in his black cap and

gown. Each graduation, whether it be from kindergarten or college, first son or last, gave me a feeling of growth and continuity.

There were a few moments of sadness, some moments of disappointment, and constantly, no matter what the circumstances, an underlying feeling of anxiety and worry. There were times they had to be disciplined and punished. I recall having to punish the boys by denying them what they rightfully felt they deserved. Being a father, to me, meant knowing how to judge for the young a healthy balance in life. And like all other fathers, I discovered that with each child there is never a set formula since each child is a person unique and different from another even within the same family.

Some fathers have had a college education. I had none, but we share one thing in common. We all hope for the very best for our children and aspire to make it possible for them to do better than we had done for ourselves.

My goal for my children was easier to attain than my own father's for his ten children. It was easier for me to send my boys

to school because higher education was more available and could be gotten more conveniently with better educational facilities for both students and teachers.

With a college degree already behind him, Robert, my oldest son, acquired a master's degree in business administration while working and raising five of his own. The fact that he was over forty did not deter him. The door to education is always open.

The second son, Daniel, also in his forties, is continually taking advanced courses in computer technology. Apparently, he needs to keep up with the latest to be competitive in the business world. He does it while raising and educating his three children. He, too, finds that he is never too old to go to school.

The youngest, David, with a college degree, still feels that he is not at the end of his education. He does not feel pressured because rather than being a means to an end, for David, going to school is an experience in living.

Robert chose to go to a private dormitory high school only because his aunt Iris, my·youngest sister had attended one to be

with a classmate. The rest of the boys just followed the footsteps of their older brother. It was like sheep following sheep with no thought of concern for cost. I thought no differently when I was their age.

There nearly was a break in the sheep follow sheep tradition in the family. That was when David, the youngest, was about to graduate from grade school. The family income did not allow his going to a private high school, much less one located on another island. He was still at an impressionable age then so there was no difficulty in convincing him to attend the local public high school. What I had not anticipated was the fact that even an immature mind would soon know when he is being treated differently. A month prior to the opening of the school year, David insisted on being sent to the same school his older brothers had attended. It was at that time when I received an appointment to a government position in Honolulu. It was truly like having a prayer being answered. As the old Japanese saying goes, I saved face in the nick of time.

In order that his children can have a proper education, a father makes sacrifices.

But, as a parent, that sacrifice is necessary because he has a responsibility to his children. In our world today, I believe that our well educated young people are more responsible citizens and they seem to have a better understanding of the needs of others. At the same time I believe that all the college degrees and monetary rewards resulting from the pursuit of higher education are of little value without the awareness of ethics and morality, the basis of all human values. After watching my boys making a life of their own lives with their own families, I truly feel that my sacrifices have not been in vain.

Through the years I have learned many things from my boys. Young people seem to know so much more about the importance of being human beings. In his youth, Daniel had been a constant worry to both his mother and myself because of his close relationship with the neighborhood boys with questionable records from the time they were very young. These kids had police records which did not seem to disturb them at all. Instead of a true concern for the welfare of my son, I was secretly harboring a hurt pride seeing my son going around with boys of that kind of

upbringing.

When reprimanded for his association with suspected hoodlums, Daniel lashed out at me with: "It is narrow minded fathers like you who cause delinquents. Just because my friends were in trouble once, you make them all-time criminals.'"

The message came loud and clear. I humbly asked my son for his forgiveness. Later, Ayako and I asked Daniel to bring his friends to the house for dinner one weekend. They had the house all to themselves while my wife and I nursed our wounded pride at the movies. Many years later when Daniel's friends became working adults, we were able to look at them straight in their faces and be proud to be acknowledged as Daniel's parents.

Because our nation was conceived under Christian principles, I have prevailed upon my sons to go to a Christian Sunday school during their childhood years just as I had been trained to do. They were given freedom of choice on matters pertaining to attending religious services upon commencing on to high school. As a father, it is my sincerest feeling that it is faith rather than membership

that brings out the greatness in people.

The third son, Miles, lost his life in the Vietnam War. He was a well disciplined career soldier who knew what his future held for him. In my moments of sadness and loneliness, I penned the following lines:

> Most fathers would boast of the times they spent playing with their sons; how to play baseball, how to shoot, to swim, and a myriad of other little things that fill a boy's heart with joy. I couldn't make that boast because I didn't know much about playing. But I do know that you had fun and knew a lot about finding happiness in living because you took the time to show me how to play.
>
> You taught me the art of skin diving and to marvel at the wonders of sea life as only a diver can see. You took pains to show me how to adjust the oversized fins on my small feet, and how to adjust the goggles and a snorkel on my face. When you sensed that I was getting panicky and swimming against the strong tide, you called, "Don't swim against the tide, Dad, swim with it." That lesson saved my life years later under a similar situation.

Remember the time you pulled in a three-pound bass and I nearly lost it? Your line got caught in the shallow reeds and you ordered me to untangle it and to bring the fish in. I must have stepped on the fish's tail. There was great commotion in the water and in my excitement I plunged in. You could have been thinking more of the fish than about me when you yelled, "Dad, get out of the water". When the water cleared, you walked in softly, loosened the line and retrieved the fish. We both had a hearty laugh.

When you played you always appeared cocky, confident and so sure of yourself but never arrogant. Remember the time you took me to target practice at the police target range. "Rest the bull's eye on the sighting bar, then squeeze the trigger slowly but firmly," were your instructions. You didn't know that was old stuff for me. I was a member of the provisional police and was deputized during the war years. I outshot you that day and you shrugged it off with, "It's just not my day today, Dad." You never guessed my secret but how could I forget the time you came home one afternoon from the McBryde reservoir with a cock o' the walk

swagger and an enigmatic smile on your face. Your pistol was in your right hand and a two-pound carp in your left as proof of your shooting skill.

Those infrequent luncheon dates whenever I was in Honolulu during your college days were as much a pleasure to me as they may have been for you. To me, some of the things I had to go through just to be with you were a kind of ordeal because I had to put up and listen to your lectures on psychology which I had very little need for. I think that my happiest moments were the movies we enjoyed together. I must admit, however, that some of your clownish antics during the Japanese movies made me wish to hide my face. You, on the other hand, completely oblivious of the people around you, enjoyed yourself thoroughly. Everything you did was done thoroughly.

Thanks, Miles, for the fun you gave me many times. Above all, thanks for letting me be your dad.

36. HUMAN DRAMA IN A HOTEL

When I left the Company, I left the only world I knew. For awhile, I poked my way around gingerly. I realized that I couldn't keep my head buried in the sand for the rest of my life. There is no place for pride when the stomach is empty.

In 1960, I hired on as a night auditor for a resort hotel in Kauai. In my previous Company world, a hotel meant a place a traveller who was from out of town went to sleep after doing whatever he was there to do during the day. Therefore, my new job was not only a job, but an introduction to a new language and to a society I was not familiar with.

To me "graveyard shift" had always meant working under unnatural conditions. I thought that by working at night, while the rest of the people went to bed, I would be surrounded in dark quietness and that I would be filled with loneliness.

As a night auditor, I worked the graveyard shift without the benefit of earning any kind of premium pay which I knew most labor agreements provided for. In fact, the hourly wage was a mere $1.40, a precipitous step-down from a monthly salary of $600.00 only a year before. Such a step-down can only be taken by swallowing considerable pride.

A year went by and still, there was no sign of any kind or upward advancement in my wage. The other night auditor, a man who had had more experience than myself, was brought in from Honolulu earning a salary of $300.00. We worked in alternate shifts, each assuming complete responsibility for that shift. It was purely a case of disregarding the principle of "equal pay for equal work". When I made demands for an adjustment, I was told that there were others who would be more than willing to work for less. I was fifty-five years old at the time.

Two months later, I was to receive a confirmation of my appointment to a government position in Honolulu. From then, my luck took a sharp turn for the better, but all this, I was completely unaware of while I worked at the hotel. Although I was happy to be employed, I often found my working conditions not to be to my favor. The work experience and the people I met were both educational and memorable.

For me, that one year of night work in a hotel, was an education in human psychology. Nowhere else would I have been able to witness such a gamut of human behavior; poignant drama, hate, passion, deceit -- you name it, it was there. One old-timer, a veteran of more than thirty-years with the same hotel, likened the hotel to a "legalized house of prostitution". I would be less critical. The fact that it serves as a "home away from home" puts it in a more favorable position as a place of love tryst.

* * * * *

I rang the bridal suite at midnight and, as expected, the assistant manager answered. "Your wife called for you twice. What shall I

tell her the next time?" I asked him. He had previously coached me on what to say the first two times she called. "Damit. Tell her anything. Wait. I'll be home in half an hour." He spent two whole hours with a female hotel guest in the luxury room and it didn't take much imagination to guess what went on. I also imagined what it was like for the wife who had to spend much of her time waiting for her man to come home.

It was past midnight. Even the hotel bar had closed down and not a single soul was around, except for the night watchman who walked through the lobby and the surrounding premises. The quietness of the night seemed to amplify the ticking of the office clock and it was then when I became aware of the heavy breathing sound coming from the front desk.

Seeing me, the man exploded with fury. "Where in hell are you hiding my wife. She's here alright. Her car's outside." His eyes were bloodshot, and he had obviously been drinking. He continued to accuse me of putting up his wife with another man and unless I gave him the room number he was going to beat me up. When I looked toward him I felt as though he was capable of doing

exactly what he threatened to do. I was scared.

He was short for a "haole", in size, but very muscular in built, a James Cagney type. Maybe he was bluffing but it was no time to show him that I was scared. Cautiously, moving closer to the office counter, and with a pretending sneer, I countered, "So you want to beat me up eh?" Without another word, the man walked away. I breathed a quiet sigh of relief.

The following morning a woman came to the office for help. The time must have been about five o'clock, her hair was disheveled and her dress appeared to have been draped over her body in a rush. According to the woman, all four tires of her car had been flattened during the night. As I watched her pace the floor, waiting for her help to arrive to repair her flattened tires, I wondered whether the husband went home to wait for her after he got tired of looking for her at the hotel.

* * * * *

The accounts had been balanced and my work was finished for the night. It was not yet two o'clock according to my watch. I leisurely

cleared the accounting machine which stood next to the front counter. Looking up I noticed that it was total darkness beyond the counter since the watchman had switched off all of the lights in the lobby.

While clearing away the machine, I thought I saw a movement in the back of the potted plants about ten feet away. When I looked again, a shadow moved closer towards me but not into the light to tell me who it was. About five feet back of the shadow stood another outline of a person. "Who are you and what do you want?" I asked somewhat nervously.

In the next few minutes I was to hear the most amazing self confession in all my life. The two people were newlyweds who had arrived from the neighboring island that day. They were honeymooning guests of the hotel. In the faint light, I could tell that he was oriental and that he was terribly disturbed about something.

"Could I trust you with a personal problem?" he asked very softly. I assured him that I was married and a grandfather of ten. His new wife stepped up closer to her husband

and grasped his hands. There was no doubt that they were very much in love with one another.

"It's my first experience, you know what I mean. There could be something wrong with me and I am afraid of hurting my wife. Do you think that you could get us a doctor? We would like to talk to him." I felt that they needed a marriage counselor but because I knew none on the island I called for a doctor. As we waited, I tried to comfort them by saying that the doctor of medicine might be the best person to help them. Within the hour, a few minutes before three a.m., a physician who looked like a very understanding gentleman was in a hotel room counselling a newly married couple about the birds and the bees.

A grateful bridegroom called me at daybreak to say that he and his wife were leaving for home that day and that they will carry with them unforgettable memories.

37. I BECOME A PUBLIC SERVANT

After working thirty-five years for a private industrial firm, and after having another job under partial employment for three years, I found myself to be in a segment of that enormous machine called "the government". From a rather insecure position I was now married to a job which I used to jokingly tell my friends, "only death or retirement could bring us apart".

I became a public servant at the age fifty-six. I was once more to start a new career after having left a previous one which permitted me to hold a proverbial "silver spoon in my mouth". As a Labor Law Investigator, I have

won respect, prestige, and admiration from some, while others viewed me with suspicion, distrust, and contempt because I was in close relationship with both labor and management at all times. Years later, in announcing my appointment as a Fair Employment Practices Specialist, a local newspaper reported, "In addition to serving as 'watchdog' over equal opportunity in employment, Tanimoto will investigate charges of discrimination. He has the power to resolve the charges through hearings". Even without half trying, the media can tend to create a bully out of a public servant.

My work was interesting and I enjoyed my job. The job took me out into the field where I was to learn of the existence of a variety of jobs. I think it was the meeting and becoming involved with all types of people with their many types of problems in a variety of jobs that made my job a fascinating one. Each person with his problem was a pageant of human drama, whether comical, pathetic, tragic, or heart rending. As a Labor Law Investigator it was my duty to listen to these myriads of people tell their tales of woe.

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Winifred had been her boss's lover for many years. She was not only kept as a second wife but also enjoyed the unique position in his establishment as the head waitress and confidente. Then, a new janitress, young and pretty, caught the boss's roving eyes. From that day on the old girl lost his favor. To be replaced by a younger woman was one thing but to lose her status to a janitress, never. Even a mistress has her pride. She not only suffered the indignities of her lover but she also faced the threat of being cut off from her allowance.

Therefore, at this point, nothing was going to stop the woman from exposing the illegal employment practices of her lover. She had known of his indiscriminate ways all along and now they were to her advantage. Moreover, she too was an employee and had legal claims for overtime pay provided that she could get her hands on hidden evidence.

The fury of a woman scorned knows no bounds. Within twelve months from the day I first heard her story, Winifred took possession of the secret records and placed them in a safe deposit with the intelligence division of the Internal Revenue Service. This episode cost

her former lover thousands of dollars in back pay both under state and federal laws. The incident would be a lesson he may never forget for the rest of his life.

* * * * * *

"Damn you," Sumi yelled at me. "If you don't wantto help me why don't you say so." The woman snapped a tablet out of my hand then started tearing it and scattered the pieces on the floor. The woman rushed toward the office of the Director of the Department of Labor. My mind did a double-take as I began thinking of a logical answer if the director should make his appearance. That did not happen.

I started to put the torn pieces together as they were the only evidence I had for her to be able to claim that she had worked overtime and was not compensated for it. The woman had a reasonable complaint but she expected an immediate cash restitution to take place. She could not wait for the formal investigation to be completed. "She's nuts, she's crazy," said my colleagues to comfort me.

Sumi had an uncanny habit of coming to the right place at the wrong time. While I was

negotiating with the employer for a settlement, she made a sudden appearance out of nowhere. She immediately commenced upbraiding her former boss. The man cowered and lost no time in agreeing to a settlement which left me dumbfounded and breathless.

I invited Sumi to have coffee with me and afterwards offered to drive her back to her apartment. It was then that she poured out to me the story of her anguished heart. In the past she had befriended a disabled ex-GI and kept him as a common-law husband for several years. He suddenly walked out on her without an explanation. This was too much for her. She spent a period of time in the State Hospital as a mental patient. Sumi assured me that she was perfectly sane and apologized for her shameful behavior in the office. Many times when I get to feeling dejected, I think about Sumi and her brave attempt to face life squarely in spite of her sad and unfortunate past.

* * * * * *

Mr. Chang came to me in a most round about way. He was passed on to me by the other inspectors because they all claimed that

they could not understand him when he spoke. They also believed that the old man was under the illusion that someone owed him a large sum of money.

The man appeared to be in his seventies. He spoke with a very distinct Chinese accent. He also had a limited knowledge of English which made the whole situation more difficult for all parties. After talking for a considerable time I began to realize that the man was rational and that he may have a reasonable complaint.

After several disconnected sessions with Chang, I was able to decipher a little of what he was desperately trying to explain. He had served as a domestic help in a private home for many years. He had been promised a wage of a hundred dollars a month in cash in addition to room and board. Aside from doing his usual household duties, he was frequently asked to perform janitorial work in his boss's office. There were times when things didn't go well with the boss's business and his monthly wages became irregular. At times, many months went by before Chang received any cash. He kept a crude record of what he felt was due him. His question was, "Could the

Department of Labor help him recover the unpaid wages?"

The State's wage and hour law specifically excluded "Domestic Help". There was nothing that I or the other inspectors could do for him. To try to explain that to Chang would seem ridiculous, and I didn't have the heart to even mention it to him. I also gathered from his statements that he had an insurance policy which would lapse if the annual premium was not paid, and that his only income was from Social Security which was barely enough as living expenses. I could only ask Chang for the name and address of his former employer, and to suggest that he return after a week.

Under such circumstances the most logical and, perhaps, the only step to take was to inform Chang of the law's limitations. I was sure that that would be the course that the division's administrator would advise, were I to consult him.

My routine duties could not be neglected, but at the same time I could not totally put aside thoughts of the old Chinese man who I believed was being taken. I started to formulate steps to prepare myself to accept

full responsibility should it backfire.

It was no surprise to me when I discovered that the "boss" was a highly respected citizen in the community; a self-employed businessman with good reputation. When informed of his former employee's claim for unpaid wages, the man readily admitted to the charges stating that he had run into business reverses but had no intention of forfeiting his obligations.

Chang was in desperate need for help, I told the man, and if help was not forthcoming soon, the Labor Department had no alternative but to file a formal charge. There was a way out, I lied to him. I explained to him that if he satisfied the claim on a personal basis, and if an amicable agreement could be arranged privately, the Labor Department would not become involved. He asked for a week to think things over.

Chang arrived on the appointed hour at the end of a week. It was almost impossible for me to explain to him why it was best to wait a few more days. He was told to return in four days. The much awaited telephone call came that afternoon. The proposed solution could

have come only from an honest man, a man who valued his reputation, and from one who had much respect for his hired hand. He explained that his house was in need of repairs. The house was mortgaged for a loan to pay for such repairs, and for an additional amount sufficient to compensate his former employee. He said that in another week he would know if his loan application would be accepted.

In my mind there was no doubt that the man spoke with sincerity. But I was a Labor Law Investigator who had been trained to probe and to continue probing until his client's interest was met satisfactorily. I called the loan company to verify that such a loan application had been made and if so, would it be accepted. The answer I got made me feel ashamed for my lack of confidence in the man. It made me think of a statement made by George Bernard Shaw, the playwright: "When a stupid man is doing something he is ashamed of, he always declares that it is his duty".

About three weeks later, Chang walked into my office one bright morning. Everything about him seemed cheery. He had on a freshly

laundered set of clothing and he wore a cheery smile. Without speaking a word, he handed me a large envelope. It had already been opened and I withdrew two pieces of paper. One was a statement of his payment and the other was a check for $1,800.00. Without saying a word, I handed back the envelope with its contents and extended my hands for a handshake.

Chang gripped my hand very tightly with both of his hands and when he let go there was a small folded envelope in my palm. I knew immediately that the gesture was an oriental custom and that he was trying to convey his feeling of thankfulness by offering me with a gift of money. I was a public servant, and such a practice was frowned upon and discouraged.

I stammered a "no" and forced the envelope back to him. Momentarily there was an embarrassing tableau of give and take, much to the amusement of those in the office. Finally Chang shoved the folded paper in my shirt pocket and rushed out of the office. After collecting my thoughts, I rushed out hoping to catch up with Chang at the elevator. There were several people standing around the

entranceway to the elevator and Chang was one among them. Having no desire for a repetition of the office scene, I had grabbed hold of my pencil and a piece of paper and hurriedly wrote, "Mr. Chang, the office wants your address and telephone number." The elevator door opened. Chang raised a hand as though to wave me away as he entered into the elevator. I was never to see him again.

Hours later, having made sure that no one was watching me, I pulled out the little envelope from my pocket. Unfolding it, I found the following words written in pencil: "My friend mister Tonemoto." Inside the envelope were three brand new ten dollar bills. I felt a hard lump in my throat and a surge of overwhelming emotion that shook my whole body. This emotion I recognized to be a warm feeling of satisfaction for having helped my fellow man in need.

* * * * * *

A haole woman came in one day and asked for me by name. She appeared middle aged, rather small in stature, with startling large bulging eyes that appeared to be in constant motion. After awhile, her eyes seemed to have

cast a spell on me. She had come in the office a number of times previously and the office clerk indicated this as she looked at me shaking her head knowingly. For the purpose of telling this story, I will call her Mrs. Mueller, a good German name since she appeared to be of German descent to me. Having been at the office before she had been told that there was nothing more that could be done for her. When she heard that there was a new man in charge, she returned with hopes that I might be more understanding and could think of a way which might help her.

After reviewing Mrs. Mueller's case as it was presented previously, I made her repeat her story to me. She had been laid off from a position with a prestigious research institution. She could understand why she had been laid off. What she failed to comprehend was the fact that she had been denied her accumulated vacation leave which had been promised her by her previous director. Without her vacation leave money she explained that she would not be able to visit her son who was in the military and stationed in Germany.

State and federal labor laws do not require

the payment of cash for vacation. If the employer had a vacation policy, either written or practiced, it then became mandatory. Mrs. Mueller had worked under a policy which required all of the workers to take an earned vacation yearly and if the yearly vacation was not taken within the year, it was forfeited.

Her former director, who had been transferred to an institution of higher learning, was no doubt a man more sympathetic to the needs and desires of the people who worked with him and administered the policies with greater flexibility. According to her, he had allowed Mrs. Mueller to accumulate a two-week period to enable her to visit her son in Germany. The new director chose not to recognize the verbal understanding made between Mrs. Mueller and the previous director.

The wage claims supervisor was on leave and during his absence, I was holding his seat as acting supervisor. When the case was presented to the supervisor, the woman's claim was denied and the case was considered to be closed. After listening to her side of the story, I recognized, too, the futility of appealing to the new director of the institution. I also knew

that if I tried to reopen the case, I would be openly acting against my supervisor since there had been no new evidence of violation introduced since his absence.

Mrs. Mueller was not an irrational person but she was understandably upset over the unreasonableness of the new director and I agreed with her. I sent her home at this point with the assurance that I would explore other possible avenues in solving her problem. I had to think further on the case but I couldn't do a thing with her presence in the room.

I spent many sleepless nights brooding over what appeared to be a pure case of unfair treatment towards an employee who had given the organization many years of loyal service. In other words the refusal to give her her earned vacation appeared to be an act of vindictiveness on the part of the new director. That thought irritated me but I was not about to jeopardize Mrs. Mueller's chances of getting a fair hearing before someone who was higher in rank than the director.

I was not a very effective letter writer. Therefore, with great care in my selection of words, sentence construction, use of subtle

coersion, while appealing for their sense of fair play, I drafted a letter to the members of the Board of Trustees of the institution. I explained my intent in confidence with Kimi my secretary. She gave me her wholehearted support. The letter was to be mailed clandestinely. At the same time Kimi was instructed to send the copy of the letter to the superior's office only after the original copy had been mailed.

Soon thereafter, as anticipated, the secretary received orders from the top office to withhold the mailing of the original letter. When informed that the letter had gone through inadvertently, the superior, for reasons I was never to learn, did not warn or reprimand me.

About three weeks after the mailing of the letter, the secretary excitedly reported to me that Mrs. Mueller was on the telephone and wished to speak to me. The secretary asked to be permitted to listen in on the conversation through the extension. A short while later, I picked up the phone.

"Mr. Tanimoto, I want you to be the first to know. I have just received a check for

$300.00 for my vacation." Then, she continued on and on talking about what I am not sure. The rest of the conversation was unimportant to me. No one in the labor department other than the secretary and myself knew the outcome of Mrs. Mueller's claim.

38. LEARNING TO RETIRE

The last day of my employment was Thursday, December 31, 1970. I was 65 years old. On January 1, 1971 and forevermore I was to go into retirement. Retirement is a frightening word for most of us. I am sure that the word is not welcomed even to a person who does not enjoy working. It is one thing to merely be idle but quite another thing to be retired. It is very difficult to accept the idea of going into retirement. Today, I know that retirement is a state of mind and has very little to do with the fact that one is not employed. Therefore, I personally believe that a person cannot pre-plan even for his own retirement.

I decided to retire at 65 rather than work up to my maximum age of 70. I welcomed the

idea of going into retirement because I believed that I owed it to myself and to my family to retire when I was still physically well and mentally alert so that I could enjoy and appreciate my retirement years.

Previously, both my wife and I had taken dancing lessons, painting lessons, and calligraphy lessons to better prepare ourselves for our retirement. Then, just before my retirement date, I busily set up a schedule of varying activities just like the YMCA. The schedule was set up to make very sure that I did not permit myself to go into seclusion or to deteriorate physically. My scheduled activities included things such as jogging and swimming at Ala Moana early in the mornings and to work around the house and yard in the late afternoons. All of these activities keep me occupied and entertained for a few weeks, especially because I reminded myself, my wife, and anyone willing to listen about how wonderfully well my retirement was going. But gradually, I realized that busy activities alone cannot go on if there is no meaningfulness in what is being done. Man needs activity but there must be a reciprocal appreciation for the fruits of his labor.

Therefore, by a trial and error method, I slowly learned to go into retirement by getting involved with the Salvation Army and the Honolulu Committee on Aging. My involvement with the organizations were periodically dispersed with taking trips when the occasions arose.

On January 4, 1971, I met Betty Johnstone at the Salvation Army Thrift Store at Iwilei. She was selling day-old bread at a reduced price. I told her that I wanted to do volunteer work for the Salvation Army.

Ever since I was a child I had had a soft spot for the Salvation Army and as I grew up I became more aware of the many worthy causes the organization has undertaken. Also, Ayako and I were married by the Salvation Army. Previously, I had met many Salvation Army wives. They usually appeared to be the matronly type, solid and unexciting. But Betty Johnstone was not the case. When I first met her, she had a married daughter and she herself was very attractive looking with an engaging personality. I was to meet Mrs. Johnstone two years later under a totally different circumstance. She was divorced from her husband and was serving as the director of

Hale Ho'Olai Day Care Center for senior citizens.

At our first meeting, Betty made me get in touch with her husband immediately. He was Captain Arthur Johnstone. This was the beginning of my eighteen-month association with the Salvation Army Men's Social Service Center. When I first came to the center, it was a home for nearly a hundred men who were either alcoholics or people with some form of behavioral problems. While living at the center, the men received room and board. Also at the center, they received guidance and counselling services. Most important to the men, here at the center, they were given remunerative work.

The center received dilapidated furniture, old clothing, and scores of other cast-off items which were donated by the public. These items were carefully renovated and resold at the numerous thrift shops throughout the island. The prices of the items sold were set low enough so that people in the low income bracket could meet their needs. The proceeds were used toward the rehabilitation of clients at the center.

I was assigned to the upholstery department. Here, old and worn out furniture was refurbished with new fabric and all woodwork was repaired and finished to appear like new. In the beginning, I felt like the old dog that could not be taught new tricks. The power machine ran races on my fabric and I couldn't control the machine. It was either too fast or too slow; too tight or too loose. Several weeks went by and I continued to work patiently and attentively. Finally, I began to upholster chairs and sofas quite successfully and I was to experience the most thrilling sensation of true accomplishment. At my age, I became a skilled upholsterer, which I considered to be an invaluable reward for my voluntary services.

But my biggest reward was the fringe benefit which I received at noon time. I enjoyed the noon-day meal which I shared with all of the clients at the center. This, to me, was a rare opportunity because I was able to be in close contact with all of the men. Initially, when the men arrive to the center, they come as members of the neglected or as the unwanted citizenry of our community. With time, right before your very eyes they

grow and they become members of our society. There is no greater feeling than to be a part of a service organization which helps to salvage and refurbish the worn and broken lives of our fellow men.

In the summer of 1972 I began my association with the Honolulu Committee on Aging, an agency of the City and County of Honolulu. The major function of the organization is to provide information and to offer referral services to the elderly. The kinds of referral services they receive include benefits from supplemental security income, food stamps, low income housing, recreational needs, medicaid, and general welfare.

In this State, which we proudly call the Paradise of the Pacific, where the population is diverse and frequently referred to as the Melting Pot of the Pacific, we ignore the fact that our problems with the aged are multi-cultural and multi-racial in nature. Related to the multi-cultural aspect of the aged, we have within our community a large number of non-vocal elders who suffer in silence and are existing under miserable conditions. As a volunteer worker, I met and became involved with my fellow senior citizens under every

possible living condition.

Mrs. Koto M., 73 years of age had a monthly income of $75.00 from a veteran's insurance. Her modest living quarters cost a monthly rental fee of $85.00. Out of necessity, she did some laundering and ironing to supplement her income. On top of that, she had to dig into her modest savings quite regularly to balance her budget. Only after her savings dropped drastically was she eligible to apply for supplemental security income and for food stamps.

Mr. and Mrs. Bunkichi F., both in their eighties, live in an isolated community. He is partially paralyzed and needs the wife to tend to his needs constantly. Their eldest son can only make occasional visits to help with the household shopping and other necessary heavy chores around the house. Their combined income was $145.00 a month. Until they were visited by a Committee on Aging district aide, they had not heard of supplemental security income or of food stamps.

Mr. and Mrs. Anthony E., both nearly in their ninties are more fortunate income-wise

than many because they own their own home. But because they both suffer from various ailments related to old age, they find it necessary to hire help to do much of their household chores. Also, because of their bad physical health, their mounting medical bills have threatened to wipe them out of their savings. They do not qualify for any government assistance and must depend on aide from their own children or close friends.

Mrs. T. at age 84 is a spry little woman who attends her senior citizenship club functions regularly. She still looks after two of her handicapped children who are in their fifties. When kidded about her spryness, she replies in good humor, "I have to outlive my children so there would always be someone to look after them." There are times I am tempted to raise up both my hands in complete desperation and cry out, "Why don't we all give up?" Then there are the Mrs. T's in the program that make me feel ashamed of myself. Assisting spunky senior citizens like Mrs. T. makes the program for the elderly worth fighting for.

As district aide in the information and referral service in which I am still a part of, I

have come to the conclusion that there is going to be a greater need to continue and expand the services of the program. However, it is sad to see mixed up in this worthy humanitarian project a bureaucracy which seems to be more interested in perpetuating the funded program for its own self interest. They deal with cold figures, numbers, and cash. I must look into tired, teary, and scared eyes.

There is also the frightening thought that as we become a society of the elderly with a disproportionately large percentage of nonproductive citizens, our nation's economy may become jeopardized. To cope with this trend, there is going to be a need for fresh, bold, and innovative ideas that will continue to assist the elderly yet at the same time there will be ways to help preserve the nation's economic health.

My father worked as long as his health permitted him to. At an early age he went into retirement. He donated his time doing the Lord's work. His number one son was there to make sure that his table was bountiful at all times. I, in my retirement, will be able to live my life comfortable to the very end because

the government will take care of me. What will be the situation for the aged of our future generation?

39. TRAVELLING IN RETIREMENT

Ever since I was a child, when I took my first trip to Honolulu from Koloa Landing, I have always enjoyed travelling. I have always enjoyed viewing different scenic spots. I have always been thrilled to have the opportunity to be standing on sites of historical significance. I have always been enraptured to share the artwork of great painters, sculptors, architects and builders. But above all, I have always been fascinated by the people of the world. It was possible to understand how and why they live the way they do, what brings

them happiness and sadness and to share their taste for food and customs.

I have had the opportunity to travel quite a bit. Travelling, however, in my retirement years was the most pleasurable. I'm sure that there are reasons as to why that is so. Mostly, I believe that it has something to do with the fact that travelling in retirement can be done as travelling should be done; in leisure without a timetable and without the responsibility of office, job, and family. Then, of course, with age, one is capable of viewing things more wisely having had a vaster array of experiences for comparison.

Whether one travels as a youth or a senior citizen, or whether one travels near or far, one of the most amazing things I discovered about travelling is the fact that wherever I go, there is always a little touch of home.

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The glory of Renaissance Florence came to life in one day when my wife and I completed a tour of Loggia Del Lanzi and the Ponte Vecchio over the River Arno. We celebrated that happy occasion with a glass of wine for me and a cup of Italian coffee for her.

"Un bigueri vino de oporto," I ordered in a coffee and wine shop. A glass of Port wine was placed before me on the counter and I enjoyed a sip. An elderly man and a woman, both dressed unmistakenly as tourists stepped up to me. "You Japanese?" he asked. I told him that I was an American of Japanese ancestry. He commended me on my Italian. I laughingly admitted that that was the only Italian phrase I had memorized and expected to use while in Italy. On learning that we were from Hawaii, he excitedly wished us Aloha and added that he included among his Hawaii acquaintances, former Chief Justice Wilfred Tsukiyama and present Chief Justice William Richardson.

Enjoying sips of wine and cups of coffee, we exchanged travel experiences with Mr. and Mrs. Frank Biegelmeyer. As they bade us sayonara, he handed me his card which identified him as Justice of the Supreme Court, State of North Carolina.

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For our first visit to Carlsbad Cavern, we took a bus from Albuquerque. It was to be a long drive so we prepared for an overnight stay at Carlsbad town. Passengers included

three other orientals, a man and two women who were total strangers to us. The two women were apparently sisters. They took the seats several rows ahead of us but on the opposite side of the bus. The ride commenced at 8:00 a.m. By 9:00 a.m., I was positively sure that the older woman kept looking back at me seemingly trying to remember where she had seen me last, but I pretended not to notice.

The bus came to a stop at a roadside restaurant shortly after 11:00 a.m. At this time, we were permitted a three-quarter hour lunch break. My wife proceeded to the sandwich counter and I headed for the refreshment stand. When it was my turn to order, I called out loudly, "Two large cokes, please."

Moments later, the woman I didn't know walked up to our table and smilingly said, "I remember you now by your voice. You are Mr. Tanimoto. I'm Kinu Tanaka. My family lived close to yours in Koloa." I recalled with her of my grade school days with her older sister and a brother. That was a half a century ago. Kinu remembered me as a Sunday school teacher. I couldn't remember having known her but the rest of the trip turned out to be a most

enjoyable one.

* * * * *

"My name is Oka, John Oka. I'm to be your guide for the next twenty-one days. I hope that you will have a pleasant time in Japan." He spoke in flawless English. The enunciation of each word and the tonal quality of voice indicated that he was a kotonk (a nickname for a mainland-born Japanese as called by the Hawaii niseis).

That was in the fall of 1973 when Ayako and I toured the country of our parents' birth for a second time. The tour group was composed entirely of Hawaii people and their spoken language was mainly in Pidgin.

As the tour progressed, Oka-san's English was becoming conspicuously out of place, especially alongside such expressions as, "Eh_,you went try go that restaurant where they get real ono Japanese kaukau?" or "I been come Japan before you know, but everything is moo betta this time."

At a suitable moment, I asked Oka-san, "Are you from the mainland?" He answered that he was. "What state are you from?" I repeated twice as he looked puzzlingly. After

awhile I realized what the problem was, he explained to me that he was born in Japan and never went abroad to be educated. He was puzzled because he had assumed that I was referring to the Japanese mainland of Honshu. In answer to my inquiry regarding his English, he explained that he was a licensed professional tour guide. After studying basic English in college, professional guides are required to go through intensive training with special emphasis on spoken English with the help of tapes and records. There was no doubt that he was a very competent language student. But he admitted to having one fault. He didn't care for American food. I grew up eating Japanese food, but I would never be able to speak Japanese as fluently as Oka-san's English.

40. THE LORDS PRAYER

The extraordinary sequence of events which followed immediately after the news of my son Miles' death in Vietnam is an episode of remarkable coincidence. I, who was always interested in the supernatural cannot help but believe that there was a premonition which brought Iris and John Spade to Hawaii from Guam at this time. They were his favorite aunt and uncle.

For many years they were like family of three, each fulfilling the emotional needs of the other. They worked together, played together, and dreamed together. The ties that bound them so closely together was the fact

that Miles and John shared many interests mainly their deep love for the underwater world, while Iris, like a companion and big sister waited and worried over the sea rovers on shore like a mother hen. Outside of the classroom, Miles went to his aunt and uncle to further his intellectual pursuits. There was no doubt that Miles, who was then an Air Force ROTC cadet, was greatly influenced by his uncle who at that time was in the Air Force.

This is a story of a young U.S. Air Force officer who lost his life in the Vietnam War, and of a woman whose heartfelt wish was fulfilled in the course of an extraordinary coincidence.

In the afternoon of July 26, 1966, I met my wife at the close of her work at a military hospital. Together we walked rapidly toward the car hoping to beat the heavy rush hour traffic. Many people were streaming out of the hospital by that time. I switched on the engine of the car and prepared to drive out.

Two men, one in uniform and the other in civilian clothes rushed up to my car. The man in uniform laid a hand on the hood as though to block my movement. The other man

addressed me directly: "Are you Mr. and Mrs. Tanimoto?"

I looked around me. There were cars on both sides and still unoccupied. I was quite certain that I had broken no parking rules but since we were on military grounds I felt that it was possible for me to have violated something I was unaware of. I could only give a weak affirmative nod.

"Please turn off your engine," the man ordered.

After introducing himself and his companion, he continued, "I am sorry to report that your son, Captain Miles Tanimoto, was killed in a plane crash....

The opening words were only too clear. I do not think that my wife or I heard much of the rest. I grasped her nearest hand but she pulled it away to cover her sobbing face.

With another son, a Major in the U.S. Army, who was preparing to leave just about that time for his second tour of duty to Vietnam, one might say that we were psychologically hardened to face all eventualities, but who in real life is prepared to receive news of the sudden death of his own

son. We were unprepared and momentarily shocked. Our widowed daughter-in-law and her two children had already been notified, we were told.

Our son's body was to be flown from Thailand by a military plane which was expected to arrive in Hawaii in two or three days. We were permitted to arrange a private memorial service, which was to be followed by a burial at the National Memorial Cemetery of the Pacific with full military honors.

When we reached home, our immediate worry was to relay the message to a particular aunt and uncle. We did not wish to have them receive the news by radio or through the papers. Iris and John Spade who were instructors at the University of Guam were somewhere on the island of Kauai. They were visiting Hawaii for the summer.

During his student days, Miles had attended high school and college in Honolulu while we lived on Kauai, a hundred miles stretch of ocean between us. His "fatherly advice" came mostly from his uncle, John, who then was an NCO in the U.S. Air Force, an editor of various military publications. They

spent much of their time camping, skin diving and in serious talks of various nature. Being a student of psychology and speech in college, Miles became an impulsive debater, and found his uncle to be not only a willing adversary but also an effective coach in forensics. It was only natural that the young man's interest followed those of the uncle's, especially the air force. He enrolled in Air Force ROTC and was commissioned upon graduation from college. While in the service, he was awarded, among others, the Air Force Commendation Medal, Air Force Air Medal with Oak Leaf Clusters, and two Distinguished Flying Crosses. The uncle from the very beginning followed the career of his nephew with great interest.

In our effort to locate the Spades, a telephone call to Kauai revealed that they had left for Honolulu the day before but beyond that all of our Kauai relatives could not furnish anything more. Thinking that they may have decided to stay in a hotel, I made a list of several hotels in the Waikiki area and called them one after another without any results. My wife suggested calling the other hotels but I knew that the list would be endless. I felt disheartened to a point of utter

exhaustion. We were at that point even afraid to listen to the news on the radio.

What can couples do or talk about at a time like this. A strong surge of loneliness overcame us and we just sat down and cried. It was then that we remembered that we had not exchanged any words of comfort with our son's wife. When we called her we learned that she had made many attempts to reach us. It was she who had given the military officials the full instructions on how to meet us at the hospital.

Then suddenly, the quiet night was interrupted with laughter and happy voices followed by footsteps on our back porch. We rushed to the door in anticipation and were met with, "Surprise. The return of the lost sheep." The Spades, who had treated themselves to a night in a luxury Waikiki hotel, were bursting with excitement.

The painful message, followed by a silent moment that seemed like eternity was suddenly followed by sudden outbursts of uncontrolled bawling by two grown people. Many minutes passed before they were able to recover their composure. John silently walked

out of the house, started his car, then drove out into the dark. His wife assured us that he would be alright. All he needed was to be alone for a few hours. The door was left unlocked and he was to return sometime way after midnight.

My family had moved from Kauai to Honolulu six years ago and we only had a few friends here. Our pastor, Paul Osumi, a distant relative, had known our deceased son since childhood. Paul suggested a simple memorial service which would include a vocal solo selection of The Lord's Prayer. "I know that your sister Iris who is a singer has sung in churches," he said, then continued, "Do you think she would sing?"

That suggestion came to me like a bombshell. A strange feeling swept through my mind but I tried to stay calm and made an effort to appear natural. Iris was our house guest, I told Paul that I would speak to her.

After our meeting with the pastor, I took the long road home. I needed the time to reflect on all that was happening. I knew that sharing my thoughts with my wife would only create more uncertainty. I decided that the

best way to discuss the service would be to take the pastor's suggestion in the presence of every member of the family.

My sister was pleased when asked to sing. She said that it would be her farewell tribute to Miles and started studying the music score with serious determination. If I had expected her to react with a surprise at the request, her facial expressions did not betray her feelings. I felt certain, however, that she was struggling with her emotions just as I was.

In the evening before the church service, I received a worried call from Paul Osumi. He expressed fear that Iris, who had been very close to Miles, may become overwrought with grief during the service and might not be able to sing. He had a substitute to replace Iris. That same thought had been nagging at me from the start but I didn't have the heart to dissuade Iris. When confronted with the suggestion that she withdraw, she adamantly refused saying that she was sure that that was the way Miles would have wanted it.

The service turned out beautifully. The church was filled to overflowing. John Spade eulogized the nephew he had loved and

respected when he was expected to only extend words of appreciation in behalf of the family. There were also many words of praise for the beautiful rendition of the Lord's Prayer.

Was there a premonition? John and Iris Spade left their home in Guam, an island situated 3,300 miles west of Hawaii, to visit with us for the summer. When they first arrived, they joined Miles' family and our family to celebrate Miles' thirtieth birthday. At the party they explained that their trip had not been planned, that it was just a momentous last minute decision.

On the day after their arrival, they were invited to a dinner at the home of Shigeru Hotoke, a former schoolmate of Iris'. After returning, despite the late hour, Iris asked if she could use the record player because she wanted to listen to the record of the highly praised Madrigal Singers directed by her friend. She explained that the record was given to her as a present from Grace and Shigeru Hotoke. We all listened to the beautiful singing. The record ended with The Lord's Prayer, sung by the director, Shigeru Hotoke.

After the record was played, Iris came to me and said, "I've sung The Lord's Prayer with the choir many times, and I've also sung it as a solo before but I never realized the beauty of the music until now. Shigeru's beautiful singing brought added depth to the music. Someday I want to have the opportunity to sing it just like that." Her wish had come true a week later.

41. EPILOGUE

And the old man thought: It was nostalgia that took him back to Kauai in July 1977. More specifically, it was his return to Mahaulepu, the place he was born and named the "Winning Warrior". He especially wanted to look over the places he had roamed about in his childhood; to revisit places he lived and worked as an adult. His visit was only for three days and during that time a countless number of things and sites were to bring back memories of the past. His return to Mahaulepu brought sadness to his heart as he saw the many changes that time has wrought.

He realized that Mahaulepu is just a name today. Canefields are everywhere. On the site where the steam pumping station stood, there is a small but evidently a deep pool out of which emerges a large pipe going through three covered boxes. Out of these spread the

electric power cables connected to the transformers. He could only guess that the boxes contained the electric motor pumps. A plantation executive informed him that the underground spring supplied 3.8 million gallons of irrigation water a day which is far greater than what Father got out from the steam generated pumps when the father worked at Mahaulepu.

He listened. There was no shouting men; no hissing steam, and no clanging of the many moving machines. The rustling sound of wind moving through the cane leaves is all he could hear. Standing before him was Haupu, unchanged by years, still defiant and majestic. It probably was smiling and pitying him for being a symbol of man's creative power yet to be born and to die within a century. He was saddened at the thought.

He walked on the trestle leading to the control valve of Waita Reservoir. This time the man-made lake seemed larger than he had imagined it to be. It stands as a monument to man's ingenuity to create something that appears to be nature's own. The surrounding mountains, hills and the dam of dirt and stone covered with shrubbery presented a panorama

of serenity and foreverness.

He felt certain that the ancient Hawaiian burial and Robber's caves were beckoning to him as did his old home in the Koloa Plantation camp. He drove on, realizing that there were only new buildings, surrounded by beautiful lawns, everywhere where the old landmarks had stood. He stopped an old fellow and asked the man about the caves and the answer he got was, "Oh, I hear about caves long time ago. I think plenty cave in Koloa. I know one house use cave for cesspool." A happy blending of the old and the new but a permanent loss to the advancement of archeology, he thought.

He searched diligently for the two original stone cane grinders, dating from the 1830s, which he used to see on the premises of the plantation manager's residence during the second decade of this century. Only recently did he learn from John T. Moir, who was manager of Koloa Sugar Company from 1922 to 1933, that he, Moir, had heard that the grinders were taken to Puhi Plantation after the merger of the two companies. They were not in Puhi. He was next directed to check at the Kauai Museum in Lihue. No one there

knew of the whereabouts of the objects of his search. Catherine Stauder, Research Associate of the museum, made several telephone calls only to discover that the historic items were stored for safe keeping by the Wilcox family which is exhibited along with other collections in the sugar history museum on Kauai. The person most responsible for this preservation movement, he was told, was a highly respected grand dame now in her nineties, Ms. Mabel Wilcox.[1] I was once more in the eighth grade. A lovely lady, dressed in all white, came to my class to speak to the children of her experiences as an army nurse in Europe during World War I. She was like the Angel of Mercy in my story book and I fell in love with her. Two years later, I saw my angel again. This time she came with her elder sister, Elsie. They were the trustees of the dormitory where I resided as a high school student.

He noticed that the waves still washed into the small man-made inlet that was once the Koloa Landing from which he sailed for Honolulu in 1915. There still remains the concrete slab, cracked, twisted and weather-beaten, where he had jumped into a lifeboat helped by two strong sailors. This is where,

on July 1977, he was able to look out toward the sea and picture in his mind the steamship Kinau waiting for him. Koloa Landing has hardly changed, he thought.

He saw that in a corner of a well-kept ground near the center of the town of Koloa, standing conspicuously, is a rectangular block of red brick which was the foundation of the smokestack for the first sugar mill. There is a huge banyan tree that covers the remaining foundation of the old mill. Because he remembered, he ventured through the thicket to see some of the familiar weatherbeaten concrete walls. A cavernous hole that might have once been a bagasse pit was being clutched and twisted by the tentacle-like roots of the surrounding tree. A short distance from the mill ruins, hidden from view by overgrown haolekoa trees, he found remains of the concrete and wooden dam which had held back the water of Koloa stream to run the hydro-electric plant for the mill during the early years of this century.

He saw that instead of the dirt and gravel road which once led to his Koloa property, there is now a smooth macadam driveway, and at the end of the road, there is a modern

house which is the home of his brother's family. The one time farm is now verdantly surrounded with fruit trees including the exotic momi-apple and cream-apple that he used to know as a boy.

In a choice spot is a small patch where the family produce is grown in an environment controlled hot house where he saw succulent tomatoes and insect free salad vegetables actually growing. Still fussing over them is a crusty old senior citizen who was, a half century ago, his farming partner. His brother, Robert, now retired from a small but successful business of his own, has always been known throughout Kauai as the Lawnmower man of Koloa. He asked his brother to review the sketch entitled, "Out of the Earth". After reading it, Robert's only comment was, "You have mentioned only the success story. Remember the time we came home with almost all of the wagon full of vegetables unsold? Father was so disappointed." Yes, that was the first time they went out together on a selling expedition. Their father was disappointed but also told them that the experience they had gained was well worth the losses.

He then drove toward Lawai where he had lived and worked for thirty-five years. He felt that one does not have to go to the mainland to see a ghost town. Today, the former pineapple town of Lawai lies like a ghost town. Little businesses that once thrived and attracted the dozens of town's people each day; such as the Uchima Service Station, Matsuura Store, the town's post office, and Wada Store, today, are empty buildings, slowly decaying and being taken over by the elements. The biggest scar of all is the massive structure that dominates nearly the entire village; the building that housed a pineapple cannery for nearly five decades. Today, he sees the remains of a terminated business that once provided jobs to thousands of people and supported a thriving community.

As he drove on, he realized that not all of Lawai was dead. Nestled between the old eucalyptus trees in the southern edge of Lawai, there is a small family owned bakeshop which has withstood the impact that hit the rest of the town. This is the home of the popular Akaji yabure manju, a "one of the kind" Japanese sweet cake. The little shop is now run by Asatomo, who took over the

parent's business. Asatomo, Asatomo's brother and several other boys in the community were members of the Lawai HI-Y club of which he served as a leader many years ago. All through the years he tried to follow the careers of those boys as they became adults.

Asatomo's brother served in the Italian front during World War II with the famed 442nd Regimental Combat Team. After the war the brother remained in Europe to study art. When the brother returned to Kauai as an unknown artist, I had the ambitious idea of promoting a one-man show for my former HI-Y club member. I went to seek the assistance of Thelma Hadley of the Kauai Public Library. Thelma was enthusiastic for she too would be helping to introduce the talent of a former graduate of Kauai High School. All three of us had graduated from the same high school. Talking to the young artist, I found a not-too-eager man. The artist was somewhat scared and the canvasses were still in Honolulu and the artist had no money to pay for shipping and insuring the paintings. Thelma and I were forced to give up the project. I realized at that time that I was not in any position capable of undertaking the project no matter how worthy

it be. Today, the artist, Bumpei Akaji, needs no introduction. Bumpei's reputation is already established in all of Hawaii. One of the creations, the impressive metal sculpture which dominates the lobby area of the Blaisdell Center Concert Hall seems to trumpet the tremendous ability of the artist.

When he returned to Kauai in July of 1977, the old man realized that businesses and villages of his youth may die; that historic sites of his youth may become relics of the past; and that his memories should be preserved.

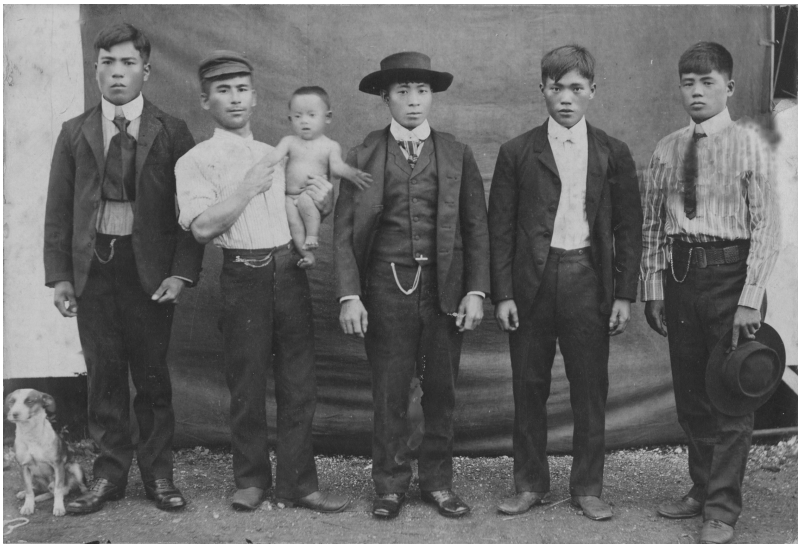
It is his hope that for the youth of today to remember what is past as they go on building....

NOTES

1. Died at age of 96. December 27, 1978.

ORIGINAL EDITION PHOTOS

Father named me "Katsumu" which in English means "Winning Warrior". (Ch 1)

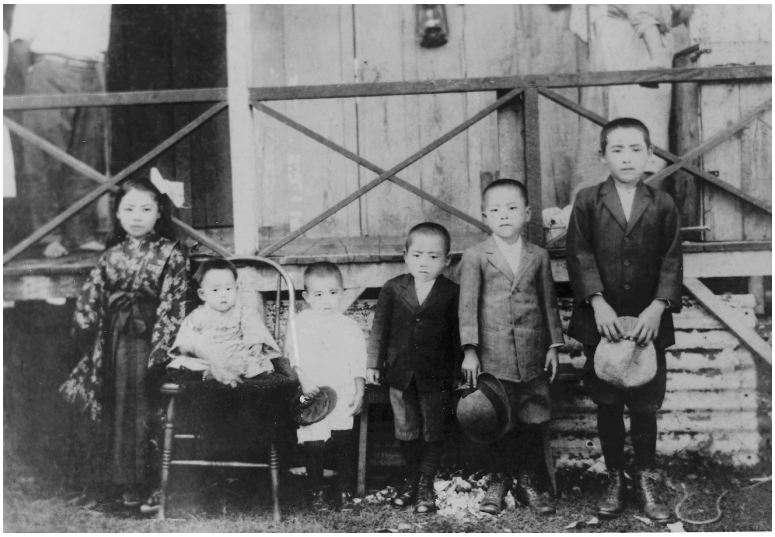


"Men working at the pump station." L to R: Y. Oda, S. Tanimoto with Katsumu, Z. Imagawa, T. Shimizu, N. Iwai. (Ch 1)

"Skeletal remains of the first sugar mill". (Ch 2) Original photo digitally enhanced.

ANCIENT HAWAIIAN
PETROGLYPH RECORDS
These ancient markings on stone were made by early Hawaiians. They are a unique record of religious and historic value.

"A slab of sandstone with petroglyph carvings". (Ch 5). Digitally enhanced version of photo scanned from book



"Their boys being outfitted in ready-made suits from 'America' ". From left: Jean, Janet, Takumi, Tyrus, Robert & Katsumu. Watchful parents on veranda. (Ch 6).

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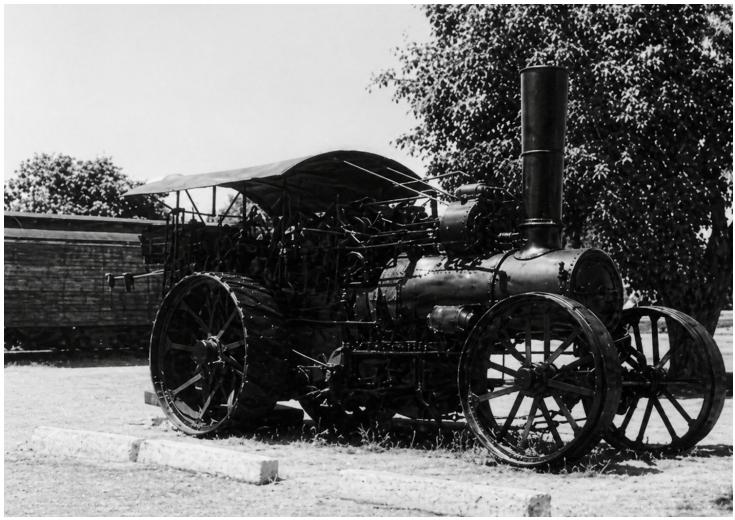
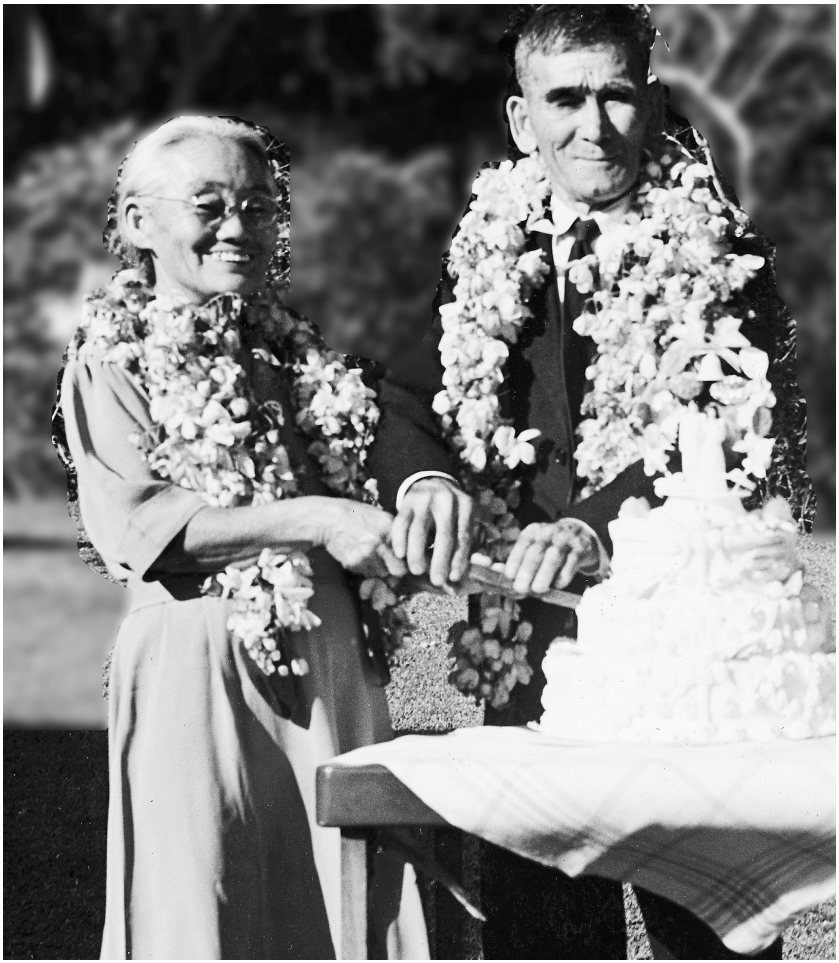
"The landing swayed precariously" (Ch 10).
Original photo digitally enhanced.



"It took two steam engines to pull a plow between them" (Ch 10). Digitally enhanced version of photo scanned from book

"It stands, inspiring as ever. amidst monkey pod and algeroba trees" (Ch 10). Digitally enhanced version of photo scanned from book

Waita is a man-made wonder in Koloa." (Ch 10). Original photo digitally enhanced



"They had celebrated their golden anniversary in 1951." (Ch 13)

”I flipped backward into the boat as I recognized the huge tail." (Ch 20). Digitally enhanced version of photo scanned from book.

Photo Courtesy: Castle and Cooke, Ltd.

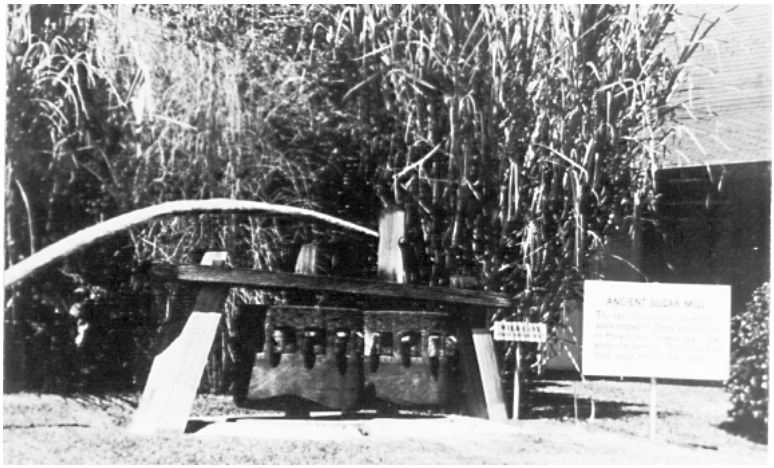
"If the job was punishing for adults, it was sheer torture for us kids." (Ch 26). Digitally enhanced version of photo scanned from book.

"Graduating high school, I was hired as a clerk." (ch 21). Digitally enhanced version of photo scanned from book.

Ichi Tanimoto (front center) with her living brood, Dec. 1978. Front from left: Lillian, Dorothy, Sadie & Iris. Back: Janet, Takumi, Robert & Katsumu. Inset: Jean. (Ch 28). Original photo digitally enhanced.

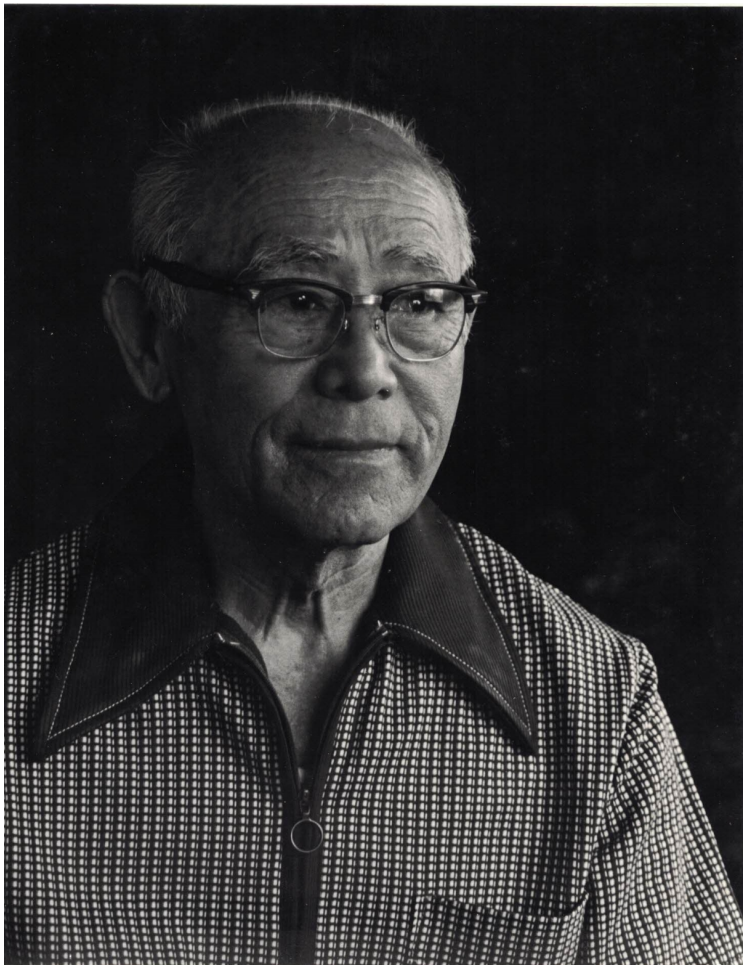
"My goal for my children was easier to attain". Family group in 1951. Ayako & Katsumu with David in front. Back, from left: Daniel, Robert & Miles. (Ch 35). Digitally enhanced version of photo scanned from book.

"A deep pool out of which emerges a large pipe" (Ch 41). Original photo digitally enhanced.



"I searched for the two original stone cane grinders." (Photo from Bishop Museum) (Ch 41)

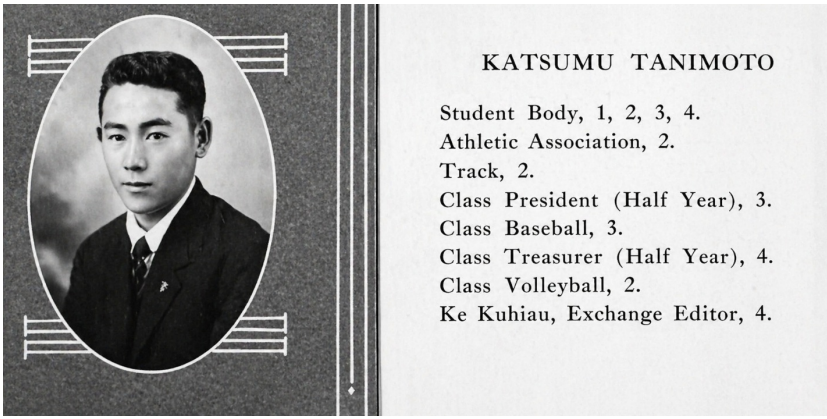
ADDITIONAL PHOTOS FOR SECOND EDITION



Charles Katsumu Tanimoto (circa 1980)

Ayako Tanimoto (circa 1980)

Katsumu and Ayako Tanimoto wedding photo (1931)



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Senior class yearbook photo from Kauai High School Yearbook 1923

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